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THE SEVEN SAGES,

IN

SCOTISH METRE.

BY

JOHN ROLLAND OF DALKEITH.

EDINBURGH: REPRINTED
FROM THE EDITION OF M.D.LXXVIII.
M.DCCC.XXXVII.

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THIS REPUBLICATION

OF

Rolland's Seven Sages,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO THE

PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF

The Bannatyne Club,

BY

JAMES IVORY.

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M.DCCC.XXXVIII.

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PREFACE.

THE Collection of Tales, entitled "The Seven Sages," or "The Seven Wise Masters of Rome," may be regarded as one of the most popular works of fiction of the Middle Ages. "Few works," Mr Dunlop observes, "are more interesting and curious than "the Seven Wise Masters, in illustrating the genealogy of fiction, "or its rapid and almost unaccountable transition from one coun- "try to another."[1] In like manner, a French antiquary remarks, "On ne connoît point de livres qui aient été traduits en autant "de langues, et sous autant de formes différentes."[2] Another foreign critic, in treating of the Popular books of the Germans, adopts a more enthusiastic style, and speaks of "The Seven Wise Masters," "as a work that must be respected by us for its "venerable antiquity. It sprang originally from the Indian Moun- "tains, whence, from primeval times, it took its course as a little "rivulet, and poured into a westerly direction through Asia's wide

[1] History of Fiction, vol. ii. p. 166, 2d edit. 1816.
[2] Roquefort, De l'Etat de la Poésie Françoise dans les xiie et xiiie Siècles, p. 173.

" field, and while it proceeded for thousands of years through " space and time, always spreading more and more in reaching us. " Out of it whole generations and many nations have drunk; and " having passed to Europe with the great tide of population, it is " now also in our day and generation supplied to such a con- " siderable portion of the public, that in regard to its celebrity, " and the magnitude of its sphere of influence, it reaches the " holy books, and surpasses all classical works." [1]

Without assigning to the work either such very remote antiquity, or attributing to it such extraordinary influence, there can be no doubt of its great popularity. It has indeed been traced into almost every modern language, either in verse or prose, from its Oriental prototype, " The Book of the Seven Councillors, or the Parables of SANDABAR," an Indian philosopher; although it is probable that some portions of the work were originally supplied by the fertile invention of the Greeks. [2] Without attempting, however, to trace its origin, or to enumerate the several versions of this highly popular work, it may be sufficient to indicate some of the sources from whence further information may be derived.

The romance of " The Seven Wise Masters," in all its varied forms, consists of a number of stories connected into one continued dramatic narration; of which the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, the Decameron of Boccacio, and the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, furnish the most unrivalled examples. The names of

[1] J. Görres, " Ueber die Teutschen Volksbücher," as quoted by Keller, in the Introduction to his edition of " Li Romans des Sept Sages," p. 1.

[2] A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, August 1832 (p. 136), attempts to show that the work, in part at least, had a Grecian origin, from whence it was carried to the East.

the persons, the frame-work, and the stories introduced, differ considerably in the several versions; but the plan remains essentially the same, and may be thus briefly stated:—

Diocletian, Emperor of Rome, had a son named Florentine. After the death of the Empress, Diocletian convened the wisest and most learned men, from whom he selected seven, under whose charge he placed the child to be instructed in the seven liberal arts. This they undertook to accomplish in the space of seven years. In the mean while the Emperor was persuaded to marry again, and became so much enamoured with his new wife, as in a great measure to forget his son. When the time of tuition was nearly expired, the Empress, who had heard the young Prince very highly commended, felt the strongest desire to see him, and easily persuaded her husband to summon him to court. His Masters, the night before their intended journey, thought it advisable to consult the stars, when they discovered that the first moment the young Prince, after his arrival at court, should open his lips would prove fatal to him, and very possibly to each of themselves. On hearing such an alarming prediction, Florentine himself examined the heavens, and ascertained that, if he could preserve a strict silence during seven days, the threatened danger would be averted, and he might expect many years of security and happiness.

Florentine was received at court with every demonstration of joy, till the Emperor, surprised at his son's want of speech, threatened his Masters as the cause of it. The Empress, however, requested the Prince's attendance in her own apartment, in the view of discovering the cause of this impediment; and, when alone, she proposed and offered every encouragement to the

indulgence of a criminal passion. Florentine still preserved invincible silence; but shewed such aversion to her proposals, that, at length finding her solicitations ineffectual, her love passed into the extreme of rage, and tearing her hair, and rending her clothes, like another Potiphar's wife, she accused the Prince of an attempt to ravish her, and demanded of the Emperor his instant execution. To confirm the Emperor in this resolution she tells him the tale of the Pinote tree, and impressed with the example thus exhibited, he gave express commandment to put his son to death next day. While he is conveyed towards the place of execution, one of the Seven Wise Masters stops the procession, until he has remonstrated with the Emperor on his injustice and cruelty:—he assures him, should he sacrifice his son, he would be tortured by unavailing remorse, as was the Knight who slew his good greyhound. The Emperor, who is easily swayed by the words of the last speaker, and who has an inordinate fondness for stories, desires to hear this tale, which the First Master obstinately refuses, until he has obtained an order to suspend the execution till next day. In this manner, through six successive days, he is alternately prevailed on by the Empress at night, by telling some appropriate story, to order his son to be put to death on the following morning; while his purpose is delayed as each Master, in his turn, by exciting his curiosity, obtains a further respite, in order to relate some other example, illustrating the risk of inconsiderate punishment. At length, the fatal interval of seven days having elapsed, the young Prince, no longer under the dread of his threatened danger, to the unspeakable delight of the Emperor, breaks his silence, and relates the tale of the Ravens; and having con-

victed the Empress of her false accusations, she suffers merited disgrace and punishment.

It has been doubted whether any Indian original of the Parables of SANDABAR ever existed. We find, however, mention made of versions of it into different languages, Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, and Syriac. Manuscript copies of one or more versions of the Hebrew text exist in public libraries, and also in a printed form;[1] but, from the account given of the work, it possesses no more than a general resemblance in its plan to the Seven Wise Masters. A nearer approach is made in the Greek romance of SYNTIPAS, some copies of which profess to be translated from the Persian, others from the Syriac. An analysis of this work was given by M. Dacier,[2] and a short abstract in Ellis's Specimens.[3] The King is Cyrus of Persia, and Syntipas is the tutor of the young Prince; while there are Seven Philosophers, each of whom tells two tales in order to save the Prince's life. "This last circumstance is an argument, I think," says Mr Tyrwhitt, "for the originality of Syntipas; and another may be drawn from the insipidity of the greatest part of the tales."[4] An eminent Orien-

[1] The Romance, or Parables of Sandabar, in Hebrew, was printed under the title of MISCHLE SANDABAR, first at Constantinople, in 1516, and afterwards at Venice, in 1544, 1568, and 1605. Our countryman James Bonaventura Hepburn is said by Dempster (Hist. Eccles. p. 364) to have translated the work from Hebrew into Latin.

[2] See "Notice d'un Manuscrit Grec, de la Bibliothèque du Roi; Ecriture du xvie siècle, sur papier in 4°. coté 2912. Par M. Dacier." Memoires de l'Academie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, vol. xli. p. 546. This MS. of Syntipas professes to be translated from the Syriac.

[3] Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, vol. iii. p. 9.

[4] Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, vol. ii. p. 490, 4to edit. The romance itself has been since published under this title, "Συντιπας. De Syntipa et Cyri filio Andreopuli Narratio, e Codd. Pariss. edita, a Jo. Fr. Boissonade." Parisiis, 1828, 8vo. It may be added, that there exists a collection of Fables in Greek also ascribed to Syntipas. These were first published by Professor C. F. Mat-

talist mentions the Hebrew romance as a work unworthy of much notice, and adds, " Le roman Grec de Syntipas tel que nous le " connoissons, est beaucoup plus étendu que le roman Hébreu de " Sendabar, et ne peut pas être la source de ce dernier." [1]

The earliest version of " The Seven Wise Masters," in any modern language, is probably that in French verse, entitled Dolopathos. It was derived from a Latin copy, ascribed to Dan John, a monk of the Abbey of Haute-Selve. The translator was Hebers, surnamed the Clerk, who flourished some time in the course of the thirteenth century. [2] This metrical version contains about 9000 lines, and is now in the course of publication, for the first time, at Paris, under the auspices of M. le Roux de Lincy, with a preface by M. Loiseleur de Long Champs, a distinguished Orientalist, who, we may confidently expect, will throw much new light on the Eastern versions of the work.

Another Latin romance, entitled " Historia Septem Sapientum Romae," or " Historia Calumniae Novercalis, que Septem Sapientum inscribitur," was frequently printed towards the close of the fifteenth century. This work has been considered as the original of most of the subsequent imitations in French, both verse and prose, and also in various other languages. One of those in French verse was the work of an anonymous Trouvère, of the

thaei of Moscow. " Syntipae Philosophi Persae Fabulae LXII. Graece et Latine, ex duobus Codicibus Mosquensibus primum edidit," &c. Lipsiae, 1781, 8vo.

[1] See p. 417 of " Notice d'un Manuscrit Hébreu, &c. contenant un fragment de la version Hébraïque du livre de Calila et Dimna, ou Fables de Bidpai, le Roman intitulé Paraboles de Sandabad, et divers autres Traités. Par M. Silvestre de Sacy." Notices et Extraits des Manuscrits, &c., tom. ix. p. 397–450. Paris, 1813. 4to.

[2] The exact date of the work has been disputed among French writers. Some assign it to the reign of Lewis VIII., who died in 1226; others fix it as late as 1260. See Roquefort, p. 172. Keller (Enleitung), p. xxxix.

same age with Hebers, and contains 5061 lines. It remained unpublished till last year, when it was accompanied with a most curious and elaborate dissertation (in German), containing the most minute account that has yet appeared relating to the several versions and editions of the work in different languages, and also elucidating the history of the various tales which it contains. It has the following title: "Li Romans des Sept Sages, nach der "Pariser Handschrift herausgegeben von Heinrich Adelbert "Keller, Doctor der Philosophie, &c." Tübingen, 1836, 8vo, pp. ccxlvj and 197.

The most ancient English copy of the Seven Wise Masters, in our own language, is contained in the Auchinleck MS., and has been assigned to the early part of the fourteenth century. It is a fragment of 2630 lines; but corresponds very closely with a more perfect copy, written in the Scotish dialect, and entitled "The Process of the Sevyne Sages." The latter is preserved among the Cotton MSS. (Galba, E. 9.) in the British Museum. The Emperor is named Diocletian, and his son Florentine. The Seven Masters are Bancillas, Ancilles, Lentilion, Malquedras, Caton, Jesse, and Maxentius. The "Process," Tyrwhitt says, "is not later than Chaucer's time, and agrees exactly with *Les* "*Sept Sages de Rome*, in French prose, in MS. Harl. 3860."[1] From these two copies Mr Ellis[2] gave a minute analysis of the work, preceded with a copious and learned account of its origin and the various translations, partly derived from information communicated to him by the late intelligent antiquary, Francis

[1] Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, vol. ii. p. 490.
[2] Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, vol. iii. p. 23–101.

Douce. The text itself, extending to 4002 lines, has been subsequently published by Weber[1] from a collation of both manuscripts.

Another version, bearing the title of THE BUKE OF THE SEVYNE SAGIS, by an anonymous Scotish poet of the end of the fifteenth century, hitherto undescribed, is preserved in Asloan's MS.; and might be worthy of publication, as a curious and interesting specimen of our vernacular literature. It is written in eight syllable verse, in couplets, and extends to about 2800 lines; but the MS. does not contain any tale by the Sixth Master, or the corresponding one by the Empress. The name of the Emperor is Diocletian. The Prince also bears the same name, having been called after his father. The Masters, as first described, are named Bantillas, Anupullus, Lentalus, Catone, Malcome, Ampustinus, and Cratone; while at the commencement of their several tales they are called Bantillas, Maxillas, Lentulus, Mancundas, Cato, (the sixth omitted,) and Cratone.

THE SEVEN SAGES by JOHN ROLLAND, translated out of prose into Scotish verse, belongs to the middle of the sixteenth century, and was first published in 1578. Although it passed through at least five editions in little more than half a century, it is a work of great rarity. Its value, as connected with the history of our popular literature, suggested, however, the present republication, as a suitable contribution to the BANNATYNE CLUB. Unfortunately we are unable to throw any light on the Author's personal history, as no mention of his name has been discovered in any contem-

[1] Metrical Romances, &c. vol. iii. p. 1–11, Edinburgh, 1810, 3 vol. 8vo.

porary writer, and the particulars which he himself has incidentally communicated are not calculated to satisfy our curiosity. Whether, in fact, he was alive in 1578, the date of its first publication, must be left to conjecture. From the colophon (at page 335), "Quod Rolland. 1560," [1] the translation may undoubtedly be fixed at that year; and this is fully confirmed by the verses which he entitles, "*Ane schort schawing quhair and quhen, and at quhais requeist this buik was translatit out of prois in Scottis meter.*" From this we learn that the task was undertaken at the request of his aunt Kate, *ane proper wench*, who had borrowed from him, under pledge, an earlier work (to be afterwards mentioned,) and which she had returned, complaining of its obscurity, and requesting him to write something else in a more homely manner, and to abstain from the use of strange terms, or a learned style. This work was accomplished, he tells us, in the course of seven weeks, within the Castle of Tantallon (in East Lothian,) at the time when the English fleet lay beside Inchkeith, in the Frith of Forth, and when Leith was besieged by the Scotish and English forces. This allusion fixes the precise date, as it can only apply to the Siege of Leith in April and May 1560.[2]

That Rolland had embraced the Protestant faith, is sufficiently evident from the strong terms he uses at the commencement of his work, where he contrasts the ancient splendour of Rome with its declension under its ecclesiastical government, which he asserts was occasioned

——— throw wicketnes and vice
Of the Papists, and thair foule merchandice:

[1] This date, 1560, omitted in the subsequent editions of the work.

[2] Sibbald, in his "Chronicle of Scottish Poetry," vol. iii. p. 287, supposes that this reference points to 1544 or 1547; but it can only refer to the year 1560.

For thay wald gar ane pound of meltit leid
Bring thame againe the wecht of golde sa reid;
And gar[1] the hippis of ane deid ȝow,[2] or skin,
Assolȝe ȝow of all ȝour deidly sin,
Incontinent in hevin up to be brocht
Contrair God's will, quhidder he wald or nocht.

It is somewhat uncertain from what copy Rolland translated his Seven Sages. The names of the Emperor, Pontianus, of his son Diocletian, and of the Wise Masters, Pantyllas, Lentalus, Craton, Malquydrak, Josephus, Cleophas, and [Joachim,] as well as the tales, correspond with the Latin "Historia Septem Sapientum Romae;"[3] and also with the French and other modern prose translations. The probability, however, is, that the translation made use of by Rolland was the one in English prose, which was printed at London by W. Copland about the year 1550. But this point must still remain as matter of conjecture, as the copy of Copland's edition, without date,[4] that belonged successively to Baynes and Ritson, cannot be traced to its present possessor; and no other copy has been discovered. It is likewise no improbable conjecture that Copland's English version, like many similar works of fiction which came from his press, was derived from one of the early printed copies of the Romance in French prose. "Les Sept Sages de Rome," in prose, was printed at Geneva, as early as 1492, and again in 1494, both in small folio.[5] There is also an edition, printed at Lyons, without date, but not later than 1530, entitled "Les Sept Saiges de Romme, Histoire de Poncianus

[1] *Gar*, cause. [2] *ȝow*, a Ewe.

[3] The edition referred to is in 4to, without date, but seems to have been printed about the year 1490, probably at Antwerp.

[4] Ames's Typographical Antiquities, by Dibdin, vol. iii. p. 170.

[5] Brunet, Manuel du Libraire, vol. iii. p. 325.

"lempereur, qui n'avait qu'ung fils qui avait a nom Dyoclecian, "lequel il bailla aulx Sept Saiges de Rome pour le gouverner "en sciences," etc., 4to. From what Rolland states, he at least was not aware of any former metrical translation. His words are,

> Thairfoir myself, as now I am constrane
> It to translait, in our toung naturall;
> Quhair I it fand into plane prois at all
> Without cullour or feit, now I againe
> In rurall ryme, to set it furth I sall.

But, besides the request of his Aunt, to avoid "high and curious terms," he hints in his address "To the Reidar," another and a most efficient cause for the neglect of poetical diction :—

> Ane uther caus siclike, I wait ye ken
> For to bring *but* it's ill that's not thair *ben*;[1]
> Nor thair is nane I wait, in all this toun,
> Except he have it that can put on ane goun;
> Of ane tume tun[2] nane can draw out licour;
> Nor of ane Fule to mak a wise Doctour.

Rolland's Seven Sages, as already stated, was first published at Edinburgh in 1578. It was printed by John Ross, at the expense of Henry Charteris, a well-known bookseller, to whom we are indebted for the publication of many similar works of our early vernacular poetry. Ross the printer died in July 1580, and in his stock there remained "Twa hundreth Sevin Seiges unbound, "price of the peice, iij s. iiij d. (3s. 4d.)—Summa threttie-fyve "pundis" (Scotish).[3] This edition, however, is of such extreme rarity, that only one copy is known to exist. Its history is worth mentioning. In 1803, at the sale of Ritson's books (who proba-

[1] *But*, the outer, and *Ben*, the inner apartment of a house.
[2] *Tume tun*, an empty cask.
[3] The Bannatyne Miscellany, vol. ii. p. 205.

bly picked it up for a trifle during one of his visits to Edinburgh,) it was purchased for the Duke of Roxburghe at L.30, 10s. At the sale of the Duke's library in 1813, it was bought by Mr Constable for L.37, 5s. 6d. It afterwards came into Mr Heber's possession, at whose sale, in 1834, it was bought by Mr Thorpe for L.27; and is now the property of William Henry Miller, Esq. of Craigentinny, M.P., who very readily gave the use of the volume to be reprinted for the Club. The present edition is, in every respect, an exact fac-simile of the original, page for page; and the orthography, which is considerably altered in the subsequent editions, has been carefully retained.

A subsequent edition appeared in 1592, with the following title, "Heir beginnis The Sevin Seages, Translatit out of Prois "in Scottis Meiter, be JHON ROLLAND in Dalkeith. With ane "Moralitie, &c. EDINBVRGH, Prentit be Robert Smyth, dwelland "at the nether Bow. M.D.XCII. Cum Priuilegio Regali." 8vo, black letter. A copy of this edition was in the Harleian Library,[1] and is probably the same that was afterwards in the collection of George III., now transferred to the British Museum. No other copy is known.[2] Whether Smyth printed more than one edition is uncertain; but, singularly enough, the copy in the Museum, while it has the date of 1592 on the title-page, at the end it bears to have been "Imprented at Edinburgh be Robert Smyth. And ar to be sauld in his buith at the Nether Bow.

[1] Catalogus Bibl. Harl. vol. iv. No. 13,877, and vol. v. No. 12,354.

[2] Ames's Typographical Antiquities, p. 590. Herbert's edition of Ames, vol. iii. p. 1512. In the printed Catalogue of the Advocates Library, vol. ii. p. 458, Smyth's edition of 1592 is very minutely entered; but from the MS. Catalogues it does not appear that any such book was ever in the Library, which can only boast of an imperfect copy, without title or date, made up with sheets of two later editions. The presumption is, that the Compiler of the Catalogue, in 1776, not aware of any other edition, copied the title and imprint from Ames.

M.D.XC.V."[1] The printer died in May 1602, and, from the inventory of his stock, we learn that 45 copies of the volume then remained unsold.[2]

Of another edition of the Seven Sages, apparently coeval with Smyth's, only one or two stray leaves (Signatures M iij and iiij, marked fol. 87 and 88) have been discovered. It is in 8vo, black letter, averaging 28 lines on a page, exclusive of the running title, "¶THE SEVIN SEAGES."

That Rolland's work was popular may be inferred from the circumstance, that "ane buik callit The Seavin Sages" is specially mentioned, among others, for which licence to publish was successively given, by a grant under the Privy Seal, to John Gibson, 13th May 1590, to Robert Smyth, 3d December 1599, and to Thomas Finlayson, 17th June 1606. The same general licence was renewed and confirmed to Walter Finlayson, 17th January 1628.[3]

The next edition of Rolland's Seven Sages, of which any mention can be found, was printed in the year 1620, as noticed by the German bibliographer, Ebert.[4] Copies of such an edition, appa-

[1] While this sheet is in the printer's hands, the Editor has been favoured by SIR FREDERICK MADDEN with a more minute description of Smyth's edition. He says, "It is a short 8vo, in indifferent condition, wanting the leaves between p. 6 and p. 11, which contain the commencement of the Poem. The whole volume consists of 275 pp. (numbering the title-page and colophon), but is only actually paged as far as p. 271. The sheets are folded in eights, which are numbered from i to v, under each letter of the alphabet, and the Signatures run from A ij to S [i]."—"The volume appears evidently to have been printed with the same types throughout, and the date at the end is certainly the true one of publication. Either, therefore, the date in the title-page is an error, or, what I am inclined to believe, the work was three years passing through the press, and the title-page printed when the work was begun in 1592. In a full page there are 42 lines, exclusive of the running title."

[2] The Bannatyne Miscellany, vol. ii. p. 234.

[3] See pages 19, 23, 24, and 40 of the Appendix to Dr Lee's Memorial for the Bible Societies of Scotland. 8vo. Edinb. 1824.

[4] Allgemeines Bibliographisches Lexicon, vol. ii. No. 13,592.—Ebert, however, mistakes the date of the first edition, which he makes 1575, instead of 1578.

rently from the press of Andrew Hart, bookseller and printer in Edinburgh,[1] are preserved in a mutilated state, (wanting the title, and one or more leaves,) in the University Library at Glasgow, in the Advocates Library, and also in the possession of Mr Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. It is in small 8vo, black letter, containing 30 lines on a page; and when complete should have Sign. A 4 and B to A a, in eights. The running title is "The feven Sages."

A reprint of this edition, page for page, and uniform in size and appearance, bears on the title, "EDINBVRGH, Printed by the Heires of Andro Hart. 1631." The running title is "The feuen Sages." A description of the work from this edition was given, probably by Dr Leyden, in the Scots Magazine, January 1802, p. 43. A continuation of the article was promised, but never appeared. The copy then made use of belonged to George Paton, which at his sale, in 1809, was bought by Mr Blackwood, and afterwards sold to Sir Walter Scott, who lent it for the purpose of having the work reprinted. These later editions, however, are inferior in every respect, as the language was considerably altered, and rude phrases modernized, as the work passed through the press. A second copy of the edition 1631 is in the possession of the present Editor; but no third copy has been discovered.

Rolland, who describes himself as a native, or at least a resident in the town of Dalkeith, was the author of another poetical work,

[1] The Will of Andrew Hart, who died in December 1621, is printed in the Bannatyne Miscellany, vol. ii. p. 243; but, in the inventory of his stock, the books are not specially enumerated. We should have been glad to know what were the "42,300 unbound Ingleish buikis of the said umquhile Andrew his awin printing."

entitled THE COURT OF VENUS. As he makes particular allusion to it in his Prologue to the Seven Sages, the date of its composition must thus have been previous to the year 1560, although it was not printed until 1575. It is divided into four books, and is written in stanzas of nine lines. The poem itself is a prolix and uninteresting allegory; and is an evident imitation, both in the subject and his manner of treating it, no less than in the measure, of "The Palace of Honour," by Bishop Douglas, whom he commemorates (at fol. 37 b) in the following stanza:—

Alsua quha list to tak pane, or laubour
Out throw to reid the PALICE OF HONOUR
Maid be GAWINE DOWGLAS of Dunkell
Bischop, and als ane honest Oratour,
Profound Poet, and perfite Philosophour,
Into his dayis abone all buir the bell:
In sic practikis all vtheris did precell.
Weill put in vers in gude still and ordour
Thir Nimphis names thair he dois trewly tell.

Rolland, in his Prologue to the Seven Sages, mentions that there flourished four poets at the Scotish court—Sir David Lyndsay, John Bellenden, Archdeacon of Moray, William Stewart, and Durie, Bishop of Galloway; and that, with hat in hand, he approached reverently, and entreated to learn a lesson from them. Having obtained their leave to show his skill, he informs us that he was at a loss what subject to choose. They advised him to attempt something in the form of a dialogue; but this he conceived was too common-place. At length falling asleep, Lady Venus appeared to him in a dream, and this suggested the subject of his work. Having accordingly completed "ane lytill quair," he delivered it to his Four Masters for their judgment, and they greatly commended his performance, "as

those who heard it said." The mention of these four Poets seems to point at the reign of James V., (1527–1542); but this is evidently too early a period for Rolland. Bellenden is said to have died at Rome in 1550; Sir David Lyndsay's latest work, his Dialog, was written in 1552; but Stewart's history and works are alike unknown; and Andrew Durie,[1] who was Bishop of Galloway from 1541 to 1558, is only known as a poet from the satirical notice of the Scotish Reformer. In describing the tumults in Edinburgh, in February 1558, when the new image of the Patron Saint, St Giles, was forcibly destroyed (the old "grit Idoll" having been previously seized and first drowned in the North Loch, and then burned,) Knox says, "This Tragedie of Sanct Geill was sa "terribill to sum Papistis, that Durie, sumtymes callit for his "filthines Abbote Stottikin, and then entitled Bischope of Gallo-"way, *left his Ryming, quhairwith he was accustomed*, and departit "this lyif even as that he levit."[2] According to Keith, however, it was not till the month of September that Durie died. But this allusion to Lyndsay and his brethren may signify not that Rolland was personally acquainted with them, but, merely from studying their works, that he looked on himself as their scholar.

As Rolland's "Court of Venus" presents so little in the way of recommendation for a new edition, excepting its scarcity, the following notice and abstract may not be unacceptable. It is, in fact, a volume of such extraordinary rarity, that the copy in the British Museum is the only one known to be extant. A facsimile of the title-page is given on the opposite page. It is in 4to, black letter, and contains A to I in eights, or 72 leaves.

[1] Catalogue of Scottish Bishops, 4to edit. p. 165; 8vo edit. p. 278.
[2] Historie of the Reformation in Scotland, p. 96, Edinb. 1732, folio.

Ane Treatise callit the Court of VENVS, deuidit into four Buikes; Newlie Compylit be IOHNE ROLLAND in Dalkeith.

I. R.

[Impre]ntit at Edinburgh be
[IO]HNE ROS, M.D.LXXV.
Cum Priuilegio Regali.

On the last leaf is the same device as on the Title, with the following colophon:—

Imprentit at Edinburgh be
Iohne Ros, 1575.
Cum Priuilegio Regali.

"The Prologue to the Court of Venus is in verse, and fills eleven pages. The author describes the different temperaments of mankind, comparing them to the complexion of the planets, &c. Hence he intimates the various dispositions and pursuits of mankind, and declaims against vice, idleness, and bad company. In order to avoid idleness and bad company, he says,

I tuik ane pen and drew this *Comedie.*

He then bespeaks the reader's favour for his work, and requests him to give it a careful perusal and right interpretation. Lastly, he addresses his book:—

Auctor alloquitur Librum.

Now pas thy wayis, thou barrant buik new brevit,
With beggit termes, and barbar toung mischevit
And cast thy hude and hat outovir thy face:
At ilk gentill upon thy kneis ask grace.
Excuse thyself of thy greit ignorance,
And in thair will put all thy ordinance.
For Gentilmen can richt weill thee considder.
For commoun folk will call the lawit and lidder.
Thyself present to Nobillmen and gude,
And fle the sect of Rurall folke and rude, &c.

"The first Buik of the Poem commences with the following stanza:—

Quhen Eolus out ouir thir rokkis rang
Be donk and daill, baith herb and tre he dang:
With passand pith, fra Poleartike come doun,
Thringand with thrist out throw thir woddis thrang,
And ceissit swyith the small foulis of thair sang:
Caussit thame throw cauld mak lamentatioun:
Quhilk cauld become be nature of sessoun:
For than Pisees with potent power sprang,
Into his Spheir and tuik dominatioun.

" In this Buik, the author describes the season, and the particular day (Valentine Day) :—

This samin day (gif I remember richt)
Is consuetude to all kin foule of flicht,
  Quha is vakand to cheis thame than ane maik.
Siclike it is to King, Keyser and Knicht:
Gif thay sa be, cheis thame ane bird sa bricht,
  To pas the time, and ather solace mak,
  Bot I alone of sic curage did laik,
Pansing far mair how sone wald cum the nicht
  Me to repois, in my couche rest to tak.

Nevertheles 3it to rejoyce my spreit
Howbeit the day was sum part set with weit;
  I walkit furth on be ane valay syde,
With hat on heid, and mittanis that was meit
Maid to my handis, and heich shone on my feit;
  Under ane bus I sat me down to byde,
  Me to preserve fra tempest of that tyde,
And maist part was my prayers to compleit
  Knokit on breist, and *Cor Mundum* I [cryde].[1]

" While saying his prayers he saw appear,

——— in ane Gairth preclair,
  Twa 3oung 3ounkeirs, perfite at all pointment,
  In richt array, and honest ornament,
But companie, bot thameself solitaire,
  Nothing knawand that I was thair present.

" He then describes minutely the dress and appearance of these two younkers, one of whom was named Esperance, and the other Disperance; the first a gay young votary of Venus, and the other a grave lover of Virtue. The author listens to and relates what passed between them; the one speaking highly in praise of Venus, the other against her. The champion of Venus was so

[1] A word at the end of this line is wanting. The copy of the original in the Museum is, in some parts, slightly mutilated.

hard pressed by his opponent, that he was obliged to call the Goddess to his assistance. She appears, and learning what had passed, and how her true knight had been treated, she blew a silver horn, and her nymphs come to her assistance. She relates to them the heinous offence of Disperance in blaspheming her mighty crown, and abusing her champion. After some consultation they advise her to set a Court for the trial of the culprit; which was done, and he summoned to appear. Upon his applying to the Seven Seages of Sapience to be his advocates and defend him, they advise him to seek help from the Nine Muses, which he did humbly, but they declined to interfere in any thing against Venus; and they referred him to 'the Nobillis nyne'—Hector, Josue, David, Julius Cesar, Alexander, Judas Machabeus, Godefridus, Arthur, and Charles le Mayne. They received him sternly, and treated him with sharpness for abusing Venus. They sent him to the 'ten Sibillais,' who received him as ungraciously, and referred him to the 'three Fatales,' and they to others. At length Vesta, to whom he applied, took compassion upon him, and undertook to defend his cause.

"The third Buik, which begins with a description of 'Venus Court,' the Judge, Members, Assise, &c., gives a very tedious account of the proceedings; the defence of Disperance by Vesta; the difficulty of the Assise, who, after an assurance of mercy, put the culprit in the will of Venus, by whom he is ordained to be severely punished and imprisoned. This excited the lamentation of Esperance,[1] who had brought his friend Disperance into this

[1] In Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature will be found, as an extract from Rolland, this "Lamentatio Esperantiae," vol. ii. p. 107.

state; and also the lamentation of the Assyse, who, with Esperance, apply to Venus for a remission, which she agrees to give on Disperance quitting Vesta, and engaging to serve her. This he promises, and she changes his name from Disperance to Dalliance, dubs him a knight, and introduces him to her other knights; after which follows dancing, music, and tournaments, &c., and an account of these festivities concludes the fourth Buik and the work.

"The whole work is prolix and tiresome, greatly inferior to the allegorical and descriptive poetry of Dunbar, Douglas, and Lyndsay; and Rolland must rank much below any of these poets, from whom he has 'beggit' or borrowed his ornate terms." [1]

In neither of his productions has Rolland shown much poetical genius. His great defect is his uncommon diffuseness; and, as he tells us he wrote his "Seven Sages" in as many weeks, it might have been well for his reputation had he devoted at least as much time to revise and condense his work. The story of the Two Friends,[2] near the end of the book, which is not found in the other metrical versions of the Seven Wise Masters, is perhaps the best told. In his Moralities, he has given very unnecessary recapitulations of the different tales; but in these, and in his varied Exclamations against the Empress and the wickedness of the female sex, there is something original and amusing, and they exhibit a variety of measures, which occa-

[1] For the preceding Analysis of Rolland's Poem, the Editor is indebted to his friend James Chalmers, Esq., London.

[2] The same story forms the subject of the early Metrical Romance of Chivalry, "Amys and Amylioun."—See Ellis's Specimens, vol. iii. p. 396; and Weber's Collection, vol. ii. p. 369.

sionally bear a resemblance to the satirical poems of Burns. At the time when Rolland flourished, the state of the country, so long agitated by political and religious contentions, was not favourable for the encouragement of poetical genius; and the literary remains of that period present a striking contrast to those of the earlier part of the century. From the style of his writings, Rolland, however inferior he may be to the more distinguished Poets who preceded him, may be considered as the last of their school. But it is not, as already stated, on the ground of poetical merit, that the present Romance was deemed worthy of republication; although it is only by an extensive and careful examination of such remains—(and the difficulty of obtaining access to works of extreme rarity, might serve as an excuse for reprinting almost any thing of that age in verse which has been preserved)—that we can form some adequate conception of the actual state of literature in this country at the period of the Reformation.

D. LAING.

EDINBURGH, DECEMBER,
MD.CCC.XXXVII.

¶ The ſeuin Seages

Tranſlatit out of ꝓois in Scottis meter be IOHNE ROLLAND in Dalkeith, with ane Moꝛalitie efter euerie Doctouris Tale, and ſiclike efter the Empꝛice Tale, togidder with ane louing and laude to euerie Doctour efter his awin Tale, & ane Exclamation and outcrying vpon the Empꝛeouris wife efter hir fals contruſit Tale.

Imprentit at Edinburgh be Iohne ROS, for Henrie Charteris. M. D. LXXVIII.
CVM PRIVILEGIO REGALI.

THE PROLOGVE.

EN into Courts is Curioſitie,
Manheid, maners, nurtour and courtaſie,
Gif in the heid greit vertew dois auance
Sa in members I think ſiclyke ſuld be.
Curage, kyndnes, gentrice and honeſtie
To do the heid ſeruice and obſeruance,
To God alone alſo for his pleſance
And failzeing that, all is bot fantaſie,
For warldlie myrth wald haue ſum temperance.

Sum cummis to court to ſerue thair King and Quene
To conqueis lands ſum ſettis thair courage clene,
Greit Lordis and Lairdis the court wald hald in hand
Sum thair kynniſmen to Court cauſis conuene.
Sum for to ſe, and vthers to be ſene.
With braid Buklars brawling with birneiſt brand
Sum thair gat fais, vthers ſum freindſchip fand
Sum gettis pleſure, vthers gettis tray and tene
Ze ken the Court can nocht ay ſtabill ſtand.

In Court that time was gude Dauid Lyndſay,
In vulgar toung he bure the bell that day
To mak meter, richt cunning and expart,
And Maiſter Iohne Ballentyne ſuith to ſay
Mak him marrow to Dauid weill we may.
And for the thrid, Maiſter Williame Stewart,
To mak in Scottis, richt weill he knew that Art.
Biſchop Durie, ſum tyme of Galloway,
For his pleſure ſum tyme wald tak thair part.

And I my ſelf with ſmall Intelligence
Thocht in that caſe to ſchaw my diligence
To manifeſt my waik wit and Ingyne,
At thir fourſum aſking leif and licence,
With hat and hand keiling with reuerence
Me for to leir ane leſſoun or a lyne
Of thair prettick to me ane point propyne.

The Prologue.

They ſaid go to, ſchaw ſum Experience
And I thairfoir to thame promeiſt the wyne.

Sa at thir four, quhen I had leif purcheſt,
To thame (ſaid I) quhat mater is meteſt?
For to begin (quod thay) we wald ze drew
Sum Dialog, or argument that is beſt,
And that will mak zour mater manifeſt.
Sa folk may knaw the fals Tale be the trew,
For Dialogs (quod I) weis get anew.
And ſa fra thame Incontinent me dreſt,
And tuke gude nicht, and ſaid gude ſchirs adew.

Bot zit knew not quhat my mater ſuld be
Quhidder of myrth or zit of grauitie.
Efter Supper to bed I maid me boun,
Sa in my ſleip me thocht I ſaw ſwythlie
Lady Venus cumming and ſpak to me,
And ſaid I am cum with the for to reſſoun,
Thairfoir my wordis, ſe that thow not cheſſoun,
Tuitching my ſtait, honour and dignitie
Forzet me nocht quhen thou makis thy Sermoun.

Sa on the morne quhen time was for to ryſe
I thocht I wald begin my Interpryſe,
And rememberit on Venus Lady Quene
Keſt in my mynd ofter nor anis or twyſe
That ſhe bad me with hir mater auyſe,
And I knew ſmall quhat hir mater did mene
Conſiddering at me hir ſelf had bene.
I wiſt nocht weill quhat mater to deuyſe,
Hir for to pleis, and to eſhaip hir tene.

And ſa at ſchort my pen I tuke in hand
Began to wryte at Quene Venus command
Ane lytill Quair, I ken nocht gif ze knaw it,
Embrowd about with barbarus termes bland
And with trym termes maiſt vſit vp on land
As to the Name Dame Venus Court thay caw it
I wait nocht weill gif euer Schiris ze ſaw it,
Delyuerit it vnto my Maiſters four
Quha it reſſauit, and reddelie red ouir.

This lytill

The Prologue.

This lytill Quair, quhen thay had red and endit
Sum ſaid that hard, thay greitlie it commendit,
And ſa beliue delyuerit it againe
To euerie verſe thairin thay condiſcendit,
And ſaid thay wiſt, thairwith nane was offendit
Except it war ane prydfull pure Putane,
At quhais wordis men wald tak ſmall diſdane,
Quha that fand faltis, all four thay wald defend it
Be word and deid, with micht and all thair mane.

Ane proper wenche come to me on ane day
Ane of my Ants, bot thairto I ſay nay
My buke to borrow, greitlie ſcho did Inquyre
Ane wed thairfoir ſcho ſaid ſcho wald doun lay
Quhill ſcho it red, within ane Oulk or tway.
Sa I grantit that thing ſcho did deſyre,
Bot in few dayis my Ant begouth to tyre
Her Pyat toung, hir poet toung I ſuld ſay
Micht ſuffice weill to preiche in barne or byre.

My buke againe ſcho brocht and callit it gude
And ſaid ſum termes was ſcho not vnderſtude,
Becauſe thay war ſa heich and curious
Meruellit at me how I durſt euer dude,
Aganis wemen to ſpeik ſa ruch and rude,
And ſaid I trow zour mynde was furious
Quod I Lady the mater ſtandis thus
Quhen twa arguis, in ane or thay conclude
On force thair talk mon be contrarious.

Thairfoir Maiſtres I mon hald zow excuſit,
I traiſt ſic termes befoir few tymes ze vſit,
Or at the leiſt, ze come nocht quhair thay grew
I hard ſum ſay that ze war greitlie ruſit,
And ze zour thocht and mynde on ſic termes muſit
Baith into Greik, in Latine and Hebrew,
Now I perſaue that thay Tales ar not trew.
Thairfoir trewlie my ſelf ſuld haue the pyne,
I was to bald to caſt Peirlis to the Swyne.

Than ſcho me prayit with wordis ſweit and fair
To be ſa gude to tak ane vther Quair

The Prologue.

In planer termes, and it in Meter mak
Anents wemen, not tuitching thame ſa ſair,
For zour requeiſt (ſaid I) I will do mair.
Ane vther Roll I chancit in hand to take,
It to performe for that fair Ladyis ſake.
Maid and compylit be the wyſe Sages ſeuin,
Quha was that tyme maiſt ſapient vnder heuin.

For naturall wit, thay ar all haldin plane
The ſpringing well, and onlie freſche Fontane
The perfyte ground, and rute Originall
Of this ſtorie, now following but lane,
Thairfoir my ſelf, as now I am conſtrane
It to tranſlait, in our toung naturall.
Quhair I it fand into plane prois at all
Without cullour or feit, now I againe
In rurall ryme, to ſet it furth I ſall.

The fault I ſaid, for hir ſaik I ſuld mend it
Quhair ſcho befoir with ſtrange termis was offendit.
I promeiſt hir of honeſtie to quyte thame,
And with toun termes my bow it ſuld be bendit
Fra Clerklie termes my pen ſuld be ſuſpendit
And in my verſe be na way I ſuld wryte thame,
Ze ſall all knaw doutles that I deſpyte thame.
On this debait than we war condiſcendit,
At hir deſyre I ſall eſchew to dyte thame.

Sa we aggreit (quod ſcho) gude Schir adew
Quod I Lady, forſuith richt ſair I rew,
With ſa dry mouths, that we twa ſuld depart
Quod ſcho but dout, as I am traiſt and trew
Sum vther tyme my ſelf ſall zow perſew,
Bot not as now, thair is tyme efterwart,
Quhen euer ze pleis (quod I) welcum my hart,
For verray ſhame me thocht ſcho changeit hew,
Than turnit hir bak, and ſa we did depart.

Incontinent but ony mair delay
I thocht it beſt my pen for till aſſay
This lytill buke in verſe for to compyle
Quhair it befoir into plane prois was ay,

The Prologue.

Gif I culd fynd ony gude wyle or way
To ſteir it vp into ane better ſtyle,
That I ſuld not this fair Lady begyle,
Conſiddering the ſame on hand I tuke
As ze ſall heir, thus I begin my buke.

Finit Prologus.

To the Reidar.

BECAVS I was reprouit of befoir,
That I ſuld not in Clerklie termes gloir:
Bot in plaine ſpeiche my buik for to addres
With commoun talk, bot zit neuer the les
This Tale of auld I hard quhilk is richt trew,
And richt weill knawin, that neid oft makis vertew
Thairfoir on force, becaus ſtrange termes I want
I haue na dout, bot heir thay ſall be ſkant.
Thairfoir in tyme I think beſt to deny thame,
Zone fair Lady me think ſcho ſettis nocht by yame
Ane vther caus ſiclike I wait ze ken
For to bring but its Ill thats not thair ben.
Nor thair is nane, I wait in all this toun
Except he haue it, that can put on ane goun.
Of ane twme Twn, nane can draw out licour,
Nor of ane fule to mak a wiſe Doctour.
For quhy wit wants, quhair wiſdome ſuld cum fra
Into this caſe, the mater ſtands ſa.
Force me compellis, ſtrange termes to forbeir,
Within my box thairs few to get or leir.
Quhair Gold is ſkant, ſiluer mon vs content,
Euen ſa it ſtands but dout at this preſent.
Praying hartlie this Tale in patience tak,
A man can ſell nathing out of his pak
Bot as he hes, than preſent for the tyme,
Ze may perſaue that be this rouſtie ryme.
Beſeiking zow gude Reidars to excuſe it,
Not to detract, nor zit ouir hie to ruſe it.
This I wald wis my freinds ze wald do ſo,
Than in Goddis name to purpois lat vs go.

Heir beginnis the

ſeuin Seages, tranſlatit furth of prois in Scottis meter be Iohne Rolland in Dalkeith.

IN Eldaris dayis oft times it hes bene tauld
That Rome has bene ane Cietie of the auld
Of cunning Clerks, & wonder vailzeand men,
As ancient Acts makis vs koz to ken.
Quir all the warld it had Pzeeminence,
All pepill maid to it Obedience.
With greit Captanes, Kings Knichts & Empzeours
Kene men of weir, & cruell Conquerours,
Of townis and towzis, greit villages & cieteis,
Triumphand far abone thair Enemeis:
Subdewand thame to leſtand ſeruitude,
Not regarding thair lynage, kyn noz blude.
Cõqueſt grit realmes, lozdſchips & rowms bzaid
Thair commoun weill ſa meruellous riche thay maid
That all coũtreis & kĩgdomes thẽ about
Of thair fell feir greit dzeddour had and dout.
That thay on fozce behuid to mak homage
Oz ellis haue loiſt baith life and heritage.
Foz thay war ſa repleit of all riches
Win into weiris be martiall beſynes.
Thay tuke na cure of na mãnis fauour noz feid
Sa thay become of all the warld the heid:
And had thairof the haill Authozitie,
Bot this was not in time of Papiſtrie,
Foz fra that time yᵗ Papis was maid in Rome,
Of all vertew that Cietie was maid tome.

And day be day fra all vertew decreſt
Continuallie the ſelf it ay oppreſt.
For thre ſtrangers rais vp in that Cietie.
Quhilkis of befoir na way wald ſufferit be,
The commoun weill caus thay war ay agane
Thairin thairfoir thay wald not thole remane
Bot fra Papis come that Nobill towne within
It did abound ſa fair in deidly ſin,
And that na ſtait to Clergie was compairs,
Sa weill thay treit thir thre vncouth ſtrangairs
Quhilk thre thir was, the firſt lurkand haitrent
The ſecund was, zoung counſall and conſent,
Singular profite it was the thrid I wis,
Quhilk thre was caus to gar Rome go amis.
And cauſit it tine the greit triumphand Name,
And to be callit the hous of warldlie ſchame.
Tint the greit rowmes and warldlie poſſeſſiouns
That thay conqueſt fra diuers vther Crowns.
All ſic become throw wickitnes and vice,
Of the Papiſts, and thair foule Merchandice.
For thay wald gar ane pound of meltit leid
Bring thame againe the wecht of golde ſa reid.
And gar the hippis of ane deid Zow or ſkin
Aſſolze zow of all zour deidly ſin,
Incontinent in heuin vp to be brocht,
Contrair Gods will, quhidder he wald or nocht.

¶Bot not the les, lang tyme befoir thir dayis
Ane Empreour was as the Storie ſayis,
Quhilk hecht to Name Pontianus at richt,
Ane Nobill man of wiſdome and of micht.
Gydit his Realme be wiſdome and vertew,
To his pepill exempilis daylie ſchew,
Of wiſdome wit and Liberalitie,

Quhairthrow

Quhairthrow the hartis of all his folk wan he
That nane cairit to wair with him thair life,
Ane Kings Douchter he had vnto his wife,
Callit Clara, ane woman verteous,
Fair and gudelyke, and wonder gracious.
Quhilk ane knaif chyld of him ſcho did cõſaue
Bot him alone, na ma God to thame gaue,
Quhilk was callit Diocleſiane to Name,
Fair and weil fauourit, baith of faſſoun & fame
Quha daylie grew in vertew and gudnes,
Ilk man him lufit for his greit gentilnes.
For he was courtes, cumlie and richt kynd,
Fra all fuliſche alluterlie declynd.
Sa quhen he was ſeuin zeir auld or neir by
This Empryce tuke ane meruellous malady,
That ſcho behuid for to tak bed on force,
With fair ſeiknes ſa troublit was hir Corce.
Perſauing weill be hir Intelligence
For to eſchew fra deid was na defence
Bot of hir life ſchortlie to haue ane end,
Sa for hir ſpous the Empreour ſone ſcho ſend.
With humbill hart and Inwartlie praying,
That he wald cum to hir but tarying.
Gif euer he wald ſe hir vpon lyue
Sa was fra hand direct ſone ane Meſſyue.
Poiſt efter Poiſt, quhair he lay in weilfair,
Sone till him come, and culd the caus declair,
Bot mair abaid, with wonder ſorie hart,
With few hors men fra his Camp did depart.
And quhen he come to the Empryce preſence
Scho ſaid till him with humbill reuerence.
O My gude Lord, howbeit that I be ſeik,
Ze licent me my erand to zow ſpeik.

Sa that it be onlie to zour pleſour,
And als ſiclike vnto zour greit honour,
He ſaid Lady I ſe zow in diſeis
Notwithſtanding ſay on quhat euer ze pleis:
And it ſall be to me na vilanie,
Sa it eik not zour greit Infirmitie.
Wy Lozd ſcho ſaid, this ſeiknes I perſaue
Oz it depart will dziue me to my graue.
He ſaid Madame be ze of gude comfozt,
Ze will recouer zour helth I traiſt at ſchozt,
Foz I ſall ſend foz all my ding Doctouris,
Phiſitianes, and my Philoſophouris,
Wy cunning men, and my Medicinars,
Wy Cirugians and als my Potingars,
Wy Pzacticianes quhilkis ar ſuttell and ſlie.
That daylie deilis with Flewbothomie.
Thay will conſult, and Ilkane als perſaue
All zour ſeiknes, and ſa helth ſall ze haue.
Foz ſeiknes is als naturall as heill,
Thairfoir dout not y^t deith ſall with zow deill,
At this pzeſent, bot ze ſall ſone recure.
Quod ſcho my Lozd of a thing I am ſure,
This maladie ſa haldis me at the hart
Quhill I be deid, na way it will depart.
Quhairfoir my Lozd, richt humblie I require,
Ze wald Incline zour hart to my deſyre.
He ſaid deſire at me quhat euer ze will,
I will it grant, thocht it be contrair ſkill
To comfozt zow, and help zow fra diſeis
Thairfoir ſay on, it ſall me not diſpleis.
Scho ſaid my Lozd I thank zow gretumlie.
Quod he Madame ſay on quhat euer it be.
Scho ſaid my Lozd, pleſit zour Nobill grace

Of my deſyre, this is the verray cace,
Quhen I depart out of this preſent lyfe.
It will zow pleis to haue ane vther wyfe,
And as ze knaw we haue na barne bot ane,
Noꝛ neuer had, bot onlie him allane:
Quhilk ouir all thing anirt zour awin perſoun
I wald war weill to this Ilk prouiſioun.
Efter zour deith with all wit and wiſdome,
Reule his pepill, and gyde this greit Kingdome
And ouir all thing my Loꝛd maiſt I requyre
Into this point, ze will grant my deſyre,
That zour Empꝛice perchãce quhat euer ſcho be
Upon my Sone haue na Authoꝛitie,
Na Gouernance, power noꝛ zit gyding
Bot ze him put to vther nuriſching.
Far fra hir ſicht, and fra hir companie,
To that effect, that he may viceles be,
Of all vices, and ſic thing as gais wꝛang
And ay to be, greit cunning men amang.
My Loꝛd hartly this humblie I requyre
Into this point to fulfill my deſyre.
Foꝛ weill I knaw, diſpleſours ar to cum
That he ſall do, oꝛ ellis he ſalbe dum,
Quhairthzow onlie his lyfe he will recure,
My Loꝛd I knaw but dout this ſalbe ſure.
He ſaid Lady zour will ze ſall not want,
Thocht it war mair, richt hartly I it grant,
Foꝛ that is my deſyre aſweill as zouris
It ſalbe done, Madame at zour pleſouris.
Scho ſaid my Loꝛd I thank zow with my hart
God ſaue zour grace, foꝛ now I moſte depart.
This being ſaid, ſcho tuke ane fell paſſioun
And ane lang ſpace ſcho lay in deidly ſwoun.

Sa in ſchort tyme withouttin mair remeid,
Hir naturall det ſcho completit of deid.
With all triumph hir funerall ſeruice
Was dewlie done, as that time was the gyſe
Lang time efter the Empȝeour maid murning,
And all his Court, for hir fair departing
Na menſtrell myȝth nor ȝit na merines
Into his hall was ſene nor na blythnes,
Bot heuines, greit dule and grauitie
Into the Court, and all the companie
For that gude Quene, all ſolace was away,
Quhir the dule weid Ilk ane for ȝeir and day.

¶MORALITAS.

OF this mater ſum thing we may collect
Of this Emprice hauand ſa greit reſpect
And Inwart luſe vnto hir Sone alone
Of hir awin helth ſcho tuke bot lyttill reſt,
Bot thocht ſcho wald his weilfair nocht neglect
Befoir to deith hir ſelf ſcho wald diſpone
Quhilk caulit hir ſic maters to propone
To hir huſband, for the ſamin effect
Hir Sone to ring efter that ſcho was gone.

Sicklyke ȝe may conſidder the greit cair
The thocht and mynde ſcho tuke baith lait and air,
Anent hir Sone ſcho ſuffering ſair ſeiknes
Prouyding als for his welth and weilfair,
Deſpring him of cummers to be clair
With the new Quene, he ſuld haue na entres,
Nor ſcho with him in ony beſynes,
For ſum cauſis that micht occur perchance
That ſcho ſuld haue of him na Gouernance.

Alſwa appeiris ſum part of Prophecie,
And greit fairſicht hes bene in this Ladie,
Perrellis to cum, ſa perfytelie to knaw
Scho being tuichit with ſair Infirmitie.
Praying to put, hir Sone fra companie
Of all the Court, and als of Ladyis aw,

And

And in ſpeciall, fra his Mother in Law.
Inconuenients to eſchew that micht be
Sa ſcho deſpreit, hir Sone him for to draw.

The hartlie luke ſiclyke ze may perſaif,
That this Lady to hir huſband did haif,
Randring to him, honour and reuerence,
And he to hir, ſiclyke all things gaue,
That ſcho deſpreit, or at him ſcho wald craue:
Not regarding, thocht it had bene offence,
And for hir ſaik, quhen ſcho was deid and hence
He commandit that na blythnes ſuld be
For zeir and day into his companie.

Thairfoir I ſay to zow in Mariage
Baith into auld, and into tender age,
Quhat euer chance, ze ſuld haue Cheritie
Giue ill wordis cum, than lat zour malice ſwage,
Giue place to Ire, and harbrie not outrage,
Crabit at anis, na way baith ze ſuld be
Ane meik anſwer ſlokins Melancolie,
Ze ar conionit ane fleſhe and Saulis twa,
Than keip gude luke, the Scripture biddis ſa.

¶ How the Empreour committit and delyuerit his Sone to the ſeuin Doctouris of Rome to leir.

THIS Empzeour vpon a tyme he lay
Intill his bed, and to him ſelf culd ſay
I haue na barnis bot ane Sone to my air,
I think it beſt that he war put to lair,
Sen he is zoung, and into tender age
To leir wiſdome he wil tak mair curage
Efter my deith, this Realme that he may gyde
This I think beſt in tyme foz to pzouyde.
Sa on the mozne he cryit efter his clais,
And in dew tyme but mair abaid vpzais.
Gart call his Lozds, and counſall till him ſone,
In this mater quhat thay thocht to be done.

Schawing to thame at lenth the haill mater
To his Lady quhat he had promeist air.
Thay anſwerit all, my Lord thair is in Rome
Seuin wyſeſt men that is in Criſtindome,
Quhilkis in learning all vther thay preuaill
In all wisdome, and Science Liberaill.
Thay ar but dout the ſeid of Salomon,
For to diſcus Problewm or zit Queſtioun.
Lat ane Meſſage to thame be ſend but mair
Delyuer thame zour Sone vnto the lair
Of thair counſall the Empreour was content,
For thir Doctours ane Meſſage ſone was ſent,
Under his Seill, and als his awin hand writ
To the Doctouris he had deliuer it.
Sa ſone as thay the letters all had red
To thair veyage but tary ſone thame ſped.
Quhen thay come to the Empreours preſence
Thay ſaluſt him with laude and reuerence,
On thair beſt wiſe, as to thame culd effeir
He ſaid to thame ze ar all welcum heir.
I ſpeir at zow haue ze ony knawlege
Quhairfoir I ſend to zow ſeuin my Meſſage.
Thay anſwerit him, the caus na way we knaw
Quhill y^{t} zour grace will witchaif for to ſchaw
Zour graces will quhen ze haue ſchawin vs to
That to fulfill, our power we ſall do.
To quhome he ſaid, I thank zow Maiſters all
Now vnto zow my erand ſchaw I ſall.
Ane Sone alone, na ma barnis I haue,
Nor all my time na ma God to me gaue:
Appeirandlie he is to be mine air,
Thairfoir I wald he war put to the lair:
To cunning men for to haue thair doctrine,

And

And in zouth heid he vnder Diſcipline,
To that effect, efter my fatall det
Into my place with honour he be ſet,
To reule his Realme with wiſdome and Juſtice
Quhilk in ane Pꝛince ſuld euer ring alwayis.
Thairfoir I wald ze ſeuin ſuld him reſſaue,
And him to leirne, and into gyding haue,
And ze ſall be rewardit weill thairfoir,
Sa haill and feir agane ze him reſtoir.
Thay thankit him all ſeuin with reuerence,
That he to thame of his Sone gaue credence.

¶Bot the firſt Maiſter callit Pantyllas
Began and ſaid, becaus he eldeſt was,
My Lorꝛd I ſall, and pleis zour Nobill grace
Caus zour ane Sone within ſeuin zeiris ſpace,
Be als cunning in all the ſeuin Science,
Of wit, wiſdome, and all Intelligence
As I, and all my marrowis that heir ſtandis
Or ony man, within zour boundis and landis
Sa that ze will deliuer him to me,
This ſall I do in pane of honeſtie.

¶The ſecund Maiſter namit Lentalus,
Thir worꝛdis ſaid vnto the Empꝛeour thus.
And pleis zour grace deliuer him to me
Within ſex yeiris he ſall haue mair Clergie,
Mair cunning craft in all the ſeuin Science
Nor I and all that now is in pꝛeſence.
And as ze knaw I haue ſeruit zour grace
Sen I was man, in all my lyfis ſpace.
And for rewaird I ſeik na vther thing
Bot zour ane Sone to haue in gouerning.

¶Than ſpak the thꝛid yᵗ namit was Craton
With zour gude grace I ſaillit the ſey vpon,

In greit perrellis, and dangerous weilfair
And of zour grace rewaird I ſeik na mair,
To be ſa gude, to me deliuer wald
Zour onlie Sone in gouernance to hald,
And I pʒomeis that within zeiris fiue
He ſall be mair cunning and Scientiue,
Noʒ I, and all my marrowis heir about
Unto zour grace this I ſall do but dout.
¶Than ſpak the fourt to name hecht Walquy=
And pleis zour grace my ſeruice foʒ to tak (dʒak
In gude ſeſſoun, in thankis and pleſouris
Foʒ I my ſelf, and my Pʒogenitouris
Hes ſeruit zow, and zours our lyfis ſpace
And na rewaird deſire I of zour grace
Bot to witchaif on me ſa greit credence,
As foʒ to leir zour Sone perfite Science:
And foʒ to be of cunning mair perfite
Noʒ I, and all my marrowis can Indite.
This ſall he do within nixt zeiris four.
Dʒ I Science and cunning ſall gif ouir.
¶Thā ſpak the fyft, Joſephus hecht his name
Loʒd I am auld, and neuer vndefame
On zour counſall, and hes bene mony zeir,
Wald ze leif me zour ane Sone foʒ to leir
I ſall him teiche but dout in zeiris thʒe
Als greit cunning, and als perfite Clergie
As I my ſelf, and all my marrowis can,
Dʒ ellis ze ſall call me na honeſt man.
Na mair rewaird of zour grace I deſire
Thocht all my life I haue ſeruit zour Impire.
¶Than ſpak the ſext was namit Cleophas
Ane Nobill man, and cunning Clerk he was,
And ſaid ſiclike as the laſt ſaid befoir,

Of zour

Of zour gude grace rewaird I ſeik no moir
Bot zour ane Sone to haue in gouerning
Inſorme and teiche, and into Science bring
In cunning he ſalbe within twa zeir
That he ſall haue na peregall noꝛ peir.
Na mair rewaird at zow now aſk will I
Quhilk zour gude grace I traiſt will not deny
¶ Than ſaid the ſeuint greit Maiſter & doctour,
Unto zour grace I will do ſic pleſour,
Giue me zour Sone in credence and gyding
Within ane zeir I ſall him giue leirning,
Sa profoundlie in all the Science ſeuin,
And of all Science vnderneth the heuin:
That in wiſdome he ſall haue na compair
Unto zour grace this ſchoꝛtlie I declair,
Foꝛ giftis of golde, noꝛ geir I not regaird
Noꝛ foꝛ labouris I couet na rewaird
Bot zour gude will, quhē the zeir is furth gane
The Empꝛeour hard, and thākit thame Ilkane
And ſaid I am Indettit to zow all
Unrecompanſit nane of zow thair be ſall.
Bot not the les ſen I find zow ſa kynd
And in gude willis hes ſchawin me zour mynd
Gif I ſuld him commit til ane of zow
Than all the reſt micht weill beleue and trow
That to that ane I had mair affectioun
Than to the reſt, quhilk ſuld caus diſcentioun:
Diſcoꝛd, Inuy, and alſo variance,
Quhilk in na ſoꝛt amang ſic men ſuld chance.
Thairfoir to zow coniunctlie all in ane
Heir I commit my Sone Diocleſiane.
My afald barne, and eik my onlie Air,
With zow to be Inſtructit weill in lair.

And him to gyde in alkin honeſt ſort,
Quhylis to wiſdome, and quhylis to game & ſport:
As ze will anſwer Ilk ane vnto me,
In pane of credence and of zour honeſtie.
For be he weill, euin ſa I think my ſell
Do as ze pleis, as now na mair I tell.
¶Thir dyng Doctours the ſweit langage heiring
Of thair gude Lord, and allwa perſauing
The greit credence, and ſiclyke the kyndnes
That he had ſchawin vnto thair ſempilnes.
Thay thankit him Ilk ane vpon thair kneis,
Man efter man, all ſeuin in thair degreis.
Sayand to him, that his grace ſuld be ſure
Of thair laubours greit diligence and cure.
The Empreour tuke his Sone be the hand,
And bad that he, at thair bidding ſuld ſtand.
And in na ſort that he ſuld thame offend
Unto the time agane he for him ſend.
And ſa at ſchort the barne delyuerit he,
Quhome thay reſſauit with all humilitie.
This being done, Ilk ane thay tuke gude nicht
To Romes Court the way thay held on richt.
Thir ſeuin Maiſters thair veyage paſſing on,
Ane of thame ſaid, quhilk namit was Craton
To his fellowis, ſayand my brether deir
Sen we this Chylde in Gouerning hes heir,
I think not beſt to Romes toun that we ryde
Gif we liſt weill this barne gouerne and gyde:
For diuers cauſis and Impediments,
That may occur be Inconuenients.
Tyſting the Chylde to mony ſport and play
And to neglect his ſtudie day be day.
For fra greit men get knawledge quhat he be,

Thay

Thay will couet daylie his companie.
Sa fra ſtudie he ſalbe ay abſtractit,
And we all ſeuin with greit diſpleſure lackit.
The vther ſex ſaid all with ane conſent
His counſall was gude and conuenient,
And was ſaid to the purpois by and by,
And with gude will to the ſame wald apply.
This to eſchew, J wald remeid war found
For weill J knaw within ane lytill ground
To buylde vpon, thair is ane ꝓper place,
Quhilk to vs all war pleſure and ſolace.
Fra Romes toun bot thre myles diſtant,
Quhat thing we neid, we myſter not to want.
Lat vs yair mak ane hous baith rowme & ſquair
Quhair at quyet the child may leirne his lair
We ſall gar paynt vpon the wallis about
The ſeuin Science, with greit Storyis all out,
Sa that this Childe may ſe velie and luke,
And tak doctrine, aſweill as in his buke.
This Counſall than applelit thame euer ilkane
The hous was biggit ſone of lyme and ſtane,
And weill compleit, as it beſt culd effeir,
Quhairin thay all, ſtudyit the ſeuin zeir.
Quhilk bene outrun, and all compleit togidder
The ſeuin Maiſters amang thame did cõſidder
That thay wald all exame Diocleſiane,
Fra that thair terme of the ſeuin zeir was gane,
Gif that he was expert into Science,
Conſiddering thay had done Diligence.
Pantillas ſaid, J can not tell trewlie
How our Scoller examit weill ſalbe.
Than ſaid Craton J ſall that weill deuiſe,
Into his bed on ſleiping quhen he lyis.

Under Ilk nuik of his bed we ſall lay
Ane Oliue leif, than quhen approches day,
Gif he perſauis ſone efter his walking
That his bed is remouit ony thing,
Than we may knaw be our Intelligence
He is repleit of all the ſeuin Science.
This being done, airlie in the morning
The Childe walknit befoir the Sone ryſing,
And lyftit vp his Ene vnto the ſky
And to the rufe of the hous feruently,
Baith to and fra, ſchairplie caſting his Ene
On ſic taſſoun befoir thay had not ſene.
The ſeuin Maiſteris perſauing perfitelie
How his Ingyne was raiſit ſa quicklie.:
Thay ſaid quhairfoir luk ze ſa faſt about?
Quhat mouis zow, or quhat haue ze in dout?
Schaw vs in plaine we ſall caus to amend it
Gif ony thing hes zow in hart offendit.
Na maruell haue my gude Maiſters (ſaid he)
For I am brocht in ane greit fantaſie,
Quhilk hes me maid richt fleit and als affeird,
For in my ſleip to me I thocht appeird:
That the ruif tre of all this haill Maiſſoun,
Unto the eird was quyte declynit doun.
And ſine againe in twinkling of our Eyis,
It was vpliftit ane hundreth thouſand greis,
Quhilk put me in ane felloun fray but dout,
Than his Maiſters Ilk ane him round about,
Perſauit weill be gude Experience
He was fulfillit of all the ſeuin Science.
Gif he haue dayis and in gude companie
Ane man of wit, and wiſdome he ſalbe,
That in the warld ſall nane be till him peir,

Sa

Sa at this tyme we leif this zoung Childe heir,

¶MORALITAS.

WE may perſaue na Empreour
Nor King ſuld wirk at thair pleſour.
Without ane gude counſall,
Gude counſall is the procurour
For to ſet fordwart gude laubour
And perrellis dois expell.

This Empreour he wald do nocht
Quhill his Lordis was befoir him brocht
And ſa thay war richt ſone,
At thame his counſall than he ſocht,
And thay him ſchew thair mynde and thocht
Quhat beſt was to be done.

In ane bote thay concludit thair
That he ſuld put his Sone to lair
With cunning men of wit,
Becaus the Counſall did it declair
Incontinent but ony mair
Fra hand fulfillit it.

For as the Mother did prouyde,
The Father on that bther ſyde
For the Sone did foirſe,
Fra purpois wald na langer byde
Bot to the Doctouris in that tyde
His Sone delyuerit he.

Thocht all thir Seuin had Science ſene,
Ze may perſaue that thay haue bene
Of thair awin Fantaſie,
All callin into curage clene
Ilk ane bther to prouene
And purches Dignitie.

Ilk ane thay tuke ane diuers vait,
And promeſſit be thair awin conſait
Mair large nor thay wald do,
Quhilk was far by thair awin Eſtait
For to pretend to gang the gait
That thay culd not cum to.

Bot the Empreour tuke weill in heid.
He thocht he wald not tak the feid
Of all, and pleis bot ane.
For that he fand ane gude remeid
For the haill ſeuin without mair pleid
The Childe hes with thame tane.

¶How the Empreour be counſall of his Princes, and Lordis of his Impyre weddit ane vther wyfe.

IN this meane time the Pꝛinces of honour,
And the greit Loꝛdis come to the Empꝛeour,
And ſaid my Loꝛd and pleis zour nobill grace
Heir we ar cum to ſchaw how ſtandis the cace.
Bot ane zoung Childe, we knaw no moir ze ha
And pleſit God, we wald that ze had ma
And it may ſtand be fatale deſtanie,
That zour ane Sone may Inlaik faill and die
As God forbid, that ſic ane thing ſuld chance,
Zit not the les we wald mak puruyance.
Than war we all of ane new natiue King
Waid deſtitute abone vs foꝛ to ring,
Quhairthꝛow ſtrange folke & vncouth natioũs
Wicht conqueis vs, and all our generatiounis.
Quhilk neuer was ſen this Impire began
Conqueiſt, ouirthꝛawin with ony moꝛtall man
Sen Romulus, quhilk buyldit Romes toun,
Was neuer man that had dominioun
Of this Impire, bot Nobill natiue Kingis,
And to auoide ſa greit and perrellous things:
This is the caus we ar cum to zour grace
To ſchaw zow all the mater and the cace,
That ſic ane thing is richt abill to be
To put the Realme furth of ſic Jeopardie,
We wald ze tuke ſum honeſt gay Ladie

Zour

Zour Nobill Quene and bedfellow to be,
To that effect ſucceſſioun for to haue,
And zour Impire fra thir dangeris to ſaue.
The Empzeour than heirand all thair ſawis,
Quhat ſic thing ment of the mater and caus.
He thankit thame ane hundzeth thouſand ſyſe,
And ſaid he wald do as thay did deuyſe.
Of thair counſall richt weill content he was,
And thame requyzit to purpois for to pas.
Ane Lady get that was of tender age,
Baith gude and fair, and cum of hie lynage.
Ane clene Virgin and luſtie to behald,
Than ſall I do the ſame thing that ze wald.
Wed hir to wife, and Crowne hir to my Quene
Into this caſe lat zour wiſdomes be ſene.
Sa thay depart than fra the Empzeour
Deuiſit thair Lozdis of wiſdome and valour,
To ſeik this Quene thzow mony lands yai paſt
Quhill thay come to ane countrie at the laſt
Callit Cecyll, quhilk had ane Nobill King,
Quhilk Royallie into his Realme did Ring,
With greit puiſſance, riches and honour,
Quha had ane Mayd of all fairnes the flour
To his douchter of fourtene zeir of age
Nobill, courtes, and pleſand of viſage.
With all vertew that in wemen micht be,
And wiſe at will ſiclike appeirandlie.
Quhome thay deſirit at this gude Nobill King
In Mariage to the Empzeour bzing,
And mak hir Quene of all the haill Impire
This Nobill King grantit to thair deſire.
The Lozdis of Counſall and Ambaſſadouris
War than depeſchit with pleſure & honouris,

And bꝛocht with thame this Nobill gay Ladie
Quhilk yair zoūg Quene & als Empꝛice ſuld be
Thay heiſit vp ſails with all thair clene curage
With manlie micht come forꝛdwart yair veyage
Upon the ſey thay ſufferit great perrell
In hame cumming, be ſair ſtoꝛme and trauell
Walterād with wind out thꝛow ẏ mudy wawis
The boꝛiall blaſtis ſa bauldlie on thame blawis
That thay war fane and Joyfull at the laſt
To ſaue thair lyfis, foꝛ to cut thair mane Maſt.
Cut thair Cabillis, and ouir burd caſt thair geir
All of thair lyfis thay ſtude into ſic feir.
Sum of thame ſaid, it was ane ſchꝛewit Sing
Of ane gude luck ſic ane Quene hame to bring,
Quhairthꝛow thay war all in point foꝛ to tine,
And wiſt not quhat wald be the latter fine.
Sum ſaid agane all was cum foꝛ the beſt,
Scho was wyteles, howbeit ſtoꝛme thame op-
Sa ilk ane ſaid as yai yat time bethocht (preſſ.
Sa at dew time to thair awin coiſt was bꝛocht
Als ſone thay come vnto thair kyndlie coiſt,
Doun dꝛew thair ſaills, and thair gude ſchippis
Than woꝛd beliue come to the Empꝛeour (loiſt.
That all his Loꝛdis was landit with pleſour,
And with them bꝛocht ane Nobill zoung Ladie
Quhilk to the King his weddit wyfe ſuld be.
The empꝛeour cauſit pꝛoclame thꝛow Romes toū
That euerie Loꝛd, Knichte Marques & Barroū
In beſt array to mak thame all reddy
With fair faſſoun to meit that zoung Lady,
Quhilk but delay was done with diligence,
And ſa thay gaue this Lady all preſence:
In richt array, as thay culd beſt deuiſe,

With

With all triumph, and into thair beſt wiſe
To the Cietie thay did hir all conuoy,
With all glaidnes, mirth, melodie and Joy.
And quhen ſcho come vnto this Nobill toun,
The Bellis rang with honour and Renoun.
The claithis of gold was ſpȝed thȝow all y^e ſtreit
Quhen ſcho lichtit, to gang vpon hir feit.
The riche Badkins, the coiſtlie veluot wobbis
The bȝowdin warkis, & the riche Ryall robbis
Quhilk on the flairis war ſpȝed ſa heich on hie
It was pleſure for ony man to ſe.
With all vther warldis vane fantaſie,
That mannis bȝaine and Ingyne culd deuiſe.
And ſa at laſt come in the Empȝeour
With his greit Lordis of riches and honour.
Gaue this Lady his perſoun in preſence,
With all triumph, Renoun and reuerence:
And hir Imbȝaiſt as culd him beſt effeir,
And ſaid Lady ze ar richt welcum heir
Than the greit Joy that in that Cietie was
Wy waik Ingyne can na way weill compas.
Sa on the morne quhen that the day was licht
Unto the Kirk thay led this Lady bȝicht,
With all triumphe, greit mirth and melodie
With mennis wit that culd deuiſit be.
Conuoyit with Kingis nobill Pȝinces & Lordis
As at ſic time aggreis weill and accordis.
Sine followit hir the Nobill Empȝeour
With all his Lords, that was of greit valour.
Stout men of Armes into thair waillit weidis
Rydand at richt vpon thair ſtalwart ſteidis.
Als with him come diuers grit kings & knichts
Duiks, Barroūs, erls, & mony worthie wichts

With trūpet, ſchalme, dꝛum, ſquaſche & clarioū,
Harp, Lut, Dꝛgane, Symbal and Symphioū
Makand thair mirth all into gude oꝛdour,
Heraldis of Armes into thair cort Armour:
Paſt on befoir as it was maiſt ſemelie
In thair awin ſtait, conformme to thair degre.
Quhill thay come to the Royall Kirk of Rome
Quhilk was the heid of Kirkis in chriſtindome
Thair lichtit thay with mirth and merynes
Foꝛ to compleit the band of halynes:
That GOD deuyſit betuix woman and man
Quhen he this warld firſt creat and began.
Of that Cietie the greit Biſchop was thair,
With all his Clerkis of greit wiſdome and lair
This band being compleit in Goddis Name
With mirth and Joy to the Palice paſt hame,
Quhair thair was maid banket with melodie,
With alkin mirth and pleſant menſtralie.
Quhill that nicht come, than Ilk man thocht
To quyet pas, and tak the nichtis reſt. (it beſt
Sa this Lady but ony tarying
Scho paſt to bed with hir houſband the King
And ſa obtenit the greit fauour and luſe
Of hir gude Loꝛd, that it culd not remuſe.
And of hir luſe he tuke ſa greit delite,
That vther Quene he had foꝛzet hir quite:
And all his luſe was caſt on this new Quene
As he befoir had neuer Maryit bene.
Zit not the les all the dayis of thair lyue
God thocht he wald all barnis fra them dꝛyue
Sa thame betuix thay na ſucceſſioun had
Quhilk maid this quene baith ſoꝛrowful & ſad
Sayand huſband, ane thing I zow require
Gif ze

Gif ze wald grant richt hartlie I deſire.
Becaus lang time this Empzice did perſaue
Na kynd of Childe ſcho was able to haue.
Scho turnit hir Saillis vnto ane vther wind
Quhair that ſcho micht ſum ſuttelneſs gar find.
Into hir bed quhair that ſcho was lyand
In ane mozning with hir ſpous and huſband.
Scho ſayis my Lord, ꝑ pleis zour Nobil grace
Betuix vs twa is chancit ane heuie cace,
That be na way can get vs ſucceſſioun
Quhilk ſadis my hart, ꝑ dois me greit paſſioũ
Bot wald zour grace ane thing vnto me grant,
Betuix vs twa ane Childe we ſuld not want.
Quod he that thing deuyſe how that ze can,
Foz that exceidis the wit of ony man
Foz to get barnis, ſen God will not thame grant
Than fozce it is baith ze and I thame want.
Scho ſaid my Lozd it is unto me ſchawin,
Ze haue ane Sone quhilk is not to me knawin
With ſeuin Maiſters, maiſt wyſeſt on the groũd
And he him ſelf, nane wyſer can be found.
Wald ze bzing him to Court in my pzeſence
I ſuld do all deuoir and diligence,
Him to Intreit into ſa gude faſſoun,
That all ſuld ſay out thzow greit Romes toun
Not onlie ſaid, bot alſo ſuld be ſwozne,
That he war of my awin twa ſydis bozne.
And ſen ſa is, that I can nocht conſaue,
Onlie zour Sone, as my awin I wald haue
My Lozd this is the aſking I require,
Beſeikin zow to fulfill my deſire.
Zit not the les hir minde was and hir thocht
In ſutteltie, and all with malice wzocht.

Imagining daylie the Chyldis deid
Thocht his Father tuke not ſic thing in heid,
He ſaid Lady that will I not deny
Quhat euer ze aſk, enamozit ſa am I
Into zour luſe, that forze compellis me
Quhat ze will aſk, denyit it ſall not be.
Thairfoir ſen I the ſecretis of my hart
Schawis to zow plaine, to me keip ze zour part
As for my Sone it is lang time by paſt
And diuers zeiris ſen that I ſaw him laſt.
Zit not the les to accompliſche zour will,
I ſall belyue ane Meſſage ſend him till,
And cauſ him cum, and als his Maiſters all
Quhat he can do baith heir and ſe ze ſall.
For I beleue he hes bene diligent
In his ſtudie, and in ſcience frequent.
And for to leir, wit, knawledge and wiſdome
That efter me for to gyde this kingdome.
Scho ſaid my Lord, that it be ſa God grant,
For that ſame cauſ I wald na way him want.
Bot gif ſcho ſaid thir wordis with hir hart
Ze will perſaue be proces efterwart.
The Empreour ſone gart mak ane miſſiue,
The Meſſinger he was direct beliue:
Into greit haiſt with expeditioun,
Unto the ſeuin greit Maiſteris of Renoun.
Incontinent vnder the pane of deid,
And na les pane nor wanting of thair heid:
Suld bring his Sone to him at Witſonday,
All excuſes being clene put away.
The Meſſinger beliue depeſchit was
To the Doctouris the hie gait can he pas
And the wrytingis delyuerit ſone hes he,

Unto

Unto the ſeuin Doctouris of Dignitie. Quha it reſſauit with all Obedience, Humilitie, honour and reuerence.

¶MORALITAS.

IT is ane plaigue perrelous and ane greit diſpair,
Ane Realme to be deſtitute of ane Natiue Air
Quhair kynd captans haldis court, na caus is of cair
The commoun welth Increſſis ay, daylie mair and mair
Be the contrair agane.
Vnkyndlie Captanes ouirthrawis
And commoun welth doun drawis
And leidis not the auld Lawis
Bot contrair wirks plane.

This was the maiſt motiue, the caus and the querrell,
That cauſit thir Princes compeir, to ſchaw all the perrell
The greit danger and dout, and the caus haill
Baith for commoun welth and Croune, gif airs chancit faill
Thair was bot onlie ane
Thairfoir this mater thay mene
To caus him tak ane new Quene
That new Airs micht be ſene,
Gif this Air war gane.

And ſa belyue but pley to counſall be applyit
Caus it was the commoun weill he durſt not deny it
Bot zit his firſt Quenes deſyre, in ſum part paſt by it
That to the court the chyld brocht, quhair he was ſair inuyit
The Empreour not knew
Ze ken of auld this trew Tale
Nyce is the Nychtingale
The Empreour gaue hir credence hale
And neuer word trew.

Quhen wemen ſpeikis faireſt thay ar maiſt fals found,
Thay gar ſweit licour ſwym aboue, and gall is at the ground
Thay ſhaw thame lyke ane turtill dow, and bytis as ane hound
The Empreour was deſſauit ſair, as ſone was efter found
Thay war ay and ſalbe
Sa queſitiue baith nicht and day
The Empreour culd na gait ſay nay

Bot men ſuld not trow that thay ſay
Sa oft becaus thay lie.

¶How the ſeuin Maiſteris efter the ſicht of the Empreouris Letteris wald firſt ſe the cours of the Firmament and Planetis, quhidder it was gude to obey his cōmandement or not.

ALS ſone as yir ſeuin maiſters had ouirſene
The empȝeours wȝit, & vnderſtude it clene
On the nixt nicht, all ſeuin with ane conſent
Paſt to eſpy the ſternis and Firmament.
To tak Jornay gif it was pȝoſperous
Or contrair way, gif it was dangerous.
For to fulfill the Empȝeouris command,
Or gif thay durſt the ſamin to ganeſtand.
Anone thay ſpy into the Firmament
Ane ſtormie ſterne that troublit thair Intent.
Perſauing weill be the ſterne gif that thay
Thair Jornay tuke, and raid that ſamin day
To thame affixt, be the Empȝeouris command
The Childe but dout in greit perrell ſuld ſtand,
For the firſt word that he ſpak in pȝeſence
Of his Father in oppin audience,
Suld be the caus of his greit ſchamefull deid
This to eſchew thay culd find na remeid.
Quhairof thay war all ſad and wounder ſorie
And wiſt not weill to trauell or to tarie,
Ane vther ſterne than thay beheld alſo,
Schawing to thame to the King wald not go
And keip the day, quhilk was affixt thame to,
To wāt thair heids, thair was nocht ellis ado
Ane of them ſaid quhair twa Jllis dois appeir
Lat vs that tak quhairin lyis leiſt dangeir.

Jt is

It is better ſurelie I ſay for me
For this Impire that we all ſeuin ſuld die,
And vther ſeuin ſiclike as we ar all
Or this zoung man ſuld ſuffer ony thrall.
Thairfoir lat vs all ſeuin with ane Intent,
Our awin perſonis to the Empreour preſent,
And let the Chylde at hame alone remane
To ſe giue we tary or cummis agane.
And ſa thay war all ſeuin richt ſorrowfow,
Panſing alwayis, quhat meane faſſoun or how
Thay micht eſchew this Inconuenient.
Sa this zoung man come doun Incontinent,
Fra his Chalmer, quhair he was ſtudiand,
His ſeuin Maiſteris all ſittand thair he fand.
Richt ſorrowfull, and ſad in countenance,
He them Inquyrit, quhat was the caus & chāce
Of thair ſadnes, thay ſaid this ſtandis the care,
We all beleuit till had of zow ſolace,
Blythnes and Joy, and alſo gude rewaird,
Bot now Fortoun hes bene to zow ſa hard,
That all ſic thing to greit wanhap will turne,
Quhairfoir we all hes greit caus for to murne,
For all our Joy, and our Felicitie
Is like to turne to greit aduerſitie.
He ſaid Maiſters I pray zow to me ſchaw
How the caſe ſtandis, zit ze will lat me knaw.
Thay ſaid the caſe that we can ſchaw to zow
Into the ſelf is wonder ſorrowfow,
For zour Father the Empreour and King
Unto vs ſeuin hes ſend ane ſchairp wryting,
Commanding vs withouttin tarying
On pane of lyfis that we zow till him bring,
Incontinent at the nixt Penthecoiſt,

Thir his wytingis he hes ſend at the poiſt,
To quhat effect, we knaw not his Intent,
Bot we all ſeuin hes ſpyit the Firmament,
The Planetis eik and als the ſternis cleir,
And we can ſe na vther thing appeir
Bot haiſtelie without ony remeid,
And ze ſpeak anis ze ſall thoill ſuddand deid.
Gif we delay, and bring zow not him till,
Our deid is dicht, and in zour Fatheris will.
The Childe anſwerit agane richt humblie
I ſair repent that ſic ane thing ſuld be.
Can ze not find in that caſe na remeid
Bot outher I, or ze to ſuffer deid?
Zit I mon pas and all the ſternes ſpy
Gif I can find ony remeid thairby,
That may put of that deidlie dolent hour,
And ſatiſfie my Father the Empzeour.
Incontinent he veleis outr his buikis,
Sine efter that vnto the ſternes he luikis.
Amang the reſt ane pzoper ſterne he ſaw,
That was richt cleir perfite and wonder ſmaw
Quhairby richt weill conſidderit he the cace,
Giue that he culd abſtene ſeuin dayis ſpace
Fra all ſpeiking and hald him ſelf as dum
Outr ſic perrell he clenlie ſuld outrcum.
And all thair liſis in na perrell to be,
Quhilk ſterne he leit all his ſeuin Maiſters ſe.
And ſaid Maiſters behald and weill perſaue,
Giue I my ſelf as dum man moſte me haue.
Seuin dayis but ſpeiche, ſine on the auchtand (day
All the perrell I ſall auoyde away.
And ze ar ſeuin of all the warld maiſt wiſe,
I think it is bot ane ſmall Interpziſe,

Ilk

Ilk ane of zow to ſaue my life ane day,
Quhen that is done, than ſum thing I ſall ſay,
That ze and I fra all perrell ſalbe
The Maiſteris ſeuin concludit perfitelie.
All that he ſaid was wonder Juſt and trew,
For be the ſterne the ſamin weill thay knew,
And randerit thankis to Poteſtatis diuine,
That thair Scoller had ſa perfite Ingine,
Of cleir cunning, ſic ane ſterne to conſidder
Quhairby that thay ſuld all be ſaif togidder:
And out of dout, and all danger of deid,
Seuin dayis put by, him ſelf to find remeid.
¶The firſt Maiſter, Pantillas was his Name
Said that he ſuld vnder the pane of ſchame,
For the firſt day befoir the King to ſtand,
To ſaue his life partlie he tuke on hand.
Quod Lentulus, quhilk was the nixt Doctour,
I tak on hand zour life for to ſuccour,
The ſecund day, and ſa ſaid all the reſt,
Thair day about, ſa lang as ſeuin did leſt.
This being ſaid, all ſeuin with ane conſent,
Thay clad this Childe in ane new abilzement,
In goldin clais, as effeirit his eſtait,
Sine lap on hors, and forduart maid the gait,
To Romes toun, with all the ſpeid thay had
Forto obey as the Empzeour thame bad.

¶MORALITAS.

IT war weill done or we our beyage tuke
Or zit Iornay outher be ſey or land
Upon the ſternis and Firmament to luke,
Gif that beyage with godlynes dois ſtand,
And in na ſort that it brek not command
Of God alone, nor do him na offence,
The ſternis I mene, to be mannis conſcience,

As thir Doctouris, or thay to Iornay went
The Firmament thay wald firſt pas and ſpy,
Quhair thay perſauit ane greit Impediment
Be diuers ſternis appeirand in the ſky
For to remane, ſchew thame gude cauſ and quhy
The Kingis Precept alluterlie to ganeſtand,
Zit ſum remeid the Chyld him ſelf he fand.

God him grantit, and ſic grace to him gaue
To fynd ane way that thay all ſaif micht be,
By his Maiſters. ane proper ſterne perſaue
Quhilk all the ſeuin culd not perſaue nor ſe
Quhairby thay micht thair Iornay pas ſaiflie.
Conditionally, ſa that he culd be dum
Unto the ſpace, ſeuin dayis war gane and cum.

Quhairfoir we all may be richt wonder ſure
The grace of God to na man is obſtant
As to the riche, euin ſiclyke to the pure,
As to the auld euin ſa to the Infant
His treaſure is to all ſa aboundant,
Sa ample geuin, ſa Liberall and fre,
To thame it ſeikis with all humilitie.

As the Griffoun, and als the greit Golhalk
Is at all tyme of wyng maiſt wonder wicht,
Unto thair pray na kynd of bird will balk.
Zit than the Sparhalk is als ſwyft of flicht
As the Griffoun, and als ſchairp of hir ſicht
Will catche aſweill ſic birdis as ſche hes ble
As the Griffoun will catche to him ane Guſe.

Euin ſa ane Page or zit ane zoung Prentyſe
Quhen thay ar bot laitlie put to the werk
Be quick Ingyne ſtudie, and gude ſeruice
We may preuaill his Maiſter at the merk.
Euin ſa did this zoung man and cunning Clerk
Perſaue ane ſterne, quhilk his Maiſters ouirſaw
Howbeit thay war langer leirit in the Law.

It is oft ſene ane ſober ſimpill man
To ane greit man ane counſallour may be
Be Goddis grace, perchance aſweill he can
Giue gude counſall, as thay of greiter gre

Quhilkis

Quhilkis ar vplyftit into Authoritie,
For quhy the Bie that is richt waik of wing
Wame to hir Wiue ſweit hony ſcho will bring.

¶Breuis in volatilibus eſt apis, & initium dulcoris
hunc fructus illius. Eccleſiaſt. xj.

¶How the Empreour raid to meit his Sone comming fra the ſtudie, with greit Pomp and Pryde.

AND ſa as thay had enterit to veyage
The Poiſtis ran with all haiſtie Meſſage
To Romes toun, and tauld the Empȝeour
That his ane Sone, with all haiſt and laubour
Was cumming hame, on hoȝs the reddy way.
His Fatheris will and Pȝecept to obey.
Than his Father Incontinent gart call
His greit Pȝinces, and vther Loȝdis all,
And bad thame be in reddynes Ilkane,
He wald ga meit his Sone Diocleſiane.
The ſeuin Maiſters perfytelie ſa knawand
The Empȝeour, with his Court was cũmand.
Unto the Childe all in ane voce thay ſaid,
We think it beſt ſum danger to auoid,
That we all ſeuin pas into the Citie,
And ȝe foȝdward pas with ȝour companie.
In the meane time, that we may all pȝouyde
Sum help, that may put by this towter tide,
And we ſall do all that we can oȝ may
Foȝ ȝour ſupplie, Ilk ane to keip ane day.
The Childe anſwerit as ȝe will pleſis me,
Remember ȝit on my neceſſitie.
In greit danger I wait that I will ſtand.
Thairfoir think on quhat ȝe haue tane on hãd.
Thay tuke thair leif at him ſoȝrowfullie.

Sine all thay raid toward Romes Citie.
Sa forȝdwart come Diocleſiane rydand,
And lukis on far ſaw his Father cumand,
And as thay met, of his horȝs lichtit doun,
To his Father he maid him reddy boun,
Kneland on kne with all obedience,
Sine his Father with luke and reuerence,
About his neck oft times he tuke and kiſt,
That he was dum his Father ȝit not wiſt.
Wy awin deir Sone ȝe ar welcum he ſaid
Of ȝour weilfair I am richt wonder glaid.
How is it with ȝow I pray ȝow lat me knaw,
For it is lang afoir ſen I ȝow ſaw.
Thã this ȝoung man ful richt manlike & meik
Bowit doun his heid, & nathing wald he ſpeik
Quhairof his Father meruellit gretumlie
That he agane anſwerit not Inſtantlie.
Zit he compaſt into his mynde agane
Be his Maiſters, that he was ſa conſtrane
And commandit, that he ſuld ſpeik nathing
He on horſbak, be ony way ryding.
Sa hame thay come, out thrȝow the greit Cietie
Of Romes toun, with greit Solemnitie.
Quhill thay come to the Empȝeours Palice
Quhair that thair was mony antick deuiſe.
And of thair horȝs beliue thay lichtit doun
With greit triumph honour and als Renoun,
The Father led his Sone in be the hand
Into the hall, quhair mony was bydand,
And ſet him doun beſyde him at the deis,
The Heralds bad ſone ſilence all and ceis.
Than Sone he ſaid, now ȝe will ſpeik to me
Zour ſeuin Maiſters, how do thay tell lat ſe?

How

How dois zour ſelf, for it is lang ago
Sen I zow ſaw, the ſuith it is euin ſo.
Ze ar welcome to me with hart and minde
Sa than the Childe his heid he did Inclinde,
As he wald ſay, I thank zow Father deir,
Quhat euer he thocht thair was na man micht
Quhairat his Father meruellit gretumlie (heir.
And in ane part he lukit erneſtlie,
And ſaid tell me, withoutin mony ſawis
That ze ſpeak not, the maner and the caus.
He anſwerit not, bot bowit doun his heid,
The Empzeour ſaw that than was na remeid,
He panſit in minde, of his Sone not content,
Sa the Empzice gat wozd Incontinent,
Quhairof ſcho was wonder Joyous and glaid
To hir Ladyis with merie minde ſcho ſaid,
Now will I go Diocleſiane to ſe,
Quhairfoir that ze my beſt clething bzing me.
And ſa anone ſcho went doun to the haw
Quhair that beliue Diocleſiane ſcho ſaw
Upon the deis beſyde the Childe ſat doun
Is this zour ſone my Lozd ſuld bzuik zour croũ?
And hes bene teichit with all y^{t} ſeuin Doctouris
He is to me welcome with all fauouris.
He is my Sone the Empzeour ſaid agane,
Bot he ſpeikis not, quhairof I am not fane.
I knaw na thing how it is fallin be chance,
Be Deuilrie, oz Goddis Ozdinance.
Bot all the time to me ſen he is cum
I heir nathing, bot alwayis he is dum.
Scho ſaid my Lozd delyuer him to me
Gif euer he ſpak, that ze ſall heir and ſe
I ſall him caus with wozdis fair and meik,

That I dout not bot he will to me ſpeik.
The King ſaid go away with hir and riſe
The Childe he raiſ on his maiſt humbill wiſe,
Inclining law with all Obedience,
To his Father randring gude Reuerence.
To the Chalmer with the Empriſe he went,
Bot I beleue it pleſit not his Intent.

¶MORALITAS.

THAT it is writtin weill we knaw
Into the Buke of Exodie,
Quhen God to Moyſes gaue the Law
In Mont Sinay that hill ſo hie
Into that Buke thair find may we
Amang the ten Commandements
That we obedient ſuld be
And hald in honour our Parents.

Sa did this Chylde quhen that he ſaw
His Father be the way cummand
Doun of his hors he lichtit law
On his kneis tuke him be the hand,
Als quhen his Father gaue command
Him for to ſpeik, he bowit his heid
With humbill hart to him menand
I dar not ſpeik for feir of deid.

Sic thing his Father na way kend
Bot quhen the Quene come in preſence
Incontinent he bad him wend
With hir to Chalmer, and go hence
The Chyld with all Obedience
Paſt at command howbeit he knew
That it wald caus ane greit Offence,
Rend weill that race that he wald rew.

Euin ſa we ſuld be all and ane
To our Parents Obedient,
And giue our awin be deid and gane
The Principall ay, is remanent,
That is our Father all Potent

Be keipis bs with his haly hand
Than lat bs ket our haill Intent
On our beſt way keip his command.

¶How the Emprice led Diocleſiane to hir Chalmer for to mak merines, quhilk appeirandlie he withſtude.

THE Empꝛice than ſū Ladyis callit hir till
Sayand this is my vtter minde and will,
That ze pꝛepair my Chalmer and my bed
With Silk badkins, that it be weill ouirſpꝛed
And all the hous weill houng with Tapeſtrie,
Thay ſaid Madame, as ze bid ſa ſall be.
Than the Empꝛice tuke Diocleſiane
Be the richt hand, and to Chalmer is gane,
And cauſit auoide all the Chalmers anone,
Nane baid thairin bot thay twa thame alone.
Scho thocht not beſt nane vther thair ſuld byde
And ſet him doun befoir hir awin bed ſyde:
And ſaid to him thir wozdis in ane part
O beſt belouit Diocleſiane my hart:
Oft times I haue hard ſpek of zour bewtie,
Zour wit, wiſdome, and zour greit courtaſie,
Zour greit vertew oꝛ euer I zow ſaw,
I couet zow muche baith to ſe and knaw,
I am richt blyith my ſweit Diocleſiane,
That we twa now ar ſa ſecreit alane.
I wald haue giuen within this zeir ago
Ten thouſand pound foꝛ to haue had it ſo.
And I am glaid that now I may behald
The ſamin thing that my hart alwayis wald.
And I haue cauſit zour Father foꝛ zow ſend
To that Intent, and for that fynall end,

That I may haue of zour bodie ſolace,
And now ſen we ar heir in ſecreit place,
For without fault I ſay to zow planelie
I haue keipit my clene virginitie
To zow trewlie, vnto this preſent hour
Notwithſtanding zour Father the Empreour
Hes maryit me, zit I wald not conſent
In that behalf to fulfill his Intent:
Bot at all times hes waitit vpon zow,
Quhairfoir of me ze tak zour pleſure now:
And ſpeik to me, and lat vs go to bed,
Sen I my ſelf now thairto hes zow led.
Quhat euer ſcho ſaid, quhat euer ſcho did or wro-
For al hir talk ane word he anſwerit nocht (cht
Scho ſeing that, to him ſcho ſaid agane,
O my ſweit hart, and gude Diocleſiane,
I ſweir zow heir, be Peter and be Paull,
In zour keping ze haue my lyfe and Saull.
Quhat is the caus to me ze will not ſpeik?
Schaw me of lufe ſum takin I beſeik.
For as ye knaw I am ane zoung Lady,
And to performe zour will am heir reddy.
Sa in hir armes diuers times ſcho hynt,
Him to haue kiſt, to his mouth maid ane mynt,
He turnit his heid, and wald not thole hir kis
In hir awin minde (quod ſcho) quhat thing is
That to this man profferis my bodie, (this
And be na way he will conſent to me,
Diocleſiane my onlie lufe ſcho ſaid
Sen that my lufe ſa firme is on zow laid:
Quhy do ze this, to be to me vnkynde,
Knawing richt weill ze haue my hart & mynde
And thair is nane that may perſaue or ſe,

Quhat

Quhat that is done into this hous bot we.
Thairfoir grant me the thing that I zow craik,
And ze thairfoir my Maidinheid to haik,
He wrpit his face away and his viſage.
Foꝛ he na way he lykit hir langage.
Perſauing than that ſcho culd not obtene
His luke noꝛ fauour, bot it denyit clene.
Scho ſaid my luke, and ſweit Diocleſiane
Behald my Papis, behald my quhyte breiſt
Quhilk heir I put in zour will & pleſour (bane
And clene forſaikis zour Father the Empꝛeour.
Foꝛ quhy he is baith febill waik and auld,
Lene of body, and als of nature cauld.
In his zouth heid ſa vailzeant hes bene
That now in eild he is conſumit clene.
That he ſkarſlie may ſtand vpon his feit,
Quhairfoir to me, noꝛ ſic he is not meit.
At zour pleſure thairfoir my body tak,
He ſeing this, his heid he turnit bak,
That be na ſigne, noꝛ vther countenance
Into na ſoꝛt he wald do hir pleſance.
Bot in ſa far as he culd him remuke,
Scho micht perſaue that ſcho wantit his luke.
Quod ſcho agane, gif it pleſis zow nocht
To ſpeik to me, noꝛ zit ſchaw me zour thocht.
As may perchance be done for ſum gude quhy,
Into that caſe, excuſe zow weill will I.
Zit not the les, I wald ze did Indyte
Upon paper, and zour minde to me wrpte,
Ze pleis not ſpeik, tak thair paper and Ink,
Beſeikand zow to write me quhat ze think.
Gif efterward zour luke I may obtene,
In ſecreit wiſe, that nane wait quhat we mene.

Sa the paper and Ink he did reſſaue
And wrait as heir efter ze may perſaue.
¶O Lady fair I pray God me defend
Fra ſic miſchance that I ſe zow Intend,
Gif I defoull my Fatheris awin Orchaird,
Wy Fatheris Ire I get for my rewaird:
Nor I wait not quhat frute thairof ſall ſpring,
And als I knaw richt weill ane vther thing
That Goddis wraith but faill ſall fall on me,
Thairfoir at ſchort lat all ſic folie be.
Prouoke me not na farther hidderto,
For I will ſchaw the mater gif ze do.
Als ſone as ſcho the Chedull had out red,
Under hir feit Incontinent it tred.
And ſyne agane with hir teith ſcho it raif,
Thairof the Cert, that na man ſuld perſaif,
All hir heid geir ſcho keſt it on the flure
Raif doun hir clais, and all hir riche veſture.
Raif doun hir hair, and ſkartit hir viſage,
Quhil blude ran doun ouir all hir perſonage.
That all micht heir ſcho cryit with ane loud vo-
Fy help for ſchame, or I my life will lois. (ce
This rude Ribald wald reueis me with ſchame
Perſaue this Childe now giue he ſeruis blame.
Was neuer woman ſen firſt the warld began
Sa cruellie dreſt, with ane vnfaithfull man.
That I lippinnit na harme ſuld to me done,
O ze my Lords, cum heir and help me ſone.

¶MORALITAS.

NOW be this Tale ze may perſaue
Haw mony wayis that wemen haue
At all times for to villaue, ane Innocent
Into hir net, quhill ſcho him get, to hir Intent

With

With flattering wordis baith fals and fair
Sic to reheirs wald fyle the Air
For ſchame nor ſin that will not ſpair, thair mynd to ſchaw
Schame is paſt the ſched of thair hair, as weill we knaw.

To tempt this man was all hir mynde
And caus him to foull ſin Inclynde
Ye wald not ſpeik, bot with ane fynd, he wald forſaik hir,
Scho was the Deuillis wonder kynd, the foull Ill tak hir.

Scho lichtlyit hir awin Lord and King
With greit deſlait and fals talking
Incontinent this Childe to bring, to ane miſcheif,
Fy tratour that thocht ſic a thing, fy commoun theif.

Paper and Ink ſcho till him gaue
Thocht he was dum that ſcho micht haue
His vtter mynde, and to perſaue, quhat he wald do,
Quhen ſcho it red, with ſeit it tred, now fy (quod ſcho).

Quhen that ſcho ſaw ſcho cuid not ſpeid
Scho rait hir clais all into ſcreid
With ſkarting caulit hir face to bleid, in great diſpyte,
Fy Trumpour that did ſic ane deid, God will the quyte.

Quhen ſcho had all reuin doun hir face
Scho cryit oft tymes full lowde allace,
Is thair na help in all this place, nor na remeid?
This Tratour ſtrang, gar ſone ga hang, quhill he be deid.

Ye wald heir in greit delanie
Contrair my will deforcit me
As ze may all perſaue and ſe, my bludie face
Beiris witnes weill gif ſic thing be, into this cace,

Ze may perſaue ſcho had na ſchame
To caus hir ſelf get ſic defame
Siclyke ane Innocent hure blame, that was ſa clene
That tuke na cure, to be ane hure, and ſcho ane Quene.

Syne into euill ſa done expert
Sa fallſie cuid the Tale peruert,
Quhilk was weill knawin ſone eſterwart, as ze ſall heir,
Quhat was baith Quene and Chyldis part, ſalbe maid cleir.

O Doly Dragoun and doutſum Den
O glawrand gredie and gaipen Glen
O filthy fleſche fosterit in Fen, with greit offence,
O Cocatrice that will not ken, thy awin conſcience.

O dyle Uiper maiſt bennemus,
O ſuttell Serpent Sulphurius
O hiddous pit peſtiferus, now this I ſay the,
O dowbill Deuill maiſt dangerus, God ſaue me fra the.

In malice thow art ſa frequent,
Sa mony euillis thow can Inuent
Sa vicious and ſa vehement, ay prone to euill,
Thow wald rin to get thy Intent, quick to the Deuill.

Fy on the foull flame fyre ſa fell
Fy on the hiddeous hound of hell
Fy on the verray ſpringand well, that ay was brokin,
That cairis not to condempne thy ſell, thy luſt to ſlokin.

Fy on the luſt Inſaciabill,
Fy on thy myrth maiſt Miſerabill
Fy on the luſe maiſt lamentabill, full of diſpyte,
Zour chance is ay ſa changeabill, clene I zow quyte.

Sen I zow ſe ſa Inconſtant
All vertewis me think ze want
Bot into vice richt aboundant, ze are profeſt,
And ay to rin, to ſchame and ſin, ze think it beſt.

Sen ze are geuin to zour pleſour,
Not regarding zour awin honour
How ſall men haue to zow fauour, thairfoir I quyte zow,
Ze are not worthe, to be ſet forthe, the Deill bedrpte zow.

To gude wemen not this I ſay
It is thair pairt baith nicht and day
As ze haue bard befoir me ſay, with ſhame to chyde,
To this gude wemen will not nay, na tyme nor tyde.

Thairfoir I pray zow me excuſe,
For euill wemen I can not ruſe
Thair awin honour ſa thay abuſe, in alkin ſort
Weirfoir thair companie I refuſe, I ſay at ſchort.

¶How

¶How the Emprice complenit to the Empreour of the ſchame done to hir be his Sone Diocleſiane.

THE Empꝛeour with his Loꝛds in the hall
Hard the loud ſchout, and ſoꝛie pieteous call
Of the Empꝛice, all haiſtelie thay furth ran.
Mony greit Loꝛd, Knichts and gentilman,
The Empꝛeour come firſt quhair y^t^ was ye quene
And ſaid Madame, quhat haue ze hard oꝛ ſene
To do zow noy, anguiſche oꝛ diſpleſour
O ky ſcho ſaid, heir is ane greit Tratour
Ze call zour Sone, bot zour Sone is he nocht.
Had he bene zouris ſic thing he had not wꝛocht
I wait it was neuer hard of befoꝛne
In all this warld ſen ony man was boꝛne
That ſic ane knaif ſa hie thing to pꝛeſume
As to defoull the greit Empꝛice of Rome
Thairfoir my Lord ſen ze ar Empꝛeour
This mater maiſt ryndis to zour greit honour.
Coꝛrect ze not ſic thing and mak remeid
I reck nathing how ſone that I be deid.
Foꝛ gude cauſis to Chalmer I him led,
Sine like ane knaif he wald defoulit my bed
I chereiſt him with wꝛdis of greit comfoꝛt,
To ſpeik to me, I did him oft exhoꝛt.
On foull badzie his minde was onlie ſet,
Fra time he ſaw his willis he culd not get
At his pleſure, he maid him me defoꝛce
Contrair my will, and ſa hes rent my Coꝛce,
With effuſioun of blude all aboundant,
And beleuing na vther thing Inſtant
Bot haiſtie deid, war not I gaue ane ſchout.
Conſidder weill gif I ſtude than in dout.

Ze may perſaue be my abilzement
The treuth heirof, how that he hes it rent.
The ſin and ſchame of this harlot to ſe
Ilk man may knaw how he hes done to me.
Thairfoir my Lord, as I haue ſaid befoir,
I zow deſire ze wald caus to reſtoir
My greit honour, and my wozſchip agane
That this Rebald fals Diocleſiane
Wald fra me rent forzelie aganis my will,
Or ellis zour bed I ſall neuer cum till.
Quhen that the King this mater hard and ſaw
He was Inflambit with cruell Ire and gaw,
Malice, wodnes, and greit Melancholie,
Was na remeid, bot that his Sone ſuld die.
Callit Sergandis & gaue thame ſtrait cōmand
On ane Gallous thay ſuld him hang fra hand
Thā ſaid the Lozds y^{t} ſtude the Empzeour neir,
And pleis zour grace ſum of our wozdis to heir.
Lozd as ze knaw, ze haue na Sonnis bot ane,
Quhairfoir we all hes greit caus to mak mane,
And gif ze had we think all verralie
Zour pzeſent Sone war abill foz to die.
Bot not the les with ſa haiſtie Intent,
We think not beſt we ſay with ane conſent
Zour onlie Sone that ze ſa ſone put doun
Without ozdour of Law oz pzouiſioun
The Law is maid to puniſche treſpaſſouris
All geuin to euill and miſchant tranſgreſſouris
And gif ſa be that he be found the ſame
Than be ozdour lat the Law him condame:
That na man ſay that the greit Empzeour
His onlie Sone in wodnes and furour
Without the Law hes put his Sone to deid,

Pleis

Pleis zour greit grace to this mater tak heid.
The Empzeour to ſic wordis gaue audience,
And ſaid my Lozdis, of me ze haue credence
Within this Realme to leid Juſtice and Law,
Thairfoir I will conſent weill to zour ſaw.
And als I think it richt expedient
He be condampnit in ane plane Judgement.
Than command was to put him in pzeſoun,
Thair to remane without ony ranſoun,
Unto the time that Juſtice Court ſuld ſtand
Than four Jewellours reſſauit him fra hand,
In deip pzeſoun richt ſchairplie him Incluſit,
Quhairin befoir the Childe was neuer vſit.
Now lat him ſit, God couer him of cair,
Of the Empzice lat vs ſpeik farthermair.
Quha perſeueirit in malice and greit Ire
Aganis this Childe, as ony byznand fyze.
As ſone as ſcho had gottin trew knawledge,
That this zoung man was put in pzeſonage
Not put to deid, ſa ſuddanlie as ſcho wald,
Scho cryit, ſchoutit, and murnit monyfald,
That the Palice ſcho cauſit be all on ſteir
It was greit pane hir foz to ſe and heir
Than hir Ladyis to hir Chalmer thocht beſt,
Hir to conuoy, thairin foz to tak reſt.
Quhē nicht was cum, ye King to Chalmer paſt
And fand his Quene weiping & murning faſt
Wringing hir hands, ſobbing and ſiching ſair,
The King was noyit to ſe hir mak ſic cair.
To quhome he ſaid, O my deir Lady gent,
Quhat is the caus that ze ſa ſair lament?
Scho ſaid my Lozd, knaw ze not all the cace,
How zour curſt Sone hes maid bludie my face.

And wald me put to vtter diſpleſour
War not zour ſelf, and vthers maid ſuccour.
Ze commandit, him for to hang fra hand,
Zit not the les, on liſe he is leifand.
Noz your command is not obeyit at all,
Noz zit my ſchame na way is maid to fall.
Quhairfoir my Lozd, I think that ze ſtand aw
Upon zour Sone, to leid Juſtice and law.
Than to the Quene the Empzeour can ſay,
Madame ſa ſone, the mozne as it is day
All zour deſire to fulfill and Intent,
He ſall but dout thole Juſtice in Judgement.
Quod ſcho my Lozd, ſall he zit leif ſa lang.
Quod he Madame, lat this ane nicht ouirgang.
Than micht ſic chance on zow cum haiſtelie
As on ane Burges come of this Cietie.
As it was ſchawin the treuth vnto my ſell.
Quod he Madame, I pzay zow that to tell.
At zour pleſure (quod ſcho) it ſalbe done,
Sa hir Sermone on this wiſe began ſone.

¶MORALITAS.

ZE ſe this Quene he wayis wrang
Willing put doun this proper Chyle
Be curſt conſait and leſing ſtrang,
To deid him to conuict and ſyle
And als hir King perſuaid, to trow all that ſcho ſaid
With mony wrink, fals way and wyle
Bot zit ſcho was ſet by hir ſtyle, be gude counſall he had.

Quhilk cauſit him to prolong the tyme
Be gude counſall vnto the morne
Quhair thay beſt cuid try out the cryme
And clenge the caſſe out fra the corne
It is gude to put by, an euill hour ſa ſay I
Or ane Innocent be forlorne
And he of ſa greit lynnage borne, this is my caus and quhy.

For

For giue this Quene had gottin hir will
The King had it repentit fair
Withouttin counſall or gude ſkill
For to diſtroy his Sone and Air
Quhilk greit pietie had bene, quhil the treuth had bene ſene
Auengeance in hir euer mair
This Chyld that carryit in ſic eair, and curſt be ſic a Quene.

Quhen thow zoung man cummis to gude age
Giue ony time it chancis the
Be gift of God wit and knawledge
Ane cholin Judge than for to be
Giue ony fault be done, caus to correct it ſone
Bot firſt that thow haith heir and ſe
The talking of the nixt partie, than thow thy wit adione.

Giue thair occurris caus or querrell
Be not to ſwyft to giue ſentence
For thairin ſtandis richt greit perrell
Dout and danger with negligence
Be the mater obſcure, than thow ſuld be richt ſure
Be witnes and Experience
Lat Ilk ane vſe thair dew defence, ebin to riche as to pure.

Se thow vſe ay ane gude Counſall
Of that be ſicker at thy ſyde.
And ſa lichtlie thow ſall not faill
Quhat euer chance for to betyde
Gude counſall is the ground, quhair faithfulnes is found,
It can perſaue and als prouyde
And fra all perrell for to gyde, within ane lytill ſtound.

For giue thow haſtelie pronounce
Sentence ouir ſone to riche or pure,
The ſame na way thow may renounce
Nor in na ſort again recure
Withouttin lak and ſhame, diſhonour and defame
Thairfoir thow ſuld be wonder ſure
That thow to na man do Iniure, or els thow ſeruis blame.

Now to zow Judges I will ſay
Eſchew fra wraith and greit furour
Lat mercy meis zour mynde alway
Lat reſſoun reule zour greit Rankcour.

In na point be partiall, zour Ballance beir equall
Than do ze God ane greit pleſour
And to zour ſelf purches honour, and wynnis gude word of
(all.

¶To knaw quhat the Empreour, the Emprice, the zoung Chylde, and the ſeuin Doctouris ſignifyis.

OR we proceid zit farthermair,
Of this mater ſum thing will ſchaw
Quhat ilk thing menis for to declair
The mater better ze will knaw.
This Empreour that leidis the Law
We ſignifyis a mannis perſoun
That walteris betuix wynde and waw
Into this warld ay up and doun.

Wis ſone betakins the Saull of man
Quhilk in the corps is ay Incluſit,
The Emprice Signifyis Sathan,
Quhilk euer oppin malice muſit.
The ſeuin Doctouris a ſeuin bertewis
Fechtand contrair ſeuin deidlie ſinnis,
Quhilk that the ſillie Saull perſewis
Fra to diſtructioun it beginnis.

The ſeuin dayis this Chylde is dum
Of mannis lyke thay ar the ſpace,
For in this warld fra he firſt cum
He neuer hes perfyte ſolace,
Quhill that God tak him in his grace,
And forzet all this warldlie luſt,
Than ſpeikis he to God face to face
Quhen that the Deuill he hes vincuſt.

Euin ſa of this Emprice Tale,
Tauld for to tempt the Empreour
Trowand perfytelie to preuaill
And of this Childe to be victour
Tellis on hir Tale for his pleſour
Of quhilk the Empreour was content
As ze ſall heir gude Auditour
Thairfoir to purpois lat vs went.

¶The

¶The firſt Tale of the Emprice is of the gude tre that grew in the Burges Gardine, and for the Imp that grew beſyde it he gart cut the greit tre.

IN Romes Toun remanit ane riche Burges
Quhilk had at welth all mirth and merines
With fair biggings, quhilk was baith braid & (hie
With gay gardings, pat was pleſand to ſe
Of alkin flouris he had thairin ane part
That was to get about in euerie art.
To tell thair names I neid not now tak tome
Few was ſiclyke, ſa pleſand in all Rome.
In this Gardine thair grew ane Nobill trie
Quhilk euerie zeir brocht furth frute gude plētie
Sine by all this the frute that on it grew
Was ſa done ſweit, and of ſa greit vertew.
Quhat man that had ony fair Maladie,
As is Liper, Exces or Popplecie.
Sa ſone as he of this frute gat ane taiſt,
Of all ſeiknes he wald be haill in haiſt.
And ſa it chancit vpon ane haly day,
This Burges went in his Garding to ſay
His Diſouns, and behalding this trie
Ane gay zoung Imp behynd it quyetlie
He ſaw growand, quhilk was proper and fair,
Incontinent he callit the Gairdnair.
He ſaid gude freind ſe ze be wonder ſure,
And of this Imp daylie that ze tak cure,
For I beleue to haue ane better tre
Of that zoung plant, and better be ſic thre
Nor is the auld, quhilk I can not auance
That pith Inlaikis, ſap, ſapour and ſubſtance.
Howbeit this tre be far growin it abone,

The Gairdnar ſaid, Maiſter it ſall be done.
Within this few dayis to ſchaw the for certane
To ſe this plant the Burges come agane,
Quhilk as he thocht, was not half ſa pleſand
As it was quhen, the firſt day he it fand.
To the Gairdnar he ſaid how can this be
My tender plant, appeiris not to me
Half ſa pleſand, as it was the laſt day.
He ſaid Maiſter, now tak tent quhat I ſay
Na wonder is, this auld tre is far mair
And fra the zoung takis all ſubſtance and air.
Be the reſſoun the branches ar ſo braid,
Sa the zoung plant is ſa vnlikly maid.
For gif this plant gat the ſubſtance and air
That this tre gettis, belyue it wald grow mair,
Nor is the auld, for eild almaiſt is deid.
The Burges ſaid thairof I wait remeid,
Cut doun the bewis and branches of the auld.
Quod he Maiſter, I ſall do as ze haue tauld.
And ſa he did, ſyne efter in ſchort ſpace
To ſe the plant, agane come the Burges,
And ſaw richt weill, that the ſame tender plant
Sum neidfull thing it did Inlaik and want.
To the Gairdnar he ſaid how chancis this
My tender plant it dois misthriue I wis.
Schaw me the caus thairof without leſing,
He ſaid Maiſter, I ſuppois of ane thing,
That is the hicht of this greit growand tre
Haldis away the Sone as thinkis me.
Quhilk geuis life, and nuriſching but dout
To alkin thing that euer grew thairout.
And als the rane it may not cum it neir
Quhilk nuriſchis alſo ſum time of zeir.

Thir

Thir twa wanting, thair is na tre can thriue
The Burges ſaid, that ſall we mend beliue.
Cut the auld clene, and quite doun be the rute,
For I ſuppone we ſall get better frute,
Of this zoung tre, nor of the auld was had.
The Gairdnar did as his Maiſter him bad,
Cuttit the auld, and leit the zoung ſtand ſtill,
Sa he obeyit his Maiſters minde and will.
Efter ſchort time as this was done and wrocht,
Baith auld and zoũg periſcht and come to nocht
Quhairof greit harme and dule come to the pure
For quha was ſeik, of thair helth thay war ſure
Hauand recours vnto that Nobill trie
Quhilk to cut doun, it was ane greit pietie.
And quhen the pure perſauit it was cut doun,
Thay curſt waryit, with mony maleſoun,
That ony way thairto gaue thair counſell,
Or helpit thairto, thay quite condampnit to hell
For quhy the pure of all Infirmiteis
War ay weill curit of all thair Maladeis.
Quod ſcho my Lord now haue ze vnderſtand
Quhat I haue ſaid, quod he that I warrand.
Quod ſcho the Mairch heirof I ſall declair
The quhilk pertenis to zour vnſonſie Air.

¶The declaratioun of this Tale tauld be the Emprice.

THIS auld tre is zour awin Nobill perſoun.
That with counſall of zour Lordis of renoũ
The pure and ſeik dois ay help and ſupplie
Be zour Juſtice and greit Nobilitie.
This zoung plant is, zour awin vnthriftie Air,
Zow to diſtroy, he caſtis him euer mair

Be his cunning growand vp gre be gre.
As did the Imp behind the mekle tre.
And for to caus to cut the Branches doun
Quhilkis ar zour Lordis nirt zour awin perſoū
That he may ring and ſit into zour chyre,
This is his mynd that he dois maiſt deſyre,
Of this mater than quhat ſall efter fall
All the folk ſall murne, weip, ſchout and als rall
And wary thame that cuttit doun the tre,
Quhair that thay wont to get help and ſupplie
Or gaue coūſall this zoung Imp for to nuriſche
Bot it diſtroy, or it bure frute or flouriſche.
My counſall is thairfoir the Imp cut doun,
Sen zit zour ſelf ringis in zour hie Renoun.
And ſuffer not the zoung Imp for to grow,
For he ſall do daylie that euer he dow
Zow to diſtroy, and zour body put doun,
And purches not the Maledictioun
Of the pure folk, quhome to ze war faifgaird,
Thairfoir in haiſt tak zour ſone furth of waird
And but delay, on Gallous gar him hing,
Ze doing this, ze do lyke ane wyſe King.
The Empreour ſaid, Madame now be the rude
Zour counſall is, baith hailſum, wiſe and gude
The morne he ſall go to the deid maiſt vylde,
Howbeit he be my onlie gottin Chylde.
The morne become, he callit his Lordis all
Togidder paſt vnto the Juſtice hall.
The Empreour him ſelf ſat in Judgement.
On pannall put his Sone Incontinent.
And ſa at ſchort he was condampnit to deid,
To be hangit, on Gallous but remeid.
With mortall ſound than paſſand him befome

Of

Of trumpet, ſchawme, & als of blawing hoꝛne.
As the vſe was quhen ony man ſuld die,
Suld be conuoyit with ſiclyke menſtralie.
And as he paſt doun thꝛow the greit Cietie,
The pepill murnit, ſayand it was pietie,
The onlie Sone of the Empꝛeour to hang
Mony murnit, mony thair hands wꝛang.
In meane ſeſoun as he paſt doun the ſtreit,
His firſt Maiſter Pantillas culd him meit.
The Maiſter ſaw he was to Gallous led,
With ſpeid of Spurris, to the Palice him ſped.
To quhome the Childe ſa ſone as he him ſaw,
Doun with his heid than he Inclynit law.
As he wald ſaid, Maiſter gif ze be kinde,
Now in my neid, I pꝛay haue of me minde.
Foꝛ I am now, without ze get mercie
Condampnit heir, on Gallous foꝛ to die.
Ze may weill wit than he na tary maid,
Bot in all haiſt vnto the Palice raid,
Zit not the les vnto the Miniſteris,
Pꝛouoſtis, Sergands, Iewillours and Officers
He maid requeiſt, that thay ſuld haiſt nathing,
Foꝛ he beleuit to get grace fra the King.
To ſaue his lyfe, he ſall not die this day,
Than war thay glaid, to zow the ſuith I ſay.
All in ane voce the pepill bad him haiſt,
Sa without baid he raid as he war chaiſt.
At the Palice he lichtit of his hoꝛs,
Quha ſuld him dicht, he tuke bot lytill force.
Of the Empꝛeour belyue he gat pꝛeſence,
To quhome he gaue on kneis greit reuerence,
As him effeirit, to quhome the Empꝛeour ſaid
War not I will zour reuerence not degraid,

Ze and the reſt richt fair ſuld puneiſt be,
For zour rewaird, ze ſerue na mair of me.
He ſaid my Lord and pleis zour Nobill grace
Thā I haue ſpent richt Ill my ſeuin zeiris ſpace
Taking laubouris on zour ſone day and nicht,
In gude doctrine him teichand as I micht.
Zit our laubouris at all we nocht regaird,
Bot beleuit weill to get better rewaird.
The empreour ſaid, thow leis Doctour but dout
Firſt vnto the, ſine to the reſt about,
My onlie Sone weill ſpeikand haill and feir
I delyuerit, now ze haue brocht him heir
With na maners, bot doytit, daft and dum,
And mair attour to ſchaw the all and ſum
Thocht he be dum, ſic thing mon cum on chance
Be Goddis will or his gude Ordinance.
Bot by all this, he purpoſit quhilk was worſs
My awin Lady, on maiſtres to deforſs.
And all hir face with hir riche Ornament,
In greit malice he hes all reuin and rent.
Thairfoir this day he ſall not faill to die,
And efter him thow and thy companie.
The Maiſter ſaid, with wordis mylde and meik
As for zour Sone ze ſay that can not ſpeik.
The Lord of all that mater weill he knawis,
As ze ſall knaw he is not dum but caus.
I traiſt in God the ſuith zow for to ſay,
Ane thouſand him ſall heir ſpeik on ane day.
As for zour wyfe, wy Lord quhair ze allege
Quhair that he wald, haue done to hir outrage
On treuth my Lord I ſall ſchaw zow but weir
In companie with vs this mony zeir,
As is weill kend, continuallie hes bene

Sic

Sic thing of him was neuer hard nor ſene.
Thairfoir gude Lord for zour greit reuerence
To lic voyde ſawis gif not ouir ſone credence,
For giue ze caus zour onlie Sone to die
For the fals wordis of zour wyfis vanitie.
On chance it ſall far wors to happin zow,
Nor to ane Knicht, quhairof I ſall tell now,
That for the wordis of his vane wantoun wife,
Gart him bereif his gay Grewhound the life,
Quhilk ſauit his ſone fra ſlauchter of the ſerpēt.
Than ſaid the King tell me furth that Legent.
Pantillas ſaid than to his Souerane
Gif I ſa did, than war my Tale in vane.
For or my Tale war all compleit but dout,
Of zour ane Sone the life may be put out.
And than my Tale for nathing it war tald,
Bot gif zour grace of zour greit mercie wald
Reteir zour Sone fra the Gallous agane,
Than I wald think my Tale war not in vane.
Thairfoir gif that zour Grace pleſis to heir,
Ze caus zour Sone quhill the morne reteir.
That being done, than on the morne ze may
Do zour Intent quhen it is fair licht day.
The Empzeour than ſchortlie to conclude,
With heuie minde this talk weill vnderſtude,
And rauſit the Childe for to be callit agane
Unto the morne in pzeſoun to remane.
Than this Doctour richt pleſandlie began
To tell his Tale but aw of ony man.

¶MORALITAS.

I CAN not say, bot nay, of this Burges
For till aſſay, alway, for gredynes
To cut his tre, wald be, of ſic riches,

I ſay for me, that he preuit fulliſchnes
And als was not wittles, baith tre and frute he wantit
The gardner not faikles, to cut ſa ſone that grantit.

It was euill done, ſa ſone, to cut it doun
Thocht it abone, conſone, wald not weill ſoun
With the zoung tre, to be, at diuiſioun
I ſay for me, ſurelie, was na reſſoun
I hard ſic a leſſoun, better to haue in hand
A bird in poſſeſſioun, nor twa in wod fleand.

Ane Dog I reid, in deid, ane Collap ſtaw
Paſſand throw Tweid, with ſpeid, the ſchadow ſaw
That it was mair, larger, the fleſche leit faw
Of it was clair, euin thair, of fleſche and aw
Thay die in hous and haw, quhat euer denner coiſt
Lat beſt not fra zow draw, quhill that ze get zour roiſt.

Gif this Burges, ſic caſe, had weill koirſene
Sic gredynes, doutles, than had not bene
That nobill tre, ſa fre, ſa freſche and grene
Sa ſone to be, ſchortlie, doun cuttit clene
Greit couatice I mene, of this was all the cauſ.
As bes bene red and ſene, into auld doctouris ſawis.
¶Cupiditas eſt radix omnium malorum. Timot. vj.

¶Ane reproche or reprufe to the Emprice.

NOW thow thy tale hes tauld, with thy fals fyrie lippis
Bot not gottin thow wald, licht ſkirt for all thy ſkippis
Had I the in my grippis, on the I fuld be wrokin
The heit into thy hippis, the ſalt ſey will not ſlokin.
Thow art ane baird full brokin, ane hiddeous helles hyrd,
Better thow had not ſpokin, condampnit Deuillis byrd.

¶The Tale of Pantillas the firſt Doctour.

INTO ane Realme thair wynnit ane vailzeāt
Of nobill fame, of greit riches & micht (knicht
That had ane ſone, my Lord now as ze haue
To thre Nureſis to foſter he him gaue,
The firſt Nureis to giue him ſuck and feid,

The

The nixt him weſche, & keip him clene at neid.
The thrid to bring him vnto ſleip and reſt,
The Nobill Knicht for his barne thocht it beſt.
This Knicht alſo he had ane gay Grewhound
That nane mair ſwyft, did rin upon the groūd
Alſo he had ane Falcon fair of flicht,
Richt ſwyft of wing quhen ſcho likit to licht.
Thir twa the Knicht luſit abone meaſure,
Becaus oft times thay did him greit pleaſure.
This Grewhound was ſa ſwift and of ſic ſpeid
Quhen he was louſit, his pray he gart ay bleid
And the ſame pray brocht to his Lord anone,
This was ane caus he luſit him allone.
Alſo quhen that this Knicht paſt to battell,
Gif that his chance that time wald not prevaill
Into his mouth his hors taill wald he tak,
About his luggis, oft times he wald it ſchaik.
Syne zoull and cry, as he wald quyte rin wode
Sa be that Signe, the Knicht weill vnderſtude
Gif at that time he wald furder or no,
And ſa oft times leit him to battell go.
His Halk alſo was ſa feirce in hir flicht,
Sa ſwyft of wing, and als ſa wonder wicht
That ſcho was neuer caſt of till aſſay,
Bot without fault ſcho brukit ay hir pray.
Thir war cauſis this Hound and Halk he luſit,
Becaus to myth thay raſit him oft and muſit.
Alſo this Knicht keſt all his haill Intent
In hors rinning, Juſting and Tornament.
Sa on ane day he cauſit to proclame
At his Caſtell, to ſet forduart his Name
Quha wald cum thair to Tornay or Juſting,
Breiking of ſpeiris, and als of hors rynning,

At the ſet day, to be matchit ſuld not faill,
This was the cry, and ſa to ſchoȝt my Taill,
The Knicht him ſelf firſt enterit in the feild
To the toȝnay, with harnes hoȝs and ſcheild.
Sine efter him paſt his fair Lady gent
With hir Ladyis, to ſe the Tornament.
Sine efter that, paſt all the Nureſis thȝe
The Toȝnament foȝ to behald and ſe.
Lokking the dures, leuing the barne alone,
Traiſting Iſchie noȝ entrie ſuld be none:
Quhill the Toȝnay, and Juſting ſuld be done
Than in all haiſt, thay ſuld returne richt ſone,
Beleuand weill the barne not to awalk,
Nane being thair, bot the Hound and the Halk,
And the ȝoung Chylde, that in the Creddill lay
Except thir thȝe, the reſt all paſt away.
That na man knew, lay lurking in the haw
Ane greit Serpent, befoir na man did knaw.
Quhen ſcho perſauit the hous ſa deſolait,
And nane thairin that durſt with hir debait.
Out of hir hole ſone ſcho put furth hir heid
At this Infant hauand ane cruell feid.
Quha lay ſleiping in the Creddill alone,
Him to deuoir, at ſchoȝt ſa is ſcho gone.
The Falcon this behalding quhair ſcho ſat,
Upon hir Perk, to do ſcho wiſt not quhat,
Bot with hir wingis, ſcho ruſſillit & rang hir bel
Almaiſt ſcho had al ſchakin ȝame in ſchellis (lis
Sa with the noyis & beir quhilk maid the Halk
This gud hound rais, and of his ſleip did walk
And quhen he ſaw that the Serpent did creip
Towart the Creddill, quhair that the barne did
With ane fell faird on the Serpent he ran (ſleip

And

And ſa at ſchoȝt thir twa to fecht began,
Sa cruellie, that it was greit meruaill
Quhilk of the twa at that time ſuld preuaill.
Ane to deuoir, the vther to defend
Thir twa at lenth togidder did contend.
Sa lang at lenth thir twa togidder faucht,
Amaiſt the hoūd al quyte had loiſt his maucht,
Sa cruellie he was woundit in blude,
That all about quhair that the Creddill ſtude,
Was blude berun, that meruell was to ſe,
Betuix ſic twa ſa bauld bargane to be.
The Grewhound than perſauing his awin blude
Into his hart wor ſa cruell and wode,
With ane fell faird vpon the Serpent ran.
Sa thame betuix ane new bargane began.
With ſic malice, melancolie and Ire,
Quhil ane was deid, yat nane of yame wald tire
Noȝ leif the feild, quhill it chancit at the laſt,
Betuix thame twa, the Creddill ouir thay caſt.
With boddum vp, and on the Toȝis it ſtude,
Quhair it was all about berun with blude.
Sa it become, and fell be Goddis grace
That the four Toȝis ſauit the Childis face.
And ſleipit ſtill with viſage toward the ground
Thir twa fechtand, the Serpent and the hound
Quhill at the laſt the hound into certane,
This fell Serpent he hes ouircum and ſlane.
And ſauit the Childe fra perrell in that tide,
Quhen all was done, doun be the Creddill ſide,
Licking his woundis lay doun this nobil hoūd
Foȝ fechting fair, and ſa on ſleip fell ſound.
Beſyde this Bab, quhilk in the Creddill lay,
Nane in the hous, bot onlie thir ſame tway.

The Bab ſleiping, and wiſt na kind of Ill,
The hound werie, and fechin furth his fill.
The Serpent ſlane, as I ſaid zow befoir,
The Babie ſaif, and the hound woundit ſoir.
And ſo anone efter this tornament
Ilk man woman vnto thair ludgeing went.
To tell that day quha wan the Interpryſe,
That erand now to my mater not lyis.
Thairfoir as now that thing I wil lat be,
And lat vs ſpeik of the Nureis thre.
Quha firſt come hame and enterit in the haw,
Sa ſone as thay the blude and creddill ſaw.
Wringing thair handis and rying doun thair (hair
Crying allace wo on vs euer mair.
Our onlie Childe our Bab and foſterbarne
Is quyte deuoirit, with ane Dog and forfarne.
Allace for wo, allace quhat ſall we do,
We ken na place for ſuccour to rin to.
Giue our Maiſter perchance vs apprehend,
Thair is nane may fra his handis vs defend.
Bot alway ſall on vs cum ſuddand deid,
We knaw na way quhair we may find remeid,
Sen ſa is cum lat vs in haiſt all thre
To ſaue our life, but baid away to fle.
Euin ſay thay did, and left the hous alone,
But mair counſall all thre away is gone.
And had na wit nor wiſdome in thair heid
To ſe quhidder the barne was quick or deid,
Nor lift the Creddill, and to perſaue the care,
Bot ran away all thre crying allace.
And as thay war ſa paſſand furth the ſtreit,
Thair awin Maiſtres thay chancit for to meit
With hir Ladyis cumming fra the Tornay,
Scho

Scho persauing hir Nureis in the way,
Richt sair murning, and rysing doun thair hair
All wo begane, repleit of sturt and cair.
Sone scho Inquirit at yame how stude the cace
Thay answerit hir a thousand times allace.
Quhat sall we say for wordis to multiplie
Thair is na bute all man the case may se.
Ane Deuill Madame into ane Doggis skin
Hes slane your Sone, alone your hall within.
To the quhilk Dog my Lord gaue maist delite,
Bot now he hes of your Sone maid zow quite.
In takin zit quhair that the Creddill stude,
The Dog sleipis still new bathit in his blude.
He was the Dog that my Lord lusit best,
He was na Dog, bot with ane Deuill possest,
Thairfoir Lady, for vs is na remeid,
Bot outher sle, or ells to bide the deid.
Thairfoir Madame of vs ze haue mercie,
This is the caus that causis vs to sle.
This scho heiring, anone fell to the ground,
Without mair space into ane deidlie sound.
And zit at last Ladyis gart hir awalk,
Held vp hir heid, quhill scho began to talk,
And said allace, my deir Sone art thow slane.
Sall thow neuer play on my kne agane?
Sall I neuer with my Pap se the play?
Allace how sone art thow sa went away.
Sall I neuer the lauchand on me se?
Allace how is the dolour chancit me?
Quhairin I had my onlie maist plesour,
Saifand my Lord, baith be tide time and hour
Is now but dout, with ane Dog clene deuorit,
And neuer agane to the life be restorit.

Quhat ſall I ſay, this is ane cairfull cace.
My onlie Sone is deid and gane allace,
Sa ſcho murning in greit dolour and wo,
The pepill about, that ſeing did richt ſo.
Murnit richt ſair, and of hir had pietie,
In ſic dolour, that Lady for to ſe.
In the meane time the Knicht fra his Tornay,
Reteirit hame, and ſa ſaw be the way
His awin Lady, lamenting in dolour,
Requirit the caus of all hir diſpleſour.
Scho ſayis my Lord, allace and euer mair
I can not ſpeik for greit dolour and cair,
Is happinnit vs ane wonder cruell cace,
Our Sone is ſlane, for euer mair allace
With your Grewhoūd, quhome y' ſa weil ze luſit
Now all that luke on your Sone he hes pzufit.
He hes him ſlane, in Creddill quhair he lay,
Your Mureſis all thze ar fled away.
And zit the place quhair that the Creddill ſtude
Your hound lyis ſleiping in your Sonnis blude
This your Grewhound withouttin helpis ma
Our onlie Childe all quite hes tane vs fra.
Quhairfoir my ſelf vnto the hour I die
Sall neuer eit, quhill I reuengit be
Upon your hound, quhilk hes my ane ſone ſlane
Nor in your bed ſall neuer come agane,
Quhill he be deid that gart my ane Sone die,
Bot wo allace, this is na mendis to me.
Howbeit it be ane ſyithment to my hart,
Zit my greit wo it ſlokins in ſum part.
Thairfoir my Lord, gif ze think it be done,
Without delay, gar ſla your Grewhound ſone.
The Knicht heiring thir ſorrowfull tidance

How

How to this Sone had fallin ſic miſchance.
Hamewart in haiſt but baid he maid him boun
And in the cloiſ quhen he was lichtit doun
The Gʒewhound hard hoʒſmen into the cloiſ,
Amang the laif he knew his Maiſteris voce,
And vp he raiſ in the blude quhair he lay
To his Maiſter the hie gait come his way,
Faynt and foirfocht, come fawnand to his feit
As he had wont, his Maiſter for to meit.
Into greit Jre, quhat is thair mair to ſay,
With his ſcharp ſwoʒd he claif his heid in tway
And that onlie foʒ ane woʒd of his wife
Gat his rewaird, that ſauit his Sonnis life.
Than paſt the knicht but baid vnto the haw,
Perſauit the blude, and als the Creddill ſaw.
He liftit vp the Creddill as it ſtude,
Fand the barne haill, and als mekill ſpilt blude
Perſauand ſine of the Serpent the heid,
The ſkin and taill, that had fochin to deid.
And fand his Sone withouttin wan or wound
Allace he ſaid foʒ my gude gay grew hound,
That J haue ſlane withouttin ony caus,
Bot onlie foʒ the voide vane woʒdis and ſawis
Of ane woman, that hes talkit in vane
Quhairthʒow J haue, but caus my Gʒewhoūd
Quhilk J perſaue hes ſauit my ſonnis life (ſlane
Fra the Serpent, thʒow his debait and ſtrife.
Wo to the hour that now J dʒew my ſwoʒd,
Wo to the hour that hard my wifis woʒd.
Wo to the hand that ſuddand ſtraik that gaue,
To my beſt hound, that my ſonnis life did ſaue
Quhilk J lude beſt, without ony compair,
Saiſing my wife, my onlie Sone and Air.

Quhilk at this time hes ſauit fra the deid,
And for rewaird, now he hes loiſt his heid.
But dout I wald haue geuin a thouſand pound
Of gude money, or I had ſlane my hound.
Bot ſen ſa is I ſe is na remeid,
My Sone is ſaif, and my gude hound is deid,
That faucht for him, and onlie ſauit his life,
And I him ſlew throw ane word of my wife,
Bot fra thine furth heir I ſolempne ane vow,
That Ilk man ſall gif credence to and trow.
Heir I forſaik all Tornay and Juſting,
Heir I forſaik all Halking and Hunting.
Heir I forſaik rynning with ſcheild and ſpeir,
Heir I forſaik all faitis of men of weir,
In Criſtindome, bot zit not manlynes,
Heir I forſaik all armour and harnes.
For I will pas now to the Halie land,
And fecht with Jowis, quhill I may ſtrike or
Contrair Gods fais, & thairto end my life (ſtand
This vowit yis Knicht for ane word of his wife
That vnto hir gaue ſic haiſtie credence,
Withouttin caus or zit Experience.
Thairfoir my Lord zour gude Grace I require,
Gif not ſa ſone credence to the deſire
Of zour Empryce, thocht ſcho be diligent,
Aganis zour Sone greit leſingis to Inuent.
For ze may weill be this ſame Tale perſaue
Quhat the Knicht gat that ſa ſone credence gaue
Unto his wife, and to hir wordis vane,
That ſauit his Sone y^{t} ſame hound hes he ſlane
Thairfoir gude Schir, & pleis zour nobill grace
I wald ze gaue na credence in this cace
Unto zour Quene, to put zour Sone to deid,

For

For ȝe will rew quhen thair is na remeid.
As did this Knicht, his Nobill hound that slew
Remeid bypast, than he began to rew.
My Lord he said, haue ye betane this Taill,
The Empȝeour said, that I haue done but faill
For that gude Taill that ȝe haue tauld to me,
As for this day, my Sone he sall not die.
The Doctour said gif that ȝe do sic thing
Ȝe do wilelie, and like ane Nobill King.
Thankand zour Grace, that onlie for my saik
Zour Sonnis deid, onlie ȝe haue done slaik.
And sa tuke leif at the gude Empȝeour
To his marrowis past hame with all plesour.

¶MORALITAS.

THIS Tale bs tellis, quha list thairto tak tent
That Nureiis suld not be negligent
To keip thair Babis quha can not keip thair sell
Fra fyre, watter, and all sicklyke perrell.
That may happin to ony Innocent.

For in to treuth my self this mater saw.
In Edinburgh toun west vnderneth the waw
Thairfoir mair sure the mater ȝe sall trow,
That ane Infant was swellyit with ane low,
The guttis rais furth, baith lung leuer and gaw.

The Mother left the zoung ane on the flure
In blankets fit, quhilk barne hir awin self bure,
Past hir way furth, and or scho come agane
The gredie low had this zoung Babie slane.
This my self saw, I may say it mair sure.

Thocht I not saw this vther I hard tell
How ane woman past furth bot to the well.
And left hir Bab, in the Creddill sleipand
Or scho returnit, the hous was all byrnand.
And the zoung Bab, deuorit with fyre sa fell.

Mony miſcheiſis and allo greit offence
Yes oft occurrit be Nureis negligence,
That thair Babeis leiſis in the hous alane
Quhilk is the caus of mony harnis hane,
As is oft ſene be gude Experience.

Thairfoir Mothers and Nureſis I proteſt
Quhen that ze put zour zoung Babeis to reſt
Leif not the hous alane all deſolait
Quhat may perchance oft times richt ſmall ze wait
To eſchew danger do ze the likſyeſt.

Als in this Tale I fynd ane vther thing,
How the Serpent lay in the hoill lurking
Waitand quhill that the hous was at quyet
Mony ſeruandis now preuelie playis the Pyet
Muche taking out, and ſmall gude will inbring.

Thir to Serpentis richt weill I may compair
Fra thair Maiſteris ay takand lait and air
As Beif, Bacon, malt, meill baith claith and coilis,
Takand ay out, and hydand into hoils,
Thir ar Serpents I ſay to zow but mair.

As to this Knicht, quhilk his gude hound hes ſlane
That ſauit his Sone fra all perrell and pane
Ze may perſaue be gude Experience
It is not gude to gif haiſtie credence
To wyfis wordis, that ar baith fals and vane.

Vnto the tyme thay had perfytelie ſene
How the haill caus and mater it had bene.
Quhen thay had knawin the vtter veritie
Than had bene tyme the Dog to haue gart die,
Alſo the Nureis na way I can mak clene.

Sine throw the word of ane vane wickit wyfe,
Quhilk oft is caus of mekill ſturt and ſtryfe,
Caulit him to do the thing he did ſair rew
Becaus the treuth that tyme clene he miſknew,
And gart him reif fra his gude hound the lyfe.

Quhilk Inſtantlie forſuik rynning of ſpeir,
All merynes, and honeſt faitis of weir,

All bail-

All vaillzeant acts of Juſting and Tornay
Hunting, Halking, and all ſic game and play
His awin Realme als, for euer mair forbeir.

Ze Marpit men tak heir Experience,
And ſiclyke als perfyte Intelligence
Fra haiſtie wordis of zour wykis to eſchow
For thay will ſayand gar zow traiſtlie trow
Quhilk is not worth ane ſchelfull of credence.

O wickit wicht, thow dois all that thow can
With fals Ingyne, euer to tempt the man
Quhen maiſt he makis him ſelf for to diſtroy
Than art thow blyth, than makis thow mirth and ioy
Wa worth thy wit, thy hanis he may fair han.

Marpit woman that ay caſtis thy Ingyne
Thy awin marrow euer to put to pyne.
Sa thow obtene thy foull luſt and pleſour
Not regarding na way thy awin honour,
Quhilk thow not cairis for ane auld trump to tyne.

Curſt creature, and alſo ſhameles ſeid
Ane honeſt turne I can not of the reid,
Excepting ane that bure the blyſſull byrth
Quhilk with his blude brocht vs all to greit myrth,
To pray to him doutles thow had greit neid.

¶Ane laude and praiſe to the Doctour that put of the perrell of the firſt day be his Tale telling to the Empreour.

O PANTILLAS with thy ſweit ſuggurit toung,
Quhilk in greit Realmes and Kinrikis hes bene roung,
And now at lait to this gude Empreour
Quhilk ſweit ſentence thow hes baith ſaid and ſoung
And fra all dout and danger doun hes doung
The Empreouris greit and ringand feirce furour
Quhairthrow thow hes procurit ſum ſuccour
Vnto the Chylde, on gallous ſuld bene houng
Had not thow bene, God thank the gude doctour.

¶The ſecund Tale of the Emprice.

TO the Empꝛice woꝛd paſt Jncontinent,
That the Kingis ſone had not tholit Juge-
Quhē ſcho that hard but tary ſcho fell doũ (ment
Foꝛ ſturt and noy, into ane deidlie ſwoun.
Quhairof woꝛd come vnto the Empꝛeour,
That his Lady had tane ſic diſpleſour.
And ſa anone faſt hidder he him ſped,
Fand hir richt fair murning into hir bed.
Sa he Jnquirit, at hir quhat was the caus
Scho ſaid my Loꝛd, thair is anew that knawis
Quhat eirdlie ſchame, diſpite and diſpleſour
Done be zour Sone, and to my diſhonour,
Quhairof J can be na way get remeid,
And ze pꝛomeiſt this day he ſuld be deid.
Bot wo allace J dout richt wounder fair,
Jt ſall zow chance as did ane Hird and Bair,
The Empꝛeour ſaid Madame J zow Jnquire
That Tale to tell, foꝛ it is my deſire.
To heir it tauld be zow the ſuith J ſay,
Quod ſcho my Loꝛd J tauld ane ziſterday.
Of it followit richt ſmall effect oꝛ nane
Quhairto ſuld J ane vther tell agane.
Howbeit thairto that ze gif greit credence,
To ſet it furth ze mak richt ſmall defence.
Zit not the les this time J will tell
How with ane Bair and Scheiphird it befell.

VPON a time thair was ane Empꝛeour
Of greit wiſdome, greit puiſſance & honour
Ane fair Foꝛeſt he had pleſand to ſe
Baith gay and trim, with mony ſemelie tre.
Quhairin thair was rinning ane grit wild bair
Baith day and nicht he maid thairin repair.

All

All kind of folk that this Bair micht ouirta.
Without mercie he did deuoir and sla.
Sa that nane durst out throw the Forest pas,
For dout of deid, the way sa perrellous was.
Quhairof the King was heuie in his minde,
That his pepill was slane on siclike kinde.
With ane dum beist deuorit to the deid,
And be na way thairof culd get remeid.
In his Impyre, ane cry he gart proclame,
On his behalf, Authoritie and Name.
Quha wald debait or bauldlie tak on hand
With that brym bair in battell for to stand,
And him vincus be strenth of stalwart straik,
His ane douchter he suld haue to his maik,
Efter his deid, his Realme as he war Air,
This he suld haue, quha euer slew the Bair.
This was proclamit throw his Kinrik and lād
Bot nane was found, the deid wald tak on hād
Except ane Hird, that in him self tuke heid
Wicht I this Bair (quod he) bring to the deid.
Not onlie I, bot all my kyn also
Suld throw that deid bruik euer warldlie Jo.
And euer mair in estimatioun be.
Sa I had hap to gar that dum beist die.
Quhilk I sall do, or ells to lois my life,
Se I that Bair, we salbe at the strife.
And sa he tuke his Scheiphirdis staf in hand.
Past to the wod, quhair he the Bair sone fand.
Ze may persaue how sone the Bair him saw,
Without delay toward the Hird did draw,
With sic ane faird, and als ane felloun feir.
The sillie Hird durst neuer cum him neir
To saue his life, to se gif he had hap,

Bot mair debait vp in ane tre he lap.
Incontinent quhen that the Bair ſa ſaw
The tre to bite began and als to gnaw,
Sa that the hird was ſair feirit in ane part
That the tre crop he ſuld gar turne dounwart,
Bot zit the hird bethocht him on ane wile,
How that he ſuld this bzim bauld bair begile,
It chances ſa, this tre was laidin low
Of Nobill frute, quhilk ay the hird did pow
Quhilk he keſt doun ay to the Bair to eit,
Quhairof the Bair was blyith that he gat meit
And fillit him ſo, that he liſt weill to ſleip,
The hird that ſaw, and doun the tre did creip.
Be that ane arme he hang into the tre,
With that vther the Bair richt quyetlie
Upon the wombe richt ſoftlie can he claw,
The Bair ſleiping perſauit weill he ſaw.
At the tre rute, the Bair quhair that he lay
With his Bzaig knife his thzot cuttit in tway.
Sine bzocht his heid vnto the Empzeour
With all blyithnes, triumph and greit honour,
Saying gude Schir, and pleis zour nobil grace
Zour greit wyld bair J haue him killit thzow
Not douting bot, zour cry ze will fulfill, (cace
Ze cauſit pzoclame with zour counſall and will
Quhat euer he was, that wald kill zour wilde
He ſuld mary zour douchter and zour Air. (Bair
Quhen all zour Court refuſit the ſame to do
With ane ſtout hart J ſet my mynd thairto.
And now on caſe the ſame man chancit am J
And J deſire zour Grace fulfill zour cry.
The Empzecur ſaid, all that J cauſit pzoclame
Compleit J not, it is to my defame.

Quhat

Quhat ſuld be mair, thair he gat till his wage
The Empȝeours douchter, ꝛ Realme in heritage
Quhen the Empȝeour paſt fra this moȝtall life,
The haill Impire he bruikit and his wife.
And ſa the Hird on bak he clew the Bair,
Quhairthȝow he gat the Kingdome euer mair.
Quod ſcho my Lord, haue ȝe not vnderſtand
Quhat I haue ſaid, quod he I tak on hand.
Quod ſcho my Lord ȝit than it war na ſkaith,
Thocht I ȝow tald the Tale and ſentence baith.

¶The Declaratioun of this Tale.

THIS michtie Bair betakinnis ȝour perſoun,
Throw quhais greit micht, wit wiſdome and renoun,
This haill Impyre ze gyde and als defendis
And puniſhes quhat perſoun that offendis.
This Hyrd I may to ȝour Sone weill compair.
That ȝow wald ſla, as this Hird did the Bair.
With his cunning dois claw ȝow on the wame,
Quhill that ze ſleip, and ſyne put ȝow to ſchame.
Or ellis ȝow ſlay, outher be day or nicht,
This ȝour Sone dois be his Science and ſlicht,
That he may bruke baith ȝour Impyre and Croun
He cairis nathing quhat cum to ȝour perſoun.
Euin ſa his Maiſteris with thair fals fenzeit ſawis
Dois ȝow ay glois, as all the warld weill knawis
Thairfoir my Lord as ze will haue weilfair,
Remember weill on the Scheiphyrd and Bair,
Than ſaid the King, God forbid that ſa be
That chancit the Bair, that ſic thing chance not me.
Bot not the les, Madame for ȝour gude Taill,
My Sone the morne ſalbe hangit but faill.
My Lord (ſaid ſcho) gif ze compleit that thing
Than ſall ze do lyke ane wyſe Nobill King.

¶MORALITAS.

CVRAGE prouokis hardynes,
Quhilk twa Ingenneris ſtrang manheid
Quhilk twa adionit with happynes
Makis a man debait his pleid,

Richt ſa into this cace, this Scheiphyrd did purches
The fair Madin als ſweit as meid,
With all hir land and gold ſa reid, God grantit him ſic grace.

Auenture gude and haue ay gude, for debait makis deſtanie
For euin with this ſcheiphird ſtude, outher to do or els to die
He was ſa ſtout and ſture, of his lyfe tuk na cure,
Thairfoir wald thow eſtemit it be, set all on auenture,
And for to purches honeſtie.

To dignitie wald thow the dres, and conqueis the honour
Thow ſuld not ſleip in Idilnes, nor tak all thy pleſour
Set all on ſey and ſeuin, and perchance caſt eleuin
With prayer ſa and gude laubour, a man may conqueis heuin
Denuding the of all rankour.

¶Ane reproche to the Emprice.

THE crukit compariſouns of zour wylde Bair
Will win zow na wariſounis, to zow I declair
Of hell thow art the ſnair, Plutois playfule in plane
In hell than hald the thair, and cum not heir agane
Bot ſtill their ay remane, to be houng be the hals
Into perpetuall pane, becaus thow art ſa fals.

THE mozrow come, and but mair auiſement
The Empzeour ſet him ſelf in Judgement.
Condampnit his Sone on Gallous foz to die,
Without reſpect, that alkin man micht ſe.
He being led out thzow the ſtreit and toun
With greit regrait, and ſair lamentatioun.
The nixt Maiſter come than the way ridand,
And ſaw the Child to the Gallous gangand.
Quhairat he was baith ſad and ſozrowfow,
Bot zit the Childe to his Maiſter did bow,
Inclynit his heid, as he wald ſaid him to,
Maiſter mak ſpeid, ze ken quhat is ado.
The Maiſter than pzickit ſa in that ſtour,
Quhill he lichtit befoir the Empzeour,
With reuerence, as weill culd him effeir,

And

And at his Grace richt humblie culd he ſpeir.
O my gude Lord quha geuis zow this counſell
Withouttin caus zour awin ſone doun to quell
Jt is zour wife that ſiclike garris zow do?
Perchance ze ſall vpon war hap cum to,
Thã chãcit ane knicht pat thzow his wifis fals
Was put to ſchame, w'out querrel oz caus (ſawis
Than ſaid the King, gude maiſter J require zow
Schaw me that Tale & blythlie J ſal heir zow
Wy Lord he ſayis, will ze gar call agane
Zour onlie Sone, quha is to ſuffer pane,
J ſall zow tell my Tale furth to the end.
And ſa the King agane foz him did ſend.
Put him in waird quhair that he was befozne,
Quhill that the Tale was done and til y^{t} mozne
Sa the Maiſter the ſecund Tale began
Befoir the King, and mony Nobill man.
As ze ſall heir, thairfoir gif audience,
But mair delay, and to zour reuerence.

¶The Tale of the ſecund Maiſter.

IN ane Cietie thair was ane Ancient Knicht
That had maryit ane Lady fair and bricht,
As ze haue ane, my Lord to zour pleſour
And held hir vp in all eis and honour.
Luſit hir ſa weill, abone all eirdly thing,
Sic as ze do your Quene my Souerane King.
He lude hir ſa, he culd not eit noz drink
But hir preſence, ſa on hir ay did think.
And als at euin quhen all folk to bed paſt,
The zettis and dures ſiclike he lokkit faſt,
And all the keyis vnder his heid thay lay,
Euerilk nicht quhill mozne that it was day.

And at ilk morne quhen he thocht time to riſe,
Oppinnit the dures him ſelf as was the giſe.
In that Cietie was ane cuſtome and Law,
Cryit oppinlie, that Ilk perſoun micht knaw.
At ane ſet hour ane Bell was roung at nicht,
That all micht heir, and vnderſtand full richt,
And thairefter withouttin mair delay
The watche was ſet to walk quhill it was day.
Sine efter that, gif thay culd ony meit
Gangand allone, or walkand on the ſtreit.
Sone thay war tane, and vnto preſoun led,
Quhill on the morne that all men rais fra bed,
Thay war faſt bound to ane ſtock or ane tre,
To thair greit ſchame, that all the toun micht ſe
Sine efter that, Indureing thair lifetime
Thay war repute as giltie of ane crime,
And haldin furth fra all gude companie,
This was the Law that time of this Cietie.
This foirſaid Knicht quhairof I ſpak of air,
Was growin in age, ane auld man and ane hair
His rampand rage of zouth he had compleit,
And had ſlokinnit of bedſolace the ſweit.
Howbeit he lude his Lady weill aneuch.
Zit as ze ken, mair graith pertenis the pleuch.
And ſcho perſauit of ſic craft he did faill
Scho tuke in heid ane vther to aſſail,
And ſa ſcho did, ane man of tender age
In luſtis bour for to win vaſſalage,
Quha had ane quyet Thalmer in the toun,
Sa euerie nicht efter this Knicht lay doun,
Under his heid the key ſcho ſtaill away,
To hir zoung luke ſcho went quhair that he lay
And ſa ſcho did, als oft as euer ſcho liſt,

Tuke

Tuke furth the keyis that hir huſband not wiſt
And quhen ſcho come fra hir tryſt and hir trane,
Scho laid the keyis vnder his heid agane.
So it befell vpon ane wynter nicht
Ane walking come vpon this Elderin Knicht
He culd not ſleip, zit walking as he lay,
He turnit about, and miſt his wife away,
Vpon hir Name he cryit ofter noz thziſe,
Scho anſwerit not, than he begouth to riſe,
Socht all the hous be na way culd hir find.
And wiſt not weill gif ſcho was out oz in.
Socht his bed heid quhair that the keyis lay,
Quhat wald ze mair thay war all tane away.
Paſt to the zettis, all oppin he thame fand,
But mair auiſe he cloſit thame fra hand.
In ane windo that oppinnit vp to the gait
Wekill of the nicht thair ſat he at the wait,
And quhen it was about the thzid Cok craw
Wakand hir hame, his awin wife he ſaw,
Quha fand the zettis vpon hir lokkit faſt,
Ze may weill wit that ſcho was than agaſt.
Neuer the les becaus the zettis was lokkit,
Foz to win in peirtlie thairat ſcho knokkit.
Than ſaid the Knicht, O thow woman vnclene
Thinkis thow honour on ſtreit now to be ſene?
O wickit wife, and wofull warpit wicht,
Quhy hes thow now diſſauit thy awin Knicht
Of quhom thow knew all hail thow had ye hart
Of thy bawdzie now I am weill expart.
Foz this is not the firſt time thow hes done
Sic harlatrie, thow ſall rew be zone Wone.
Quhill the watche cum thair ſtill ze ſall remane
And as Law will, thairefter thoill the pane.

Than ſaid the wife, my Lord quhy ſay ze ſa,
Quhair I was now, thair was witnes far ma.
My Motheris Mayd ſcho come and fetchit me,
Quhilk lyis richt ſeik, and is in point to die.
And than becaus I ſaw zow weill on reſt,
To wakin zow I thocht it not the beſt.
That gart me ſteill the keyis fra zow away,
I thocht pietie to walkin zow as ze lay.
For quhy ze ken ze ar febill and auld
To walkin zow of zour firſt ſleip ze wald
Bene ſeik the morne, and wonder Ill diſpoſit,
Thairfoir craib not, that zour zettis was uncloſit
And my Mother als is ſa wonder ſeik,
Ane word to me, ſkarſlie ſcho had to ſpeik.
Anoyntit ellis, and maid hir latter will
And now my ſelf hes haiſtit me zow till.
Thairfoir gude Lord I pray zow hartfullie
Tak na ſuſpect, nor think na fault in me.
For I had neuer ſic thing in my thocht
Sen the firſt time to zour bed I was brocht,
Nor neuer had ſic thing into my hart
Nor neuer ſall, quhill deid vs twa depart.
Thairfoir I pray, ze lat me not be tane
With the toũ watch, heir ſtanding mine alane
For now the hour approches wonder neir.
That the watche riſe, & thay will find me heir,
Quhilk is to me ane euerlaſting ſchame,
And als to zow it is ane greit defame.
War I gyltie or zit committit crime.
I wald witſchaif ze held me out this time.
Than ſaid the Knicht doubtles ze cum not in,
For na prayer of zow nor all zour kin.
Quhill that the watche betak zow in the ſnair,

Than

Than quhair ze war, to thame ze mon declair.
Than the wife ſaid, my Lord gif ſa ze do
In greit defame of vs baith it cummis to,
And all our kin, Alya and our freindis,
And all vther that ather of vs pertenis.
Gif I be heir now with the toun watche found
I rather gif ane hundreth thouſand pound.
Quod he Ill wife, and woman far defamit.
Thow hes ſa done, yat thyſelf thow hes ſchamit
Far better war for thy falt puneiſt be,
And heir thoill ſchame, that all mankind may ſe
Nor for to thoill puniſchment efter deid,
In birnand hell, quhair thair is na remeid.
Than ſaid the wife my Lord I zow require,
In this ane point to fulfill my deſire.
Now for his ſaik that deit vpon the tre,
Thoill not ſic ſchame ſa ſaikles cum to me.
The Knicht anſwerit vnto his wife agane,
Ill wickit wife, thy wordis ar all in vane.
Thow cūmis not in vnto the watches knaw,
And be puneiſt efter the cours of Law.
Than ſaid the wife I perſaue this is done
All for Inuy, and ze ar Inoportune.
Than ſen ſa is, ze ar Impatient,
I will zow ſchaw in few wordis my Intent.
My Lord ze knaw at this zet ſtandis ane well
Quhairin but dout now I ſall drowne my ſell,
Rather nor I, and all my kin be ſchamit,
And als zour ſelf ſall not chaip vndefamit.
Thā ſaid the Knicht wald God yat ſic had bene
Lang time befoir I ſaw zow with mine Ene.
Sa as thir twa togidder was at talk
The Mone wox dark, and hid was vnder walk

Than ſaid the wife, my Lord and be zour will
That I heir bide, the ſame I mon fulfill.
Or I bide heir, and for to ſchame my ſell
Rather I ſall be drownit in this well.
Bot I will do as ane gude Criſtin wicht,
Aucht to hir Lord, and to ane Nobill Knicht.
Zit or I die my minde is and Intent
Befoir zow heir to mak my Teſtament.
Heir to the Lord firſt I bequyth my Saull,
Wy banis to ly in the Kirk of Sanct Paull,
As for my gudes, had I ten thouſand pound.
Ten thouſand ky gangand vpon the ground,
Als mony Plewis gangand vpon the land,
Als mony ſcheip as thairvpon micht ſtand.
I wald leif all vnto zour awin perſoun,
Thame to diſpone at zour awin diſcretioun.
And gif ze pleis ony thing for to deill
Into Almus, for my weill and Saull heill,
That I refer to zour awin wit and will,
Quhat euer ze pleis, the ſame for to fulfill.
For weill I wait ze will do bot the richt,
I ſay na mair my ſweit huſband gudnicht.
As ſcho that ſaid, in hir armes culd ſcho tak
Ane mekill ſtane, and in the well did ſwak.
That being done, ſcho come richt preuilie
To the zet cheik, and ſtude thair quietlie.
The Knicht heiring the ſtane fall in the well,
Beleuit weill it was the Lady ſell.
And ſaid allace, my wife is drownit but dout,
Sa in ane fray the Knicht come rinnand out,
And to the well he ſped him but mair baid,
The wife that ſaw, in at the zet ſcho ſtaid,
And cloſit the zet richt wonder ſure and faſt,

To

To the windo in haist scho culd hir cast.
In the meane time the Knicht stude at the well,
Mourning richt sair and saying to him sell.
Wo be the hour that euer I was borne,
My lust wife allace is now forlorne.
Wo be the hour that euer I closit my zet,
Wo be the hour in my windo I set
To spy my wife, quhilk I wait was saikles,
I am the wite now of hir deid doutles.
Allace, allace, now is thair na remeid
Throw wilfulnes of vs baith scho is deid.
The Lady hard, in windo quhair scho lay,
And to the Knicht with sturdie wordis culd say
O ze auld fule, that suld be callit ane Knicht.
Quhat do ze thair standing this time of nicht,
Out of zour bed walking sa wonder lait,
Waitting zour hures and harlotis on the gait.
Wicht it not serue my body at zour will,
Bot ze wald pas zour auld huredome vntill.
This is nichtlie ze vse the same passage,
Ze sall repent richt sair zour auld fulage.
The Knicht knawing the voce of his awin wife
He was richt blyith that scho was zit on life.
Saying Lady weill is me euer mair,
Louing to God that I may heir zow thair.
For I beleuit ze had bene in the well,
Quod scho auld fule keip the out of it thy sell.
Thow seruis better for to haue punischement,
For thy baudrie, nor halie gaitis to went.
Quod he Lady lat ze sic language be,
Quhat is the caus ze say sic thing to me?
Quhen I lockit the zet ze sall me trow
I did nathing bot to haue chaistit zow.

For in na wiſe I neuer did Intend
Zow to diſpleis, or ony way offend.
For quhen I hard the noyis into the well,
Unto my hart thair ſtraik ane cruell knell,
And in all haiſt ze ſaw as I come doun
Zow to preſerue, that na wayis ze ſuld dроun.
Auld doſſinnit Carll (quod ſcho) I heir the lie,
Thow was ouir peirt to Judge ſic thing to me.
Bot I perſaue this Prouerb is richt trew,
The Iniuſt oft the Innocent dois perſew.
Thow leis to me, and hes done mony time,
Euer the gilt quhen thow committis the crime,
As thow dois now, that neuer to the faillit,
Bot thy greit ſlicht as now I haue aſſaillit,
And hes the tane into the ſicker ſnair,
Quhairfoir but doubt for me thow ſall ſtand pair
Quhill watches cum, and with thame to be ſene
In times bygane ane auld fule thow hes bene,
That me lichtlyit, thy awin wife and diſpiſit,
And to thy hures zeid oft times diſagiſit,
And euer hes done, ſen firſt time I the kend,
All thy lifetime in lownrie thow hes ſpend.
Bot God will not lat ſic vnpuneiſt be,
For mony fault thow hes done oft to me.
For he is Juſt, and will haue ſic thing ſchawin
And I ſall mak it vnto the pepill knawin.
Thairfoir ſtād ſtill, thow cūmis not in but dout
Quhill the watches, and al Nichtbouris about
Quhat ane thow art, thay may perfytelie knaw
And thairefter to bide the ſtraik of Law.
Than ſaid the Knicht, Lady I haue meruell
To quhat effect ſuld ze ſic to me tell.
Ze knaw richt weill that I am auld and hair,

And

And in this toun I haue bene euer mair,
And weill I wait quhair my name was pꝛocla-
Unto this hour foꝛ na caus was defamit. (mit
Thairfoir Lady foꝛ the gude Loꝛdis Name
Thoill me cum in, and let me not tak ſchame.
Scho ſaid ald fule thou ſpēdis thy ſpeich in vane
Thair ſall thow ſtand, and thoil of law ye pane
Better it is to thoill heir patientlie,
Noꝛ euer mair in hell condampnit be.
Salomon ſayis thꝛe things that God dois hait
Ane pure pꝛoud man abone his awin eſtait.
Sine ane riche man in conſuetude to lie,
And ane auld man ane fond fule foꝛ to be.
And ſa but dout ye bꝛuik thir vices thꝛe,
Quhat neid had ye ſa far to lie on me.
As foꝛ riches, ye haue riches at will
Quhy ſuld ye than youꝛ ſpeiche with falſet ſpill?
As for ane Fule, ye are ane wonder couth,
Fꝛ as ye ken the flour of all my youth,
At youꝛ pleſure ye haue had euer mair,
Zit to baudꝛie ye zeid baith lait and air
Thairfoir God hes done wonder weill zow till
Thocht ye contrair baith his command and wil
Hes perſeuerit ſtill in youꝛ harlatrie,
Zit he will not thairfoir ye periſchit be,
Bot lent zow grace youꝛ ſinnis heir repent
Thairfoir ye mon bide Law and Judgement.
Than ſaid the Knicht my Lady beſt beluſit,
Howbeit God be contrair ane ſinner muſit,
Zit not the les as all ſinnaris ſuld trow,
God of his grace is to vs mercyfow,
Quhat time we will foꝛbeir and als repent,
Than God foꝛgeuis our ſinnes Incontinent.

Thairfoir Lady ſen ſic grace God vs ſendis
Now let me in, and I ſall mak ane mendis.
Than ſaid the wife with voice ſtout and auſteir
Hence the harlot, quhair deil gar we this Freir
Talk quhat thow pleis, bot trewlie y^{u} ſall trow
Thow cummis not in, and heir I mak ane vow
And as thay ſpak thir wordis thame amang,
In the meane time the watches bell thay rang.
Than ſaid the Knicht, gude wife let ly ſic things
Heir ze not now how that the watche bell rings
Suffer me not for euer to tak ſchame,
Quhilk is forſuith degrading of my Name.
Quod ſcho ze wait not quhat zone ringing me-
To the weilfair of zour ſaull it pertenis. (nis
Thairfoir ze man tak all furth pacientlie
For zour pennance ze mon thoill opinlie
Ane treſpaſſour but dout lang haue ze bene
To GOD and me, as ſall be hard and ſene.
In the mean time thir twaſum as thay talkit,
Up thrzow the ſtreit the watches come y^{t} walkit.
Sone into handis thay tuik this Nobil Knicht
With greit meruell. how he into the nicht
Upon the ſtreit durſt furth of ludgeing be,
Thay to him ſaid it was na Knichts dewtie:
Conſidering weill the dout of Law he kend,
He was to bauld the contrair to pretend.
Scho heiring this with a loude voice ſcho cryit
O my gude freinds, the treuth now ze haue ſpyit
Of that Truikour, and als ane dotit Fule,
That his foule luſt on na wayis he culd cule.
Bot vpon hures furth paſſing on the nicht,
Pans ze gif ſic pertenis to ane auld Knicht.
That my bodie at pleſour had all time,

Conſider

Conſider now gif he committit crime:
With hures all nicht, and cūming in at morne
Bot of ſic faultis I haue him oft forborne.
Beleuing ay ſic faultis he ſuld haue mendit,
Bot ze may ſe gif he hes now offendit.
Thairfoir gif ze of ſic hes correctioun,
Conforme to Law ze puneis his perſoun.
That ſic auld deuillis as he ſa lang hes bene
Tak exampill of him befoir thair ene.
For he hes bene to me ane greit tratour,
I wait ſic ane zit neuer maid natour.
Than the watches tuik him Incontinent
To deip preſoun with him in haiſt thay went.
Quhill day was licht, and efter the Sone rais,
With him the watche vnto the Preueſt gais,
Schawing to him the faſſoun to the end,
How on the nicht thay did him comprehend:
And how to thame his wife ſic plaintis maid,
Incontinent the Preueſt but mair baid
To ane piller ſtude in middis of the ſtreit,
Gart ſet him up faſt bundin hands and feit,
That all the pepill within that greit Citie
To his greit ſchame, maid him that all micht ſe
And ſa this Knicht but ony fault defamit,
Was thrown his wife ſa ſaikles euer ſchamit.
The Doctour then ſaid humblie to the King,
And pleis zour grace ze haue vnderſtanding
Quhat I haue ſaid, thempreour ſaid richt weill
Zour Sermone hes ſentence ſa haue I feill.
The Maiſter ſaid it ſall worſe happin zow
Nor chācit this Knicht for treuth yis ze ſal trow
Gif that ze do for the wordis of zour wife.
Put doun zour ſone, and reif fra him his life.

The Empȝeour ſaid that wife was far to blame
That hir huſband put to ſic oppin ſchame
And he faikles, the foull Ill hir betide,
Scho was the worſt, that ȝit did gang or ride,
And for that Tale that thow hes tauld to me,
This day but dout my Sone he ſall not die.
The Maiſter ſaid, my Lord ȝe doing ſo
Within few dayis, baith pleſure and greit Jo
Of ȝour ane Sone, ȝe ſall haue Schir but faill,
Sa this Maiſter quhen he had tauld his Taill,
Thankit the King of his beneuolence,
Sa tuke his leif, and hamewart is gone hence.

¶MORALITAS.

ALL cunning Clerkis that euld in ſtorȳis wrȳte
Be all thair craft euld neuer ȝit Indȳte.
The greit miſcheif be wemen done to men,
The tratour diſpleſour and diſpȳte,
Weirſchip, ſlauchter, the greit ſorrow and ſȳte,
At lenth to wrȳte it tyrit thair pith and pen,
Thay war ſa hudge, and vglie as ȝe ken
The teynd thairof thay euld get neuer endit
Becaus to men ſa oft thay haue offendit.

Of thame quhat ſayis the greit Philoſophour
Areſtotill, and als that ding Doctour
Cicero, and Salomon ſaid ſum part
For all his wit, greit riches and honour
Thay cauſit him be ane greit Idolatour.
And fra greit God gart him turne all his hart,
Sicłyke Virgill that was ſa done expart
Intill ane creill thay hang him ouir the waw
To his greit ſhame, that all the pepill ſaw.

Areſtotill quhilk was the A per ſe
Of naturall wit, and greit Philoſophie,
Thay brydillit him as he had bene ane hors
Samſon diſſauit be greit ſubtilitie,
Quhat gat Dauid for all his Prophetie?

Now ȝe

Now ȝe may ſe nouther wiſdome nor fors
Now not reſiſt the curſtnes of thair cors.
Aneuch heirof, quha lykis to reid Goweir,
And quhair he wantis, ȝit sum thing ſayis Chaweir.

Thairfoir I ſay I think it na meruell
This gentill Knicht, quhome of our tale we tell,
Conſiddering he was ſa auld and hair
Villaun was he this hochlop of hell
With ſa greit ſlicht keit the ſtane in the well,
Allace, allace, and wo for euer mair
Scho ſuld eſchaip, gif than I had bene thair
To helpit hir, that fyrie brand ſa fell
Wir to haue drownit, my handis thay ſuld not ſpair.

Scho makand fault, and he alwayis faultles,
Scho at hir game, and he alwayis gyltles,
Scho being fals, and he ſa traiſt and trew
He being firme, and ſcho always faithles,
Did him accuſe of that Ilk deid doubtles
Quhairin hir ſelf was gyltie weill ſcho knew
For all his ſpeiche, nathing wald on him rew.
Fy, fy, fals Feindis, and furius hell Furnes
In bittec gall turnes all ȝour game and glew.

Now Schirs perſaue hir ſlicht and ſubteltie
Quhen he ſleipit ſcho ſtaill away the kie,
Quhair ſcho plelit paſt furth to hir plelour
Quhen ſcho come hame ſa loude as ſcho culd lie
Saying hir Mother was in point to die
With mony wordis dillemblit vnder cullour,
Forgit with fallet, lurkand for diſpleſour,
And ſyne at ſchort how ſcho maid hir Teſtment,
O mercy God, heir is ane fals Intent.

O ſubtell ſchrew, and herray Sathans ſeid
Imp of the Deuill, cairis nouther Cors nor Creid
Tyner of treuth, with toung Intoxicat
Belgebubis barne, Infernall byrnand gleid
With ſenzeit fair thy feiris weill can thow feid
And flattering wordis fulfillit all with villait
Lynit with leſingis, lawtie gais by ȝour gait
Net of the Feind in vengeance ȝe awant ȝow
Vaner of baill, the Deuil be dow not vant ȝow.

Ze marȝit men in tyme keip weill ȝour keyis,
Now ȝe may ken ſic wemens properteis,
Quhat mercy, grace, or gude deid thay wil grant
Gif ȝe deſyre at thame ony ſuppleis,
Than ſall thay mak to ȝow ane thouſand leis,
Zow to obey ar euer [more] obſtant
Quhat thay wald haue, that thing thay will not want
It that thay ſerue, giue thame the Spanze fleis
That may ſerue weill ſic ane vnſonſie Sanct.

Quha can excuſe this dowbill Deuillis lim
Sic ane fals trik ſa trymlie playit to him
Scho in the fault, and he ſa Innocent
Fy bitter Bitche, bauld byrnand Bair ſa brim
Thy clene conſcience to heuin wil gar the clim,
Or doun to hell euer be permanent
In Plutois Palice thair to be Preſident
Amang that graceles gariſoun ſa grim,
Grett pietie war thow ſuld be thair abſent.

For quhy thow can ſa weill ane leſing clek,
Turne vp ſyde doun, ay to thy awin effect
Thocht of thy Tale ane worde be neuer trew,
Leſings to rame, thow takis bot lytill rek.
And the blameles to put ay in the blek
And mak fyne blak of that was neuer blew
Of ane trew taill thow can weill change the hew
Thairfoir I pray the deuill to brek thy nek.

¶Ane louing to the ſecund Doctour.

GOD thank thee Doctour for thy dayis wark
Thow hes thee ſchawin ane Nobill cunning Clark,
The innocent hes ſuccourit throw thy Taill,
Let the Emprice now bluſter, bleir and bark
For at this time ſcho is put by hir mark,
Traiſting in God that ſcho ſall not preuaill
Bot zit I wait againe ſcho ſall aſſaill
The Empreour with ſum ſtorie ſa ſtark,
Bot hir vain wordis ſall hir nathing auaill.

¶The thrid Taill of the Emprice.

THE Empȝice hard how all the mater ȝeid
And how the Childe was not ȝit put to deid

For

For verie ſturt in hir minde was richt wo
Jt was maiſt lik hir hart to brift in two.
To hir Chalmer than ſcho paſt ſone within,
And thair began to ſkart and rife hir ſkin.
And cryit aloude that euer J was borne,
Into my Cude, ſen J had bene forlorne.
J being Childe to ane ſa greit a King,
That J ſuld thoill, and ſuffer ſic ane thing,
As of 3one Deuill, and ane rank Renigald,
Me to deforce, ſa oppinlie he wald,
To my greit ſchame, and warldlie diſhonour,
J being Quene vnto the Empreour:
And can heirof get na mendis nor remeid,
J pray to God gif J war fairlie deid.
Sa this was ſchawin vnto the Empreour,
How his Lady was in ſic diſpleſour.
Into all haiſt to hir Chalmer he went,
And ſaid Lady, J pray 3ow not lament,
Sa Jnwardlie, for it becūmis 3ow nocht,
Tak not ſa far nouther in minde nor thocht.
Scho ſaid my Lord, the luke J aw to 3ow
Makis me mair ſturt, in hart mair forowfow
Nor diſpleſour of 3one dum Deuillis deid,
Thairfoir gude lord ſa greit God mot me ſpeid
The Jnwart luke that J vnto 3ow beir,
Sa cauſis me remaine ſtill with 3ow heir:
Or ellis J had to my Father departit,
To my countrie, war not J am ſa hartit
To 3our behufe and pleſure nicht and day,
That is the caus J will not pas my way.
For gif J did, than ane caus it wald be,
Of greit diſcord, and Jnanimitie:
Betuix my Father and 3ow for euer moir,

This is the caus I will not pas thairfoir.
For weill I wait he wald reuenge my querrell,
And to conqueis, put all this Realme in perrell.
For my Father he is ane puiſſant Prence
Of diuers Realmes, and of greit Reuerence.
Wiſt he trewlie of my great diſpleſour,
I wait he wald Incres ſa in rankour,
That this countrie for that ſuld ſair repent
That is the caus fra him I me abſent,
For zour pleſour, and zit ze will not trow,
That I wald do ſic pleſure vnto zow.
The Empreour ſaid, Madame be weill inclind
Lat ſic malice remoue out of zour mind,
For ſa lang time as God will len me life,
I think neuer to faill to zow my wife.
My Lord ſaid ſcho, I pray God ze leif lang,
Howbeit that I thus leif in threip and thrang.
Bot I dreid ſair, and heuilie I feir,
That it chance zow that chãcit this hinder zeir
Of ane greit Knicht, and of his Sone alone,
Efter the time that his Father was gone,
Thrzow ſuddand chance departit to the deid
Zit his awin Sone wald not burie his heid.
The Empreour ſaid, that was ane felloun feid
The Sone wald not burie the Fatheris heid.
That exempill I pray zow to me ſchaw
Scho ſaid my Lord will ze tak tent and knaw
It ſall do zow greit gude I tak on hand,
Quod he ſchaw furth, and lat me vnderſtand.
Sa ſcho began with all expeditioun,
As ſcho beſt culd to say furth hir Sermon.

IN this Cietie that now is callit Rome,
Quhilk in yai dayis was heid of chriſtindome

Thair

Thair dwelt ane Knicht, the ſuith ȝow for to ſay
Had bot ane Sone, and he had Douchters tway
This Knicht was geuin to Halking & Hunting
Greit Toȝnamentis, and to ſwift hoȝs rinning.
To merynes and all kind of pleſour,
That micht hald vp and furth ſet his honour.
Sa euerie ȝeir ſa greit riches he ſpent,
Quhilk thȝiſe ouircome his Rentall and his rent
Quhairthȝow than grew to him ſkant of riches
His daylie cheir, and expens did decres.
In that meane time thair was ane Empȝeour
Octauiane, ane man of greit honour,
Quhilk in riches, ſa richelie did abound,
That his compair was not vpon the ground.
That in ſo muche, he had in his treaſoure
Of Gold ſiluer, the quhilk fulfild ane Towȝe.
Quhilk gold & Towȝe, thocht he it had at large
To ane greit Knicht to keip he gaue in charge.
This vther Knicht quhome of we ſpak of air,
That had ſpendit his rent and mekill mair,
On Idill gammes, as Hunting and Halking.
Lait ſitting vp, and out of time ſpending.
To ſic pureteth he grew and greit thirlage,
That he behuid to ſell his heritage.
He callit to him his Sone quhilk was his Air,
And all the caſe to him he culd declair.
This is the caſe, but dout my Sone ſaid he,
I am compeld, ſa with greit pouertie,
That I on foȝce, and neid mon ſell my land,
Except remeid cum at ſum vther hand,
Quhairthȝow I may, Indureing my life dayis
Leif honeſtlie, this to his Sone he ſayis.
Foȝ gif I chance to ſell my heritage

Ze ken my douchters wil want gude Mariage
He ſaid Father, gif it ſa with zow ſtandis
That ze on neid, analie mon zour landis,
At zour pleſure, quhairof I am content
Do as ze pleis, for thairto I conſent.
The Father ſaid, now I haue tane in thocht
Ane gude conſait, and tell it will I nocht
Bot vnto the, I knaw the Empzeoure
Of Gold and rent he hes fulfillit ane Towze.
Lat vs twa pas, with Inſtrumentis be nicht,
And bzek the Towze with ſutteltie and ſlicht.
We ſall obtene riches aboundantlie,
Sall vs vphald euer in honeſtie,
Than ſaid the Sone ſchozтlie to mak an end,
Thair is na man that counſall can amend.
It is better tak fra the Empzeour
Part of his Gold, his Siluer and treaſour.
Than ze to ſell zour land and heritage,
Quhairthzow zour barnis, ſal leif ay in thirlage
Sa in ane voce thir twa did condiſcend
To bzek this Towze, but tary thay Intend,
Sa on ane nicht with Inſtrumentis thay paſt
And thzow the Towze ane hole thay gat at laſt
Wan to the Gold, at larges quhair it lay,
Furneiſt thame ſekkis, and vnſcrypit come away
Payit all his dettis, and leiſit als merylie
As of befoir, in alkin game and glie.
In Halking Hunting and in Toznament,
Quhil at the laſt the Gold was gane and ſpent.
In the meane time, the keipar of the Towze
Quhilk had in charge all this Gold & treaſour
Perſauit the hole, and the Gold ſtollin away,
He was ſozie, and wiſt not quhat to ſay.

Into

Into all haiſt paſt to the Empꝛeour,
And ſchew how theiſis had ſtollin his greit treaſour
The Empꝛeour ſaid, in Jꝛe all angerlie
Quhat is yᵗ caus thow ſchawis ſic thing to me?
To the J gaue, as to ane trew ſeruand
Wy Gold to keip, and that thow tuke on hand
At the agane, J aſk it to reſtoir,
As it becūmis, thow ſall thoill panis thairfoir.
Quhen that this Knicht the Empꝛeour ſa hard
He ſaid na mair bot humblie come his way, (ſay
And ſaw thair was na mater to debait,
He vmbethocht him ſelf of ane conſait,
Thinkand richt weill that thay wald cū agane
To ſeik mair gold, to taint yame with ane trane
Befoir the hole ane Twn he gart pꝛepair,
Widdillit with pick birdlime and ſiclike wair.
Sa thick and teuch, that quha thairin cū wald
Contrair thair will, yair ſtill it wald yame hald
And nane micht cum into that hole agane,
Bot he moſte neidis fall in that ſamin trane.
Not lang efter, as J befoir haue ſaid,
This vther Knicht, quhen the Gold ſpendit had
He and his Sone agane went to the Towꝛe,
To Steill mair Gold than fra the Empꝛeoure.
Sa the Father firſt in the hole he went,
And in the Twn he fell Jncontinent.
Jn to the nek, and thair ſtak as ane ſtane,
Conſidderit weill that his Fortoun was gane.
Said to his Sone cum thow fozdwart no way,
Foꝛ at this time, J am tane foꝛ the pꝛay.
Cum thow fozdwart thow ſall not faill to die,
And nane of vs ane vther may ſupplie.
Than ſaid the Sone, gif ze may not eſchaip,

Than ar we baith but dout tane in the raip,
God vs defend Father that ſa no be,
Bot at this time ȝe get ſum help of me.
And gif I nocht may help ȝow now my ſell,
In haiſt I will baith help and ſeik counſell.
The Father ſaid I ſe is na remeid,
Bot with thy ſwoȝd thow mon ſtrike of my heid
And quhen thay find my deid body heidles,
Than ſall ȝe all of this ſchame be ſaikles.
Sa nane ſall knaw quhat perſoun did this deid
Noȝ in quhais bȝeiſt this bargane did inbȝeid.
Than ſaid the Sone, now Father be the Rude,
Zour counſall is baith honeſt Juſt and gude.
Foȝ gif ſa chancit, in this caſe ȝe war knawin,
Siclike our ſchame till all men ſuld be ſchawin.
Sa ſuld we not eſchaip the cruell deid,
Sa I think beſt that I ſmite of ȝouȝ heid.
And euin with that, as he had ſaid the woȝd,
Out of the ſcheith anone he dȝew his ſwoȝd.
His Fathers heid he hint of haiſtelie,
And in ane gutter he keſt it neir hand by,
Quhē this was done thā paſt he hame his way
To his awin hous, vnto his Siſteris tway.
Schew thame the caſe, and all the mater haill.
Quha ſair did weip, pȝiuelie and bewaill.
Sone efter this the keipar of the Towȝe,
Quhilk had in charge the gold and the treaſoure
Quhair the hole was, within the Twn he fand,
Ane heidles coȝps vnto the nek ſtandand,
Quhairof he had baith meruell and dȝedour,
In haiſt he paſt and tauld the Empȝeour.
Incontinent thȝow all the toun than ȝeid,
How thair was found ane body but a heid.

Into

Into the Twn the quhilk the Knicht did set,
Quha staill the Gold, to tak him in the Net.
Than to this Knicht the empȝeour said but faill
Tak the deid cozps and knit to ane hoȝs taill,
And dȝaw it thȝow the streitis of the Cietie,
And persaue weill quhair ony murmure be,
Ony sozrow, sturt greting oz murning,
Than ze may weill persaue quhair that sic thing
Be attayntit, quhair ony persoun murnis
Thay ar gyltie, and wait of siclike turnis,
And is pȝincipall, of that Ilk hous but dout
That staill the Gold, thairfoir seik weill about
Gif sic ze find, tak thame and all thair fellowis
Without mercy gar hang yame on ye Gallowis.
The Officers without delay thay went
And completit the Empȝeours commandment.
Quhen the Douchters the deid cozps sa cū by,
Foz Inwart wo thay gaue ane hiddeous cry.
Foz kindlie luse and Fatherlie pietie,
To se that cozps sa dȝawin thȝow the Cietie.
Quhen yair bȝothez, the Sone of yat deid knicht
Hard thame sa murne bethocht him of ane sticht
Quhairfoir y^t^ cozps thȝow ye Cietie was dȝawin
To the pepill the caus was richt weill knawin,
And wist na way foz to eschew the face,
Sa he him self sair woundit in the face.
Quhill that the blude aboundantlie come out,
That the Sisters of his life had greit dout.
The officers persauit the weiping,
The noyis the cry the sturt and the greting
Into the hous thay enterit but delay,
And demandit quhairfoir thay maid the fray.
Than said the Sone, quhen my Sisters me saw

Sa ſair woundit, as now ȝour ſelf may knaw,
Thay grat and cryit, and murnit in thair mude
And as ȝe knaw, few wemen may ſe blude.
This was the caus of thair greit lamenting
Of my Siſteris, we knaw na vther thing.
The Officers heirto thay gaue credence,
Beraus thay gat na mair experience,
Bot went thair wayis diſſauit all and blyndit,
Caus ye richt way thay culd not ſeik noȝ find it
Sine tuik the coȝps of this ſame heidles Knicht
On the Gallous leit it hing day and nicht:
Till all pepill did wonder and meruell
Of the ſtollin gold, quhen thay the tail hard tell
And ȝit the Sone efter the Father is deid
Wald not burie in the Kirkȝaird his heid,
Noȝ of the treis his bodie wald doun take
This did the Sone foȝ his awin Fathers ſake.
Ze may perſaue the greit luſe and fauour
To his Father he had all time and hour.
The Empȝice ſaid, gude ſchir & pleis ȝour grace
Quhat I haue ſaid, haue ȝe weill tane the cace?
The Empȝeour ſaid, Madame ſa haue I feill
Quhat ȝe haue ſaid, I haue it tane richt weill.

¶The declaratioun of the Emprice thrid Taill.

THE Empȝice ſaid I am richt wonder wo
That of ȝour ſelf and ȝour Sone it be ſo,
Foȝ his ſonnis ſaik this Knicht as I haue tald
Quhen he was pure his lands he left vnſald.
Quhen he wantit he had nane vther ſchift
Foȝ his Sonnis ſaik than he committit thift.
And that his barnis efter that he was deid

Suld

Suld haue na ſchame he caulit ſtrike of his heid
And zit his Sone wald not do ſic rewaird
To burie his heid in Kirk nor zit Kirk zaird:
Noz he wald not nouther be nicht noz day
Doun of the treis his bodie tak away.
In the ſame ſozt baith nicht and day ze laubour
Foz to pzomoue zour Sone to greit honour.
Bot day and nicht he ſettis his Intentioun
Zow foz to put to vtter confuſioun,
And zow deſtroy, is daylie his deſire,
That he may ring, and bzuik the haill Impire
Wy counſall is ze rather put him doun
Oz he fra zow get the Impire and Croun.
The Empzeour ſaid, ſa mot I thziue and the,
Ane gude exampill now ze haue ſchawin to me.
I micht haue tholit efter his Fathers deid,
Zit be ſum ſlicht to caus burie his heid.
Trewlie my Sone he ſall na langer chaip,
Upon the mozne be hingit in ane raip.
To officers anone he gaue command
To tak his Sone, and to hing him fra hand.
Doun thzow the ſtreit thay led him haiſtelie,
To the Gallous, but mercie foz to die.
And as thay led that zoung man thzow y^e^ ſtreit
All the pepill began to murne and greit,
Sayand allace the Empzeours onlie Childe,
To the Gallous is led thair to be ſilde.
Allace ſaid thay, quhat is his Fathers minde
To his ane Sone foz to be ſa vnkinde?
Now this is thzyis condampnit he hes bene
And few can tell quhat dois the mater mene.
Bot all this cũmis be the Quenis fals conſait,
That he is led ſa oft doun thzow the gait.

In the meane time doun the gait is he gone
The thrid Maiſter come rydand namit Craton
And ſaw the Childe ſa wonder neir the deid,
To his Maiſter zit he Inclynit his heid,
As he wald ſay, Maiſter haue minde of me,
Do ze not weill, thair is na dome bot die.
The pepill cryit gude Maiſter haiſt and ryde,
And for zour childe gude help that ze prouyde.
So in all haiſt but ony mair delay,
To the Palice he ſpurrit his gude Palfray.
And quhen he come befoir the Empzeour,
He hailſit him with reuerence and honour.
Quha maid anſwer to the Maiſter againe,
Thocht ze be cum, zour veyage is in vaine:
Zour cumming heir ſall nathing zow auaill
Ar ze cum heir to flatter me with zour taill?
The Maiſter ſaid within ſeuin zeiris ſpace
Better rewaird I haue ſeruit at zour grace:
Zit I beleue to get better rewaird,
And pleis zour grace that my talking be hard.
Rewaird (ſaid he) at my hand ſerue ze nocht,
For the dum boy to me that ze haue brocht.
Ze ſerue all ſeuin the verie painfull deid,
Ilk ane of zow to Gallous for to leid:
For I delyuerit my Sone ſpeikand to zow
Quite dū but ſpeiche ze ſeuin hes maid him now
And als he wald haue defoulit my Quene,
Contrair hir will, as is weill hard and ſene.
The Maiſter ſaid, quhair ze ſay he is dum,
Will ze ſuffer bot ane ſchort time to cum
I find zow heir the michtie God to borrow
That he ſall ſpeik or the fyft day at morrow
For he that maid the dum man for to ſpeik,

The

The deif to heir, to helth reſtoir the ſeik,
He will reſtoir zour Sone to ſpeik againe:
Within few dayis, and that I ſay in plaine.
And quhair ze ſay he wald deſorzeit zour Quene,
Gif ony man hes euer hard or ſene
Sic conditiounis outher be lait or air
Sen he with vs remanit or maid repair.
That he is gyltie of all that ze haue ſaid,
Than I thairfoir to die am wonder glaid.
Bot Salomon ſayis richt weill in his buke,
Quha lykis thairin to reid and ſorz to luke.
Na malice is, norz was, norz zit be can,
Abone malice of ane Ill geuin woman.
That ſall I preif be ane exampill gude,
That wemen ar the Fontaine and the ſlude,
The verray rute, and ſpeciall Inuentioun
Of all falſet, leſings and deceptioun.
And gif ze put zour Sone now to the deid.
For zour wikes worzdis, hir falſet and hir feid.
It ſall chance zow, as it did to the man
That ſlew his Py thzow ſlicht of the woman.
Quhilk Bird he lude abone all vther thing,
And ay the tzeuth it tauld him but leſing.
The Empzeour ſaid, I pzay the tell me that
Betuix the man, the wife, and the Pyat.
The Maiſter ſaid, zour Sone againe gar caw,
That he thoill not the vtter charge of Law.
Than ſall I tell my taill to zour pleſour,
To zour pzofeit, zour weilfair and honour.
The Empzeour ſaid Maiſter forz this ane day
He ſall not die, cum efter quhat ſa may.
The Maiſter ſaid God thāk zour grace againe
Sa he his taill begouth as followis plane.

¶MORALITAS.

WO will continew at this place,
The Doctouris taill ane lytill ſpace
And ſum thing we will tell
Of the Emprice comparifoun
Now ſcho comparit the Kingis perſoun
Unto ane theif ſa fell.

Scho compairit the Empreour
To the falſ Knicht that brak the Towre
Quhen he ſuld ſauld his land,
For pureteth was compellit to ſteill,
Luik ze gif ſcho compairit it leill
And ſa weill ſcho it fand.

This Knicht committit tratourie
That ſtaill fra the Authoritie
Outher greit thing or ſmaw
Quhairfoir he ſeruit for to hing
For quha that ſteillis ocht fra ane King
Thay may not byde the Law.

Sicſyke this Knicht as was weill knawin,
Out throw the Cietie he was drawin
To his greit lack and ſchame
Syne hangit on the Gallow treis,
Perſaue gif thir twa weill aggreis
To the Kingis greit defame.

And hir awin Empreour comparit,
To ane pure Knicht was all diſparit,
Ane Tratour and ane theif.
That ſcho ſa wald was maiſt lyklie,
That the Empreour ſa ſuld be,
God ſend hir ane miſcheif.

As to the Knicht wald ſauld his land,
And wox ſa wonder pure in hand,
And alwayis ſuperſpendit:
Quha euer ſpendis by thair dew rent,
But faill ſall eftir ſair repent,
Quhen he may not amend it.

Thairefter cummis neceſſitie,
Hounger, pureteth, and pouertie,

To ſteill

To ſteill that he muſt neidis.
Than tynes he honour and manheid,
And thairon followis ſchame and deid,
Of Ill ſpending this ſpreidis.

Had this Knicht ſpendit with meaſure,
According to his awin trealour,
Efter his facultie,
He ſuld not neid to brek ane Towre
Nor ſtollin gold fra the Empreour
Nor pure neidit not be.

Gude Schirs that hes rent and riches,
Be not in ſpending ſa rekles,
Bot with reſtoun and richt:
For than on force ze mon ſell land,
Or ellis tak ſum euill deid on hand
As did this heidit Knicht.

Quha chaipit anis, and paſt againe
Still ay in ſtouth for to remaine,
Quhilk all men ſuld forbeir.
It may chance anis a man to ſin
Bot he ſuld na way ly thairin,
Nor ſtill to perſeueir.

For as that ane Knicht fand a wyle
That vther Knicht for to begyle
And tak him in the net,
Euin ſa the Feind is fyndand ay
Sum new gait to fang in his pray
Quhilks ay to ſin ar ſet.

The birdlyme is to hald thame ſtill:
And ay in pleſure tak thair will,
For as the gold was ſweit.
That cauſit this Knicht to cum againe
That is in ſin ay to remaine,
Quhill thay zald vp the Spreit.

Than art thow ſicker in the ſnair,
Quhen deid cummis thow dow do na mair
Bot to the Gallous led.
That is to hell without remeid,
Than all thy gold that was ſa reid
It ſtandis the in na ſteid.

Thairfoir quha wald leif in honour
Se thay thair geir ſpend with meaſour
Be not ouir Liberall.
Spend not in Prodigalitie,
Bot as alleiris thy Facultie
Or doutles want thow ſall.

Sum tyme may chance a man ſpend mair
Upon ane day, nor he may ſpair
To ſpend in vther nyne
I grant, bot zit ze ſuld conſidder
Put ſpairing dayis and thame togidder
And ſa ſmall ſall ze tyne.

Of ſpending is thre kinde of branches,
The firſt to ſpend he neuer ſtanches,
Sa lang as he hes heill,
Bot euer ſpendand in ane rane,
Quhill all that he hes is quyte gane,
On force this man mon ſteill.

The ſecund ſpendis with greit honour,
With honeſtie and greit meaſour
Nouther mekill nor ſkant,
Bot ſum tyme ſpairis and ſum tyme ſpendis
And gydis weill that God him ſendis,
Sa this man can not want.

The thrid he is ſa greit negart,
To ſpend hes nouther hand nor hart,
And ay ſayis he hes nocht.
Euer ſpairand and euer wantis,
And to haue geir he neuer greantis
For all that euer he wrocht.

Of thir thre let vs tak the middis,
The wiſe man that exprellie biddis
Thairfoir I zow beſeik,
This is na honeſt man to greif,
Bot ſe that ze put not zour fleif
Farther nor hand may reik.

¶Ane reproche or reprufe to the Emprice.

Corruptit

CORruptit cors vnclene, thow ſpringand well of vice,
Thow ſikkill feindis Quene, thow perrellous Ill Emprice,
Thow cruell Cocatrice, and kyndlie Cocadrill
For all thy taillis nice, thow ſall not get thy will
Fals gyglot gangland gill, thow poyſonit ſpewand ſpout,
Thy banis brint on ane hill, I think to ſe but dout.

¶The Tale of the thrid Maiſter, of the Burges Pyat.

VPON a time thair dwelt in ane Cietie,
Ane Nobill man, and a Burges was he:
That had ane bird weill fed vp in a Cage,
Quhilk we a Py do call in our langage.
This bird ſcho was ſa weill lernit to ſpeik,
That ſcho culd talk Latine, Hebrew and Greik,
And quhen ſcho had thir langages perfite,
Hir Maiſter tuik of hir ane greit delite.
Sa be proces na thing ſcho hard nor ſaw
To hir Maiſter Incontinent wald ſchaw.
This Burges man he had ane wife richt fair,
As now ze haue, wantoun and debonair.
Quhilk ouir all thing he luſit all the beſt,
Bot be contrair, hir luſe ſa was not drieſt.
Becaus it paſſit far fra the Burges micht
Hir appetite to compleis day and nicht:
As ſcho deſirit, at hir pleſure to haif,
Quhat wald ſcho thã, bot cheiſit ane vther knaif
Wlith hir to play, as ſcho thocht maiſt pleſour,
Quhome ſcho beſt lude, and held him in fauour.
And ſa behude hir huſband on ane day
To vther tounis in veyage mak Jornay,
For Merchandice to by and for to ſell,
For Merchand men at hame ay may not dwell
Bot in this warld to wander, wirk and win,

Quhill of this life that thay depart and twin,
Bot zit this wife had not ſic thing in minde
To hir plefure hir thocht was all Inclynd.
Sa quhen hir ſpous furth of the toun was went
Without tary than for hir luſe ſcho ſent,
That thay micht mak gude cheir and mirrines
As the gude wife thocht beſt ſcho culd adzes.
And ſa thay did at thair awin appetyte,
Quhen luſtis meitis of vthers takis delyte.
This ſaw the Py, on hir Pirk quhair ſcho ſat,
Quhat mirrines that hir huſie was at.
And to hir Maiſter tauld quhen he come hame
And cauſit hir huſie to get outrage and blame.
Sa thame betuix rais up ane bargane ſtout,
Quhill mony of thair nichtbouris hard about.
The gude wife ſaid, now weill Schir I perſaue
Quhat greit fauour and luſe to me ze haue.
And ſaid ze gif mair traiſt vnto zour Py
Nor vnto me, and mair hir ſittis by.
Bot ſa lang as zour Pyat is on life
It ſall not faill bot we ſall be at ſtrife.
The Burges ſaid, my Pyat can not lie,
All that ſcho ſeis the treuth ſcho will tell me.
For ſcho can not be na way nor Jngine,
Ony leſing into hir hart deuine.
And thairfoir I haue mair caus for to trow
All that ſcho ſayis far better than traiſt zow.
Sa day and nicht continuallie thay chide,
Quhill on a day the Burges buſkit to ride.
In far countreis to do his Merchandice,
As it effeiris ſic men, and is the giſe.
Bot als ſa ſone as he his wayis went,
For hir luſtar ſcho ſend Jncontinent.

To

To mak hir blyith, greit ſolace and gude cheir,
Bot on the day he durſt neuer cum neir.
For greit ſclander of pepill and commoun vois,
All the lang day quhill nicht he held him cloiſ.
As the nicht come, he knokit at the gin,
Scho was reddy thairat, and leit him in.
Scho ſaid ze ar richt welcum vnto me,
Ze may cum in, for na man will zow ſe.
He ſaid my luſe, zour Pyat ſair I feir,
For ſcho will tell all ſcho can ſe or heir.
For ſcho raiſit ſic taillis betuix vs ellis
That all the toun to vther plainelie tellis.
Scho ſaid feir not, bot bauldlie enter in
On me I tak baith perrell and the ſin.
Sa he enterit, and tuik na mair in thocht,
And be the hand thrzow the hall ſcho him brocht
And as thir twa thrzow the hall maid paſſage
The ſillie Py quhair ſcho ſat in hir Cage,
To hir huſie ſcho hard hir luiſar ſay
We ſall be blyith, and mak mirrie quhill day,
For ze ar ſcho that I luſe all the beſt,
Bot I feir ſair the Pyat vs moleſt.
Quod ſcho feir not, I bid not for to lie zow
It is ſa mirk the Pyat will not ſe zow.
Than ſaid the Py, howbeit I may not ſe,
I heir thy voice, for richt weill ken I the.
To my Maiſter thow dois ane greit Iniure,
For of his wife thow makis a commoun hure.
And his beſt bed quhilk he beleuis is clene:
Thow defuilzeis, quhilk is weill kend and ſene
Quhilk my maiſter quhen he cūis hame ſal knaw
And the trew treuth ſwythlie I ſall him ſchaw.
Than ſaid hir luſe, my hart tauld I zow not

That we wald baith be ſpyit be the Pyot.
And tell the treuth of baith ſcho hard and ſaw,
And euerie word mak hir Maiſter to knaw.
Tak ze na feir thairof than ſaid the wife,
Zone talking ſall perchance coiſt hir the life.
And this ſame nicht I ſall reuengeit be
Upon the Py, as ze ſall heir and ſe.
Sa thay to bed paſt baith withouttin feir,
Bot quhat become the Pyat ze ſall heir.
About midnicht vp this gude wife ſcho rais,
Cryit on hir Mayd, & put on baith thair clais,
Incontinent ane lang ledder thay gat,
And to the ruke of the hous thay it ſat.
And tyzuit the hous abone the Pyats Cage,
Quhair y^{t} fireflauchts & raine micht get paſſage
Blenks of Candill about the Pyats heid,
Maiſt like fireflauchts w^{t} cauld water yair zeid
Small ſtanis like peis, vpon hir heid thay keſt,
Maiſt like hailſtanis, ſa this pure Py was dreſt
Sa all this nicht without ony remeid
Was this Py pynit, almaiſt vnto the deid.
Sa on the morne away the zoung man ſtaw
At ane bak dure, quhair nane him hard noz ſaw
Sa this Burges come hame within few dayis
And to his Py firſt he gais to and ſayis,
O my beſt bird, now tell me of thy cheir,
How hes thow fairne ſen I departit heir?
My bird (ſaid he) quhat hes thow ſene or hard?
Tell me the treuth foz thy gudlie rewaird.
Maiſter (ſcho ſaid) I ſall zow trewlie tell,
Quhat that I hard, I ſaw and quhat befell.
Ze war not paſt of this toun day and nicht,
Quhē that zour wife did to zow greit unricht.

Ane

Ane vther man into zour bed ſcho laid
And all that nicht togidder thay twa plaid.
And I them ſchew yᵗ thay war baith to blame,
That I ſuld tell to zow quhen ze come hame.
Maiſter but dout this is ane treuthfull taill,
Zour wife is not I ſe for zour auaill.
To the nixt point, at me quhair that ze ſpeir
How I haue fairne, in quhat ſort was my cheir
In zour abſence ſurelie I ſay zow richt
Sa greit ane ſtorme as thair was ziſternicht
Baid I neuer, ſen firſt time I was clekkit,
Nor zit my deid ſa ſair I not ſuſpekkit:
As that ſame nicht, but dout I ſay zow plaine,
For verray feir of fyreflauchts hale and raine,
All the nicht ouir it ranit ſa on me,
That I beleuit but dout drownit to be.
Than ſaid the wife, Schir ze beleue zour Wy,
Now ze may knaw quhat kin a woman am I.
Ze may now ſe, and alſwa may perſaif,
In times bygaine how that zour Wy did raif.
Ane fairar nicht was neuer on the plaine
Nor was yᵗ nicht that ſcho ſayis it was raine:
Ane fairar nicht, ane ſofter and mair cleir
Mair pleſand nicht I had not all this zeir,
Thairfoir ze ſall in all times furth to cum,
Gif hir na faith na mair nor ſcho war dum.
Than this Burges wiſt not weill quhat to ſay
Bot to nichtbouris ſone paſt he on his way
And demandit gif ſic ane nicht was fair
That his Wyat tholit the cauld and cair.
Thay ſaid nichtbour, I walkit all that nicht,
Mair ſolatious, mair ſofter and mair bricht
Mair ſtabill ane nicht, mair curious and cleir:

Nor was that nicht ſaw I not this ſeuin zeir.
Unto his hous this Burges bownit hame,
And thocht richt weill his wife had ſeruit na
The fillie Py he put all in the wite, (blame
And of all faults he thocht his wife was quite.
And ſaid to hir I find zow traiſt and trew
Quhairfoir ze ſall haue na caus foz to rew,
At my nichtbours I haue ſpeirit all about
Euin as ze ſay Ilk ane thay ſay but dout.
Ane fairar nicht thay ſaid culd not be found,
Noz was that nicht, mair ſofter and mair ſound
And it requyzis to vther quha offendis
With all thair hart foz to mak thame amendis.
To zow thairfoir ane garmound of the new
I pzomeis zow, becaus I find zow trew.
Scho ſaid gude Schir ſauing zour reuerence
Ze ſaid not ſa quhen ze gaue firme credence
Unto zour Py, quhilk falſlie on me leid,
Sayand that I committit ſic ane deid:
That neuer was into my minde noz thocht,
Noz in this warld ſic thing I neuer wzocht.
With hir leſingis betuix vs ſcho hes ſawin
Ane greit diſcord, quhilk all about is knawin,
Quhairthzow I am blaſphemit and deſamit,
Thzow all the toun, be zour fals Py & ſchamit,
Quhairfoir na meit noz dzink ſall do me gude,
Quhill that I ſe zour fals Pyats hart blude,
Than the Burges vnto the Pyat paſt,
And ſaid fals Py, tell how become this caſt:
Upon my wife ſa falſlie for to lie,
Cauſing diſcozd oft times with hir and me.
Is this the thank, the ganſell and gude deid,
Thow randers me, ſa weill I culd the feid,

With

With my awin hands, with meits delicait,
Airlie at morne, and als at euin lait.
Throw thy leſings thow hes maid throw the toun
Ane greit ſclander, & foull defamatioun.
Quhairto ſcho gaue na mair conſent nor reid.
Nor I my ſelf gaue vnto Goddis deid.
The ſillie Py hard hir Maiſter ſay ſo,
Intill hir hart ſcho was richt wonder wo.
Maiſter (ſcho ſaid) God knawis gif that I lie,
Zour ſelf will traiſt the verray thing ze ſe.
And weill I wait the thing I ſaid to zow,
I hard and ſaw, quhy ſuld I not that trow.
The Burges ſaid, I heir the loudlie lie,
Kennis y^u^ not weill this taill thow tald to me,
Thair was ane nicht ſa troublit in the Air
With ſtorme, fyreflauchts, hale, raine & mekill
Of Ill wedder thow had na vther reid, (mair
Bot bydand ay the bitter hour of deid.
Quhilk is richt fals, and neuer a word is trew,
Thairfoir but dout thy falſet thow ſall rew:
And fra hence furth thow ſall na leſings mak,
Nor of trew taillis thow ſall not mak ane crak.
And in ſpeciall betuix me and my wife,
The Law will weill that it coſt the thy life.
For the greit leis thow did Inuent and forge,
With this ſame knife I ſall cut out thy gorge.
Sa in greit wraith he tuik hir be the nek,
And with ane knife hir heid he did of ſnek.
The wife ſaw that, and ſcho was wonder glaid
To hir husband with mirrynes ſcho ſaid:
Now ze haue done as ane man of prudence,
Howbeit befoir ze gaue ouir greit credence
Unto zour Py, quhilk ay richt fallie leid,

My hart is blyith quhen I ſe hir bleid.
Now we may leif all our lifetime in reſt,
Sen ſcho is gone, that did us ay moleſt.
For ſcho was ay the verray Inſtrument
Betuix vs twa, all leſingis did Inuent.
Be blyith ſaid he, that Inſtrument is hence,
Forſuith to hir I gaue ouir greit credence.
Now I knaw weill all that ſcho ſaid was fals,
Bot now thairfoir ſcho hes loiſt life and hals.
The Burges than blent vp about his bigging
And ſaw ane hole tyruit in the hous rigging,
And weill perſauit ane lytill Ledder ſtand,
Ane watter tub, with ſtanis watter and ſand,
Quhilk was doun caſt vpon the ſillie Py,
Than the Burges weill vnderſtude quhairby,
The pure Pyat had tauld hir taill richt trew,
All the falſet and faſſoun than he knew:
How thay had cauſit the Pyat for to lie,
Throw thair falſet and greit ſubtilitie.
Now of my wife the falſet I perſaif,
In time bygaine how ſcho hes plaid the knaif.
Not regarding ſin ſchame nor honeſtie,
Bot on hir luſe lyand in harlatrie.
Full wo is me how greit ane Fule was I,
For hir falſet to ſlay my ſillie Py,
Quhairin I had my pleſure and delyte,
Allace, allace, my wife had all the wyte.
Bot in na way my ſelf I can excuſe,
That hir counſall ſa greitlie I did vſe.
Bot in ane part but dout ſa I was blindit,
And now the treuth full ſickerlie I find it.
Wa worth the time I gaue hir ſic credence,
Or till hir taill I gaue ſic audience.

Wa

Wa worthy ſic wifes, that ar ſa Ill Inclinde,
Euer hauing ſic fenzeit hart and minde.
With dowbill hart full of ſubtilitie,
I zow aſſure thay ar euill companie.
Becaus my wife hes wrocht me ſiclike wo,
Heir I gif ouir all mirth, blythnes and Jo.
All Merchandice, houſhalding and harbrie,
In time cūming, and Pilgrim I will be,
And markis me heir vnto the halie land.
Becaus I find na faith in woman ſtand.
Sa this Burges for credence that he gaif
Unto his wife, left land and all the laif.
The Maiſter ſaid vnto the Empreour,
Schir haue ze tane this taill into fauour:
And quhat it menis, the ſamin vnderſtand,
He ſaid richt weill, Maiſter I tak on hand.
The Maiſter ſaid was ſcho not ane falſ wife
With hir leſingis gart reif the Py hir life.
The Empreour ſaid, ſcho was of falſet fow
Hir greit leſingis nor hir life I allow.
Of the pure Py, fairlie I do repent,
That loiſt hir life for laying verament.
Surelie Maiſter ane gude taill ze haue tald
And for zour faik this day I ſall gar hald
My Sone vndeid, the morne quhill it be none,
God thank zour grace (quod he) that ſic hes done
To the Lord God hartlie I zow commend,
Sa this Maiſter with blythnes hame he wend.

¶MORALITAS.

O MERVELLVOS God the ſubtell ſlicht,
Siclyke I trow was neuer ſene
Thow warylt wyfe and wickit wicht
Of this Burges wyfe now I mene
Sa petrtly culd awow, and gar hir huſband trow

That ſcho ſa ſaikles was and clene
Ane Innocent as ſcho had bene
Syne of falſet ſa fow.

Sa full of falſet as ſcho is
Thair is bot part can it perſaue
For quhen thay mark to do ane mis,
A thouſand ſundrie gaitis thay haue
To bring thair mater to quhen thay haue ocht ado.
The wiſeſt men thay ay diſſaue
And this Burges amang the laue.
It is not ſa (quod ſcho)

Sa priuelie ſcho did prouyde,
A poſſet for the ſillie Py,
And with ſic craft ſcho culd it gyde
Changeing the wedder and the ſky
Thy gadzettis did begyle, the pure Py with ſic wyle,
Hurde of huredome vpon the fy,
Gluttoun of Glew all we may cry
Thow art ane beſchell vyle.

The tals that thow ſeruis at my hand
I can not weill Indyte,
To gar thy huſband vnderſtand
Of ſic vengeance thow had na wyte
O rank rampand Lyoun, to miſcheif euer houn,
Stewart of ſturt quha can the quyte,
Cleker of cair, and of diſpyte
Greit Maiſtres to Mahoun.

Ze that hes wykes giue not credence
Ouir ſone vnto thair ſubtell ſawis
Thay will als ſone find ane defence,
As thay war leirit into the Lawis,
For quhen thay ſpeik faireſt, thair taill is ay falſeſt
Thay will neuer gif ouir thair caus
Thocht all the warld the contrair knawis
Thair awin taill ay thinkis beſt.

At ſum tyme ſcho will caus a man
To do the thing he will repent
Quhen it is done na way ſcho can
Remeid thairof ſcho can Inuent

Gar the

Gar the ſaikles get wyte, mak hir ſelf clene and quyte,
Thairfoir thocht ſcho be Impatient,
And in hauldnes hir how all bent
That ſair ze not ane myte.

Be not reddy to gif rewaird,
Thocht ſcho it ſerue quhill that thow ſe
This Burges ſa in mynde was mard
Quhill that the fillie Py ſlew he,
Than promeiſt hir a goun, or ellis ane new garmoun
For hir huredome and harlatrie,
And hir ſcabbit ſcurilitie,
Fy Motheris Maleſoun.

O twyte vntrew, and taill vnſicker
Kindillar of ſair bald baldeſtrod,
Thocht ane wald bind the with ane wicker
Thow will not keip gude reull nor Rod.
Thow art a furious flam, ane wolfe and ſemis ane Lam,
Thow art a Tratour wylie Tod
That ſtinkis in the neis of God,
Thow art the Deuillis dam.

¶Ane louing to the third Doctour and Maiſter.

HONOVR and praiſe gude Doctour mot thow haue,
That this ane day the chylde thow hes gart ſaue
With thy trew Taillis and exempill perfyte
Beleuing weill ſa ſall do all the laue:
Thocht the Emprice with hir Taillis wald diſſaue
The Empreour, all for the Chyldes diſpyte,
Bot at the laſt I wait he will hir quyte
Quhen he and ze the ſuith weill dois perſaue.
Quhair ze find fault thair ſall ze lay the wyte.

¶The Fourt Taill of the Emprice.

QVHEN the Empꝛice hard ye chyld ꝛit on liue
Scho grat richt ſair, & all hir hair did riue
Sayand allace, wa woꝛth the time & hour
That I was wife vnto the Empꝛeour.
Cryeing, murning, and ryſing doun hir face,
Quhill the greit noyis paſt out thꝛow all ye place
The Empꝛeour hard the murmure at the laſt,

Incontinent he to hir Chalmer paſt:
Inquirit the caus of all hir greit diſtres,
Scho curſt the time that ſcho was maid empreſs
Wald God (ſaid ſcho) quhē I come to thir parts
Howbeit that I had four and twentie harts
Within my bowk, that thay had all bene rent
In ſmall peeis, or I war daylie ſchent.
On lic faſſoun, as I am day be day,
Bot that zour grace ſayis nouther ze noꝛ nay.
Bot quhylis ze ſay but dout zour Sone ſall die
And vther quhylis in greit diſpyte of me,
Ze continew his life and takis na cure
Of my greit ſturt, the greit ſchame and Iniure
He did to me, and als ſchame to zour ſell.
Of this mater quhairto ſuld I mair tell:
Foꝛ it is knawin out thꝛow the haill countrie,
To quhat greit ſchame he purpoſit to bꝛocht me
Bot ze thꝛow ſleuth dillis doū & latis ouirdꝛiue
Sa day be day zour Sone is zit on liue.
The Empꝛeour ſaid I pꝛay zow ſtand content
And without dout the moꝛne Incontinent,
He ſall haue Law, without ony remeid,
To be hangit on Gallous to the deid.
Bot ziſterday it was a pꝛincipall caus,
That he thoillit not the Judgement & the lawis
Was foꝛ a Taill that the Maiſter me tald
Zea, than (ſaid ſcho) that is yᵉ thing thay wald
Pꝛolong the time, lipning the Court ſall change
Gif ze do ſa, that is ane mater ſtrange.
Foꝛ thair fair woꝛdis gude Juſtice foꝛ to bꝛek,
Sa vnto GOD ze haue ane ſmall reſpek.
Bot I feir fair ze with zour Maiſters ſeuin,
It ſall zow chance the ſame exampill euin,

As anis

As anis it chancit into this same Citie,
Ane Empreour and seuin Maisteris had he:
Quhome to he gaue credence baith day & nicht,
Thay him begyld with thair fals fraud & slicht.
The Empreour said, that taill I pray zow tell
With the Maisters and Empreour how it fell.
Scho said quhairto, or to quhat fect suld I
Tell ony taill, quhen it is not set by,
For zisterday ane taill to zow I schew,
Quhilk in the self was verray Just and trew
For zour honour and profite I it tald,
Thairon to think, zit on na wyse ze wald.
For zour honour and profite quhat I will say,
Upon the morne the Maisters dois away,
And with thair taillis daylie turnis vp side doũ
Quhilk is but dout for zour distructioun.
As in this taill that I sall tell to zow,
And pleis zour grace, for treuth ze sall it trow.
He said Madame hartlie I zow require,
I pray zow tell, for it is my desire.
That be the same I may the warrar be,
And to eschew falset and subteltie.
Thocht I delay my Sonis saik for ane day,
It not anserris nor clenelie takis away.
I sall it schaw (quod scho) be it zour will,
Sa ze will giue gude thocht and minde thairtil.
Quod he tell on, and I sall heir it than,
And sa at schort hir taill thus gaitis began.

VPON a time I red intill ane Quair,
In this Citie sum time seuin Maisters wair
Thrzow quhais science, greit wisdome & leirning
All the Impire was rewlit be thair gyding.
The Empreour quhilk at that time did ring,

But thair counſall, he tuik in hand na thing.
Sa he thame held in ſic eis and daintie,
That he culd not weill want thair companie.
Thay perſauing his hart to thame ſa kinde,
His gudelie will, his daylie thocht and minde,
That he culd do nathing but thair auiſe,
Thay war all ſeuin haldin ſa wonder wiſe.
Thay keſt in minde ane wonder ſubtell thing,
Be ſorcerie, Inchantment and cunning.
That how lang time the Empreour he baid
In his Palice, nouther paſt furth nor raid,
Bot thairin ſtill held him in companie,
He ſaw als weill as ony man culd ſe.
Fra his Palice gif he paſt ony time,
Throw thair ſlicht craft he ſuld not ſe a ſtime.
And this thay did to the ſamin Intent,
That thay micht mair thair libertie frequent,
And Intromet and vſe the ſamin thingis
That appertenit to Empreours and Kingis.
And to diſpone at thair will all his rent,
This was thair minde, thair thocht & als Intēt
Be the quhilk thing thir Maiſters did purches
Unto thame ſelf gold geir and greit riches.
And zit howbeit throw thair greit ſorcerie,
Thay maid this King a ſtime he micht not ſe
Of his Palice, quhen he paſt ay was blind,
Amang thame all the way thay culd not find.
With all thair craft againe to gar him ſe,
Out of his Palice, bot euer blind was he.
Abone all this, thir Maiſters fand ſic craft,
All the Impire almaiſt thay maid clene daft.
Gif ony man had dreamit ane vncouth dreme,
The haill knawledge thairof thay ſuld expreme

And

And mak thairof Interpretatioun,
For ane Ducat or zit ane Frenche Croun.
Quhairby thay gat mair gold and greit trefour
Almaiſt als muche as fra the Empreour.
Sa be this way, and vthers fals and ſlie,
Thay conqueiſt gold greit riches in plentie,
Wair in reſpect nor had the Empreour,
And to thame ſeuin geuin daylie mair honour.
Sa on ane day quhen that the Empreour,
With his Emprice togidder with honour
At thair Tabill, to ſich in hart began,
The Emprice ſaw, perſauit and ſaid than
Quhat is the caus ſchaw me of zour dolour,
Quhy ſich ze ſo, or takis zow diſpleaſour?
The Empreour ſaid to his Emprice agane,
Haue I not caus of ſorow and greit pane,
That I ſa lang in ſic ſort ſuld be blind,
And can thairof na gude remedie find.
Wy Lord (ſaid ſcho) will ze tent to my Taill,
On honeſtie it ſall help and preuaill.
Gif ze will do efter as I zow ſay,
Ze ſall allow my Taill ane vther day.
In zour Impire ſeuin greit Waiſters ze haue,
And I beleue thay ſeuin dois zow diſſaue,
And ar the caus of all zour greit diſeis,
And all zour rowmes pai gide euin as pai pleis
And to thame ſelfis appropriatis zour rentis,
Throw thair fals wayis & ſubtel Inchātmētis
Gif it be ſo that thay ar found gyltie
Ane ſchamefull deid doutles thay ſerue to die.
Thairfoir my Lord for all thir ſeuin ze ſend,
And ſpeir at thame gif thay can help to mend
Zour greit diſeis, and ſair Infirmitie

Quhair zour ſicht faillis, againe to gar zow ſe,
Gif thay ſay nay, and can find na remeid,
Charge thame ſchairplie vnder the pane of deid
And ſa ze may conſider weill and ſe,
Gif thay be caus of zour greit Maladie.
The Empzeour allowit weill this taill,
And thocht richt weill it was for his auaill.
Incontinent was ſend to thame Meſſage,
For to compeir anone thay tuik veyage,
And come kneilling befoir the Empzeour,
Quha thame reſſauit in fredome and fauour:
And ſchew to thame his greit Infirmitie,
How he was blind, and had ſic Maladie.
And how ſum time that he ſaw wonder weill
And vther tymes how he ſaw neuer ane deill.
Thã chargeit he them ſchairplie on pane of deid
Incontinent thay ſeuin ſuld ſeik remeid.
For it was ſchawin to him for veritie,
Thay war the caus of his Infirmitie.
And gat thay not remeid Incontinent
Vnto the deith thay ſuld be all tozment,
Vnto thir ſeuin thus ſaid the Empzeour,
Quhairof thay ſtude in greit feir and dzedour.
Than ſaid thir ſeuin agane with ane conſent,
Ze charge vs ſeuin with Inconuenient.
With ſiclike charge zour grace now putis vs to
It pallis far our power for to do.
It is ſa hard and difficill ane thing,
That we can not to gude purpois it bzing,
Into ſchozt time, bot gif it pleis zour grace
For to grant vs reſpet for ten dayis ſpace,
We ſall zow gif anſwer conuenient.
Quhairof we traiſt, zour grace ſall ſtand content,

Of

Of thair anſwer the Empȝeour was appleiſit,
Beleuing weill of ſeiknes to be eiſit.
Sa thir Maiſters vnto thair counſell paſt,
To ſe gif thay culd find the way or caſt,
Falloun, Ingine, ſupplie, meane or remeid,
Or ony help to ſaue thame ſelf fra deid.
And for to haill the Kingis Infirmitie,
Thay keſt the way, for thame it wald not be.
Quhairfoir thay war all ſeuin richt ſorrofow
And ſaid get we na help nor remeid now
To help this charge, as we Ilk ane dois ken
Without remeid we ar all bot deid men.
Thairfoir let vs mak trauell all fra hand,
Seirche and ſeik furth Ilk ane in ſindȝie land
Gif that we can in ony countrie find
In time cūming the Empȝeour be not blind,
And ſa thay ſocht in mony ſindȝie toun,
Be eiſt, be weſt, ſouth, nouth, baith vp and doun
It happnit thame to ryde vpon ane day
Thȝow ane citie, quhair barnis was at the play
In the meane time come to thame ane auld man
And ſaid Maiſters, I pȝay ȝow gif ȝe can
Of my nichtis dȝeame to mak Interpȝetatioun
And for ȝour wage I ſall ȝow gif ane Croun.
Ane of the barnis that was than at the play,
To the Maiſters hard that man ſiclike ſay.
And ſaid gude man ȝeis gif ane Croun to me,
Quhat menis ȝour dȝeame I ſall ȝow tel trewlie
The auld man ſaid I dȝeamit this hinder nicht
That in my ȝaird of watter ſprang vp richt,
A freſch ſpȝing wel, quhairfra come mony ſpȝings
Thȝow all ye eird now tel quhat menis ſic things.
Than ſaid the barne tak ȝe ane ſpaid gude man

Jn the ſame place, pas and delf gif ze can,
Quhair that ze thocht the water firſt vpſprang :
Thair ze ſall find within ane ſpace not lang
Ane hurde of gold that ſamin hoill within,
Sall mak zow riche for ay and all zour kin.
Sa did this man as the zoung barne cõmandit
And as he ſaid, this man richt ſa he fand it.
Than paſt this man to this zoung Child agane
And thocht he wald rewaird him for his pane.
And offerit him ane pund of reddy gold,
Quhilk be na way reſſaue fra him he wold.
And ſaid gude man, na gold J will reſſaif
Bot pray for me, at zow na mair J craif.
The ſeuin Maiſteris perſauing all this thing,
How ane zoung Childe of zeiris being ſa zing
With ſic wiſdome the mãns dreame did expone,
Said to thame ſelfis we meruell quhilk is zone,
Of ſa zoung zeiris makis ſic Interpretatioun
And ſine thairfoir takis nouther golde nor croun
Sa at this childe thir ſeuin Jnquyrit the Name
He ſaid Merling, quhairof J thing na ſchame.
Quod thay zour name bruik weill wᵗ all weilfair
We perſaue weill, ze haue wiſdome and lair.
Ane greit mater we haue to zow to ſchaw,
Of the quhilk few or nane bot we dois knaw.
Than ſaid the Childe ſchaw me furth zour intẽt
And ze ſall haue anſwer Jncontinent.
Quod thay zoung Childe this is the verray cace
Ane Maladie haldis the Empreouris grace.
Sa lang as he in his Palice will byde,
And not thairout nouther to gang nor ryde,
He ſeis als weill as ane that euer was,
Bot als ſone as he fra his Palice pas

Thair

Thair takis him than ſa greit ane Maladie,
That all about a ſtime he may nocht ſe.
And gif ze can the caus heirof diſcus,
Firſt ze ſall haue ane gude rewaird of vs,
And ſecundlie, remeid gif ze can find
In time cūming the Empzeour be not blind:
Out of Palice quhen he pleſis to pas,
He will zow gif rewaird quhat ze will as.
Than ſaid the Childe his Maladie I knaw,
Als the remeid thairof I can him ſchaw.
The Maiſteris ſaid we pzay zow richt hartlie
Pas with us ſeuin and beir vs companie,
Quhill we cum to the Empzeouris pzeſence,
Quhair ze ſall haue rewaird and reuerence.
Than ſaid the Childe Schirs I am reddy now
Pas quhen ze pleis, and I ſall gang with zow.
And ſa all aucht Incontinent paſt hence,
Quhill thay come to the Empzeouris pzeſence.
And quhen thay come befoir the Empzeour,
Thay hailſit him with reuerence and honour.
And ſaid gude Lozd, ſindzie lands haif we ſocht
To get zow health and heir we haif zow bzocht
Ane gude zoung Child yᵗ knawis zour Maladie
At zour pleſure will find help and ſupplie.
In time cūming, that ze ſall weill perſaue,
Zour daylie health, and na ſeiknes to haue.
Nouther in ane, noz in nane vther pairt,
He hes ſic wit in gude cunning and Airt.
The Empzeour vnto thir Maiſters ſaid,
Of zour tythance I am richt wonder glaid.
All that he ſayis will ze ſeuin tak on hand,
Ze Schir ſaid thay at that ſame we will ſtand.
Foz we haue ſene be gude experience,

His greit wisdome, craft and Intelligence.
The Empȝeour than vnto the barne he said,
Sen sic a thing gude Childe is to zow laid:
The caus thairof at zow I wald Inquire,
And sine my helth than hartlie I desire.
Than said the Child and pleis zour nobil grace
We twa alone mon talk ane lytill space,
In zour Chalmer I sall zow schaw trewlie,
The caus of all zour greit Infirmitie.
And quhen he was into the Chalmer led,
He cauſit cast of all the clais of the bed,
Quhilk into haist the Empȝeour cauſit be done
Wy Lord he said now heir ze sall se sone
Ane meruellous thing, quhilk ze hard neuer tell
Under the bed thair was ane mekill well,
Of quhilk thair rais ane foull smuke and a reik
That wald haue maid a man baith blind & seik
Out of this well thair ſpȝings seuin greit ſpȝigs
The Empȝeour than he meruellit of sic things
Under his bed to be and he not wist,
Sa greit a well sa foull ane reik and mist.
He said my Lord, heir planelie ze may se
The verray caus of zour Infirmitie.
Without ze put thir ſpȝingis and well away,
To get zour sicht agane na wise ze may.
The Empȝeour said I pȝay zow to me tell,
The nerrest way for to vndo this well.
Than said the Chylde thair is na way bot ane
Gif it pleis zow, on force it mon be tane.
The Empȝeour said I pȝay zow richt hartlie
Schaw me the way, gif sic ane thing may be
Gold nor gudis on na way will I spair
Sa that the treuth to me ze will declair,

Gif

Gif mannis craft, his naturall wit or micht,
Perfite cunning with gude ſcience or flicht,
Subtell Jngine, Airt or experience,
Wicht help my ſicht, or thairfoir find defence.
J wald not cure for to gif gold plentie,
Spair for na coiſt ſa that ze gar me ſe
Without my place als weill as J do in,
Sa zour rewaird fra me weill ſall ze win.
Now ſen zour grace to me hes geuin credence,
J ſall zow ſchaw be gude experience,
The verray treuth thir ſeuin ſpringis ze ſe ſpring
Out of this well, thay ar na vther thing,
Bot the ſame ſeuin Maiſters be thair ſcience,
Quhome to ze gif ſa firme and greit credence,
Quhilk be thair craft cūning and Jnchantmēt
Zow to mak blinde, this well thay did Jnuēt.
That hiddertillis, baith zow and zour Jmpire
Lang time bygane hes reulit at thair deſire.
About zour place euer hes maid zow blind,
To that effect that na fault ze ſuld find
Done ony way be thame or thair conſent,
That thair greit gyle ſuld not be maid patent,
Nor heir cōplaintis of zour Barrouis & Lordis
Bot thay allone to aggre ſic diſcordis:
Nor that Juſtice ſuld ring into zour land,
Bot all ſic things ſuld ly into thair hand.
And zour ſubiectis to ſpuilze euerie day,
All that was grene, to zow it ſuld ſeme gray,
Ze not ſeing now ſuld thay all be deid,
For zour kyndnes, thay can find na remeid.
The Empreour ſaid, now ze haue to me ſchawin
Of my blindnes, the caus and maid it knawin
Now the remeid thairof J wald ze fand,

Ze ſall not want baith gold, Lordſchip & land.
And pleis zour grace now to zow ſall I tell,
The verray treuth, will ze do my counſell.
Of zour blindnes gif ze deſire remeid,
The firſt Maiſter, tak and ſtryke of his heid,
Than ze ſall ſe the firſt ſpring of the well
Be quyte away, this is the treuth I tell.
Sa ordourlie, quhill thay be Ilk ane ſlane,
And ſa ze ſall recure zour ſicht agane.
This being done, the well away ſall went,
And ſa at eis ze ſall get zour Intent.
Quhilk in gude haiſt was done as thay thocht
And ſa agane the Empreour gat his ſicht. (richt
And this zoung Childe rewardit richt richelie
Maid him ane Lord and Air of ane countrie.
Than ſaid ſcho Lord, haue ze perſauit this taill
That I haue ſchawin, for zour gude and auaill
He ſaid richt weill, and thankis zow hartfullie,
For that gude Taill that ze have tauld to me.
In the ſame ſort thir ſeuin Maiſteris ſaid ſcho
Unto zour grace thay purpois for to do.
Be thair fals Taillis, and ſiclike fenzeing,
That zour curſt Sone may ay abone zow ring
Quhilk God defend, ay quhill the hour I die,
That I neuer ane vther Empreour ſe.
This Taill (quod ſcho) I ſall mak to zow cleir,
Quhat that it menis, & pleis zour grace to heir.
He ſaid ſay furth, ze ſall haue audience,
And commandit Ilk ane to keip ſilence.

¶The declaratioun of the Emprice thrid Taill.

THIS flowing well, of zour Sone is the ſing
The ſeuin ſprings ar his maiſters w^{t} cũning
Quhilk well can not richt ſone diſtroyit be,

Except

Except ze firſt gar the ſeuin Maiſters die.
This being done, the well ſa ſall ze waiſt,
Gar ſla zour Sone, of this ze gif me traiſt.
Sa well and ſpꝛingis fra thay diſtroyit be,
Than ze may haue all at tranquillitie.
Zour haill Impyre weill into peice and reſt,
Forſuith (quod he) Madame I think that beſt.
Incontinent than gaue he ſtrait command,
To the Gallous to leid his Sone fra hand.
Doun thꝛow the ſtreit as Officers him led,
Ane Maiſter come, and at the ſpurris him ſped.
To the Empꝛeour with all gude reuerence,
Quhome to he ſaid, pas ſwyith fra my pꝛeſence,
For the gude ſaind that ze haue ſend to me:
Ze ſerue all ſeuin on Gallous for to die.
I ſend zow ſeuin my Sone richt weill ſpeiking
Now he is dum, and do can na kin thing.
Bot onlie ane, this thing I maiſt deteſt,
Be violence my Quene he wald oppꝛeſt.
Thairfoir rewaird na thing ze ſerue of me,
Bot ze all ſeuin with him ſall hangit be.
The Maiſter ſaid, I ſeruit ane better thing,
To my rewaird, noꝛ on Gallous to hing.
Quhair zour grace ſayis, y^{t} now zour ſone is dū
God knawis the caus, the time is not zit cum.
Of his ſpeiking the time will cum at ſchoꝛt,
Thairfoir I pꝛay zour grace to tak comfoꝛt:
And ze ſall ſe the day appꝛoche richt neir,
That he ſall ſpeik, quhil all this place may heir
As to zour Quene, in that point quhair ze tell
It is not pꝛouin, noꝛ nouther is goſpell.
Noꝛ for the woꝛdis of ane ſingular perſoun,
Without mair prufe, zour ſone ſuld not put doū,

And gif ze do for the wordis of zour wife
But gude knawledge fra zour Sone tak ye life.
It ſall be war with zow I dar weill ſay,
Nor chancit a man and his wife on ane day:
Quhilk I ſall ſchaw to zow be narratioun,
And preif the ſame be gude probatioun.
The Empreour ſaid, trow ze to do with me
As ſeuin Maiſteris did anis in this Cietie
With thair fals taillis vnto thair natiue King
Nay, nay, not ſa, it ſall not be ſic thing.
The Maiſter ſaid, the fault of ane or two
Suld not redound to rebuke blame or wo
Of all vthers, for it is richt weill kend
Baith gude and Ill is to the warldis end.
Bot of ane treuth ane thing I ſall zow ſchaw,
Put ze zour Sone to deid for zour wifes ſaw:
It ſall zow chance as did this hinder zeir
Unto ane Knicht, gif ze pleis ze ſall heir.
The Empreour ſaid I pray zow ſchaw me richt
Quhat thing become, or chancit to that Knicht
The Maiſter ſaid againe zour Sone gar call,
Sa to the deid that he na wayis be thrall.
And keip him ſtill my taill quhill I haue tald
Than zour awin will ze haue euin as ze wald.
Quhen I haue done thā tak zour awin pleſour,
I will ſa do than ſaid the Empreour.
And ſa his Sone againe he gart thame caw
As for that day he ſuld not thoill the Law.
Sa this Maiſter his exampill began,
And tauld his taill furth like ane cūning man
Bot zit his taill farther or we furth ſet
The Quenis laſt taill we will not zit forzet.

¶MORALITAS.

SE the

SE the conſait of this bald bitter Bitche,
This reid Reikar, and this rank warlo witche
This tratour theif, this tryit Termigant,
Sa faine ane fault as ſcho wald find and fitche,
Anto thir ſeuin ſa reuerent and riche.
In ſweit ſcience, facund and fluctuant
For thay of wit and wisdome not dois want,
To the blak Deuill thairfoir I the betetche
With him remaine in hous ane hellis Sanct.

Father of falſet, and fals flatterar
Ane Gyrecarling, ane graceles clatterar
Leidſterne to lie, and ane greit ſlop of ſeill,
A proude Princes, ane prydefull patterar,
Mixt with malice and ane man murtherar.
Ane wod wilcat that neuer will do weill
Crop of curſtnes, and ane quick gangand Deill,
Rute of wanreule, and brewar of all baill
Thow art to bald to forge ſa fals ane taill.

Not ane word trew thairof but ſenzeit fair
Quir peirt thow art to mak ſic ane compair
Of the Mailteris quhairof that now ſpeik we,
To the Empreour I wait thay did na mair
Bot that his Sone thay had vnto the lair,
And had not bene thair cunning and Clergie
Thay had bene deid, and ſiclyke ſa had he,
Thairfoir thow art ane Loch of vnlawte
Ane ſchameles ſchrew, the mailter Deuill mot ſcald the.

Zit in hir Taill is ſum Moralitie
Now God diſponis his grace ſa plenteuſlie
To auld, to zoung, to riche and to the pure,
Sum wit, ſum ſtrenth, ſum fairnes with hewtie,
Sum at thair will hes riches and plentie,
To diuers craftis ſum geuis thair deſie cure
Howbeit to ſum hid thingis be richt obſcure,
As was this barne quha ſpak this propheeie
To ſeuin Doctouris in ſcience was ſa ſure.

Howbeit he was in zouth and tender age
God of his grace had geuin him mair knawledge
In wit, Science, hid with ſubtilitie,
Nor to thir ſeuin quhome this Quene dois alledge

Into hir Taill Inferrit vpon fulage.
Quha the Empreour caulit againe to fe
And knaw the caus of his Infirmitie
Na exceptioun thair is of perſonage
In ſicht of God he geuis his grace ſa fre.

Howbeit this Chylde in tender zeiris was zing
The verray treuth zit he ſchew to the King
Quhat was the caus of all his Maladie,
And how the well vnder his hed did ſpring
Throw quhais ſpringis culd him to blindnes bring
Quhilk was not knawin bot to this childe trewlie
Quhairby we may perſaue for veritie
The grace of God is gottin for na thing,
Quha lift it ſeik with all humilitie.

Now in bigging ſum takis ſa greit pleſure
Quhill at the laſt biggis him ſelf to the dure
Sum bringis ane ſtaffe for to brek his awin heid
Euin ſa ze ſe thir Doctouris tuik labour
To bring this Chylde vnto the Empreour,
Quhome throw he gat of his ſeiknes remeid.
Bot zit this Chylde gart thame all ſeuin thoill deid.
It is oft ſene I ſay the deirly brother
That euerie ſwik oft tymes beſwikis vther.

Thir ſeuin Doctouris quhairof now ſpeikis our Quene
As ſcho Inferris, thay haue all Tratouris bene,
Quha deuyſit the Kingis Infirmitie
Be tratourie hid haldin and vnſene
To be gydaris of his Realme thay did mene
And haue thairof the haill Authoritie
Bot na way ſa of our Maiſteris mene we
For thay did nocht bot as thay war deſyrit,
Be the Empreour, and his counſall requyrit.

Thairfoir this Quene ſcho ſuld na credence haue
Scho is ane ſop of ſorrow to diſſaue
Ane menſles monſture, ane mirrour of miſchance
Ane patent port to Ill ze may perſaue,
Ane thriftles thing quhen ſcho beginnis to rait,
Full of diſſait, with ſenzeit tals pleſance,
Ane twome trattillar, to bring hame Ill tythance
Ane maine Truikour, ane talker out of tone,

And ſall

And ſall forthink hir talk or all be done.

¶Ane reproche to the Emprice for hir laſt Taill.

O FRAGILL fleſche of hell, with flatterie euer fenzeis
Ane Kingdome thow wald quell, thow groüder of gillenzeit
We ſall hald in thy renzeis, becaus thow raiſis vnrockit,
And check zow into chenzeis, vp be the chaftis chockit,
Ouir lang ze haue vs mockit, bot zit the day will cum
Zour culum ſalbe knockit, quhen he ſpeiks that is dum.

¶The Taill of the Fourt Maiſter.

VPON a time thair was ane eldering Knicht
Wiſe and wittie, full of riches and micht.
Had leuit furth mony dayis of his life,
Without childzen, Lemman oz marzit wife.
Diuers times his freindis come him till,
To ſe gif it was his pleſure and will
To tak ane wife, and barnis to furth bzing.
Thzow thair counſall he grantit to ſic thing.
Sa at the laſt thay gat his wife to be
The Pzoueſtis dochter of all that greit Cietie,
Quhilk was richt riche, weill fauourit and fair
Weill maid at will and was hir Fatheris air.
Fra he hir ſaw, he was ſa tane in luke,
That he his hart fra hir culd not remuke.
Thocht luke & fauour betuix them micht be ſene
Zit all thair ſpace na barnis was them betuene
Unto the Kirk as ſcho paſt thzow the ſtreit,
With hir Mother ſcho hapnit foz to meit.
Ather vther hailſit with greit blzithnes,
And ſa began to talk in mirrines.
The Mother ſaid, my dochter tell me how
Ze pleis zour ſpous, oz how dois he to zow?
Scho ſaid richt Ill, and not with him content,
For he is auld, febill, and Impotent.

Quhen ze me ſtaikit vpon ſa auld ane ſtick,
I wald but dout ze had me buryit quick:
Foꝛ oꝛ I come with him in naikit bed
To be dꝛownit I had rather be led:
Oꝛ ly with ſwyne, oꝛ I lay be his ſyde,
Wy fleſche it vggis quhen yᵗ I tuitche his hyde
Hald me excuſit I pꝛay zow hartlie Wother,
Foꝛ it is koꝛce that I mon haue ane vther.
The Wother ſaid my gude douchter and deir,
Heir I the pꝛay ſic fuliſchnes koꝛbeir.
With zour Father mony zeiris I haue bene,
Sic thing of me was neuer hard noꝛ ſene.
Wother ſcho ſaid, of that na meruell is,
Foꝛ ze twa met in zouthheid Joy and blis.
And ſa Ilk ane togidder had ſolace,
It is not ſa with me into this cace.
Oꝛ I him gat ze ken his ſtrenth was gane,
He lyis as ſtill beſide me as ane ſtane:
Foꝛ he is waik, auld, cauld, waiſtit and dꝛy,
And as ze ken Wother ſa am not I:
Bot in my flouris, of zouthheid blumand grene
Compair thairfoir is not vs twa betwene.
Of his bodie I can get na ſolace,
To me thairfoir it is ane heuie cace.
Scho ſaid douchter gif ſic thow hes in minde,
And to fulage thy hart is ſa Inclinde.
Tell me thy minde without fenzeing in bꝛeiſt,
Quhõe will thow luke (quod ſcho) mother a preiſt
The Wother ſaid, gif ſic thow wald deſire,
I think les ſin to luke ane nobill Squire.
Oꝛ ane gay Knicht, nor a Pꝛeiſt to thy luke,
Scho ſaid Wother, thairin I zow repꝛuke.
Gif that I lude a Knicht oꝛ zit a Squyꝛe,

Within

Within ſchort time of my luke thay wald tyre.
And tell outr all into thair merines,
And ſa me ſchame, to my greit lichtlynes.
It is not ſa ze ken with men of Kirk,
For with wiſdome and wylines thay wirk.
And is als laith thair honeſtie to tine,
In ſic affairis, as I wald to do mine:
And counſall keip als quyetlie vnſchamit,
As ze or I, with our ſpous wald be blamit.
Alſo Kirkmen bene mair kinde to thair luſis,
Than vtheris ar, als weill the prettick prufis.
Scho ſaid dochter heir my gude counſall now
And it ſall be ane gude profite for zow.
Auld men ze ken ar wonder cautelus,
Wylie and fell, and richt outrageus.
In ane maner ze ſall zour huſband preif,
Him for to temp, or anger him or greif.
Than gif ze chaip but reprufe or ſmyting,
Luke quhome ze pleis, at zour luſt and lyking.
The dochter ſaid, ſa lang I may not byde,
In all gude haiſt ſum luke I mon prouyde.
God hes me ſend ſa vnhappie ane weird,
That I can get na ſolace in this eird.
And ze zour ſelf Mother alweill ze ken
Quhat Ill occurris to want pleſure of men
And I rather drink water for ane zeir,
Or I ſa lang pleſure of men forbeir.
The Mother ſaid dochter for my blyſſing,
Byde quhill thow preif or temp him w^{t} ſū thing
For zour blyſſing ſcho ſaid I will do mair
Bot him to preif, I pray zow to declair.
In quhat faſſoun, or quhat way it may be
Scho ſaid dochter that ſall I haiſtelie.

In zour Orchard thair is ane tre that ſtandis,
The maik thairof thay ſay is in few landis.
In quhilk zour ſpous hes greit luſe and lyking,
Await ſum day quhen he gais in hunting.
Caus the ſame tre Incontinent be cuttit,
And bring it hame or euer zour huſband wit it.
Thairof mak fyre agane his cūming hame,
Than gif ze chaip without reprufe or blame,
At zour pleſure than ze may tak the Preiſt,
This will ze do for zour Motheris requeiſt.
Scho ſaid Mother zour counſall I will do
Howbeit in treuth I am richt laith thairto.
Ilk ane hame paſt vnto thair awin ludgeing,
The Knicht meruellit of his wifes tarying.
Scho ſaid gude Schir as I went weſt the ſtreit,
With my Mother on chance thair culd I meit.
Scho ſpeirit at me gif ze war in glaidnes,
I ſaid euin ſa, and than hame did me dres.
Efter denner the King paſt in hunting,
Bot his gude wife thocht on ane vther thing.
And thocht that hir purpois ſuld cum to end,
Incontinent for the Gardner ſcho ſend.
Quhome to ſcho ſaid cut down this tender tre,
That I thairof may mak on haiſtelie:
Ane greit warme fire agane my Lords cūming
He will beliue cum hame from the hunting.
This day is ſour, ſa wonder ſchairp and cauld,
And as ze knaw he is febill and auld.
Quhen he cūmis hame that he ſall not want fire
Thairfoir cut doun and ze ſall haue zour hire.
To quhome he ſaid, ſaif zour pleſure Madame,
Cut we this tre but dout we will get blame.
For zour huſband far better luſis this tre

Ten

Ten times ouir, than all the treis heir be,
Bot not the les Madame at zour deſire
Uther fallin wod I ſall get to be fire.
Quhairof my Lord (quod he) will ſtand content
Nay, nay (ſaid ſcho) cut doun Incontinent.
He ſaid na way this tre I will deſtroy,
For it will put my Maiſter to greit noy.
Scho heiring that, he wald not do command,
The Gardnaris Ax, ſcho hint into hir hand.
The tender tre ſcho cuttit at the rute,
That fra thine furth it ſuld neuer haue frute.
Cauſit ſeruandis the ſamin hame to beir,
Of hir huſband thairof taking na feir.
The Knicht at euin fra hunting cūming hame,
Hunting the wylde in Forreſt with the tame.
His wife him met, and ſaid gude Schir I knaw
Ze ar werie and wonder cauld with aw,
I cauſit to big ane fire to zow thairfoir,
To mak zow cherie, and mirrie be the moir.
I thank zow dame ſaid he with all my hart,
Get I gude cheir, than ze ſall haue zour part.
Than in he come, and ſat doun on ane bink,
Befoir the fire, and cryit for meit and drink.
Quhilk in all haiſt to him richt ſone was brocht
And thairof drāk blythlie quhil he gude thocht
In the meane time the ſmell perſauit he
Of his zoung plant, and beſt belouit tre.
To him he callis the Gardnair richt ſone,
And ſaid miſchant, quhat hes thow to me done?
Weill I perſaue my plant birne in the fire,
Thairfoir at me thow hes not ſeruit thy hyre.
He ſaid my Lord, it is trew that ze tell,
Mane did that turne bot zour awin wife hir ſell.

Than ſaid the Knicht I wait that can not be.
That my awin wife wald do ſic thing to me,
For weill ſcho knew that tre I luſit beſt,
Be twentie ſauld noꝛ I did all the reſt.
I wait ſcho wald neuer conſent thairtill,
Becaus ſcho knew that it was not my will.
Scho ſaid gude Loꝛd I cry zow heir mercie,
For it was I that cuttit doun the trie.
Knawing richt weill ze war werie forgane,
Cauld, waik & tyꝛit, and gude fire had we nane
And I did it zour curage to refreſche,
To mak zow blyith, and to comfort zour fleſche
That was the caus I gart this fire on mak,
Onlie foꝛ zow, and foꝛ nane vthers ſaik.
Quhen the Knicht hard it was the ſamin tre,
Unto his wife he ſaid richt angerlie:
O wickit wife how durſt ze be ſa bald,
To cut the tre, that I in na wayis wald
Sene bene cut doun foꝛ greit riches and rent,
I mak ane vow ze ſall it ſair repent.
And knawing weill, I lude it all the beſt,
Ze haue me maid ane fault richt manifeſt.
Quhen that ſcho ſaw hir huſband diſcontent,
Than ſcho began to weip and als lament.
On ſenzeit ſoꝛt hir ſelf foꝛ to excuſe,
At ſiclike time as wemen oft times doiſ,
Schir I it did foꝛ zour vtilitie,
And ze it takis agane ouir crabitlie.
Foꝛ I beleuit to win thairthzow gude deid
And now I get greit magrie to my meid
Foꝛ it that I do euer foꝛ the beſt
Ane reuin rewaird I get ay reddyeſt.
I had rather be bzint intill ane coill

Noꝛ

Nor for gude minde sic outrage for to thoill.
Than scho began to weip and mak murning,
Incontinent the Knicht that persauing,
And sa at schort was mouit with mercie,
And said my Joy, zour murning now lat be.
In time cūming se that ze not me muse
To displesure nor hurt the thing I luse.
Thairfoir be war, the dayis of zour lifetime,
That neuer agane ze commit sic a crime.
As for this time heir I forgiue zow clene,
Ceis weip na mair, be still and dry zour Ene.
Than the nixt day to Kirk scho went agane,
Wet hir mother, quhome of scho was richt fane,
Gude morne mother (quod scho) wt hart & breist
Now weill aneuch faith I may luse the Preist.
And I haue done euin as ze counsallit me,
My handis cut doun his best belouit tre,
Sa zour counsall I did intill all thing,
Bot fra he saw that I maid sic murning
He chereist me, and hes forgeuin me quyte,
Thairfoir Wother put me not in the wyte
Howbeit I luse the Preist with all my hart,
For my gude man he keipis me not a part.
The Wother said thocht auld men anis forgeit,
In time cūming efter and ze thame greit:
Thay will trewlie pans the nixt fault agane,
And puneis it perchance with dowbill pane.
My counsall is temp him ane vther tyde,
Allace Wother (quod scho) I may not byde.
For I suffer mair pane for zone same Preist,
Nor I can schaw or think into my breist.
Aperdone me my sweit Wother thairfoir,
Of zour counsall now I will tak no moir.

The Mother ſaid, for the luke thow ſuld haue
To me, becaus my Cors did the conſaue:
Of my boſum, as ane Bab did the beir,
And for the blyſſing of thy Father deir:
In this behalf zit temp him anis agane,
Gif ze get quyte than I forgiue zow plane,
To luke the Preiſt, or ony that ze pleis,
Scho ſaid that taill to me dois greit diſeis,
Fra my pleſure for to remaine ſa lang,
Forſuith Mother ze ar ſa far in the wrang.
Neuertheles for my Fatheris blyſſing
Zit anis agane I ſall giue him temping.
How it ſall be, firſt ze mon to me ſchaw,
All the faſſoun I pray zow lat me knaw.
Zour huſband hes (quod ſcho) ane litill hound
He will not cois for mony merk and pound,
He luſis ſa weill, that nichtlie in his bed,
He makis his couche, and with fine meit is fed
With his awin hands, ſe ze the ſame hound keil
Befoir his Ene, ſa ze may wit richt weill
This being done, be ze not puneiſt than,
Go luke the Preiſt, or ony vther man
I gif zow leif, I ſall zow neuer blame,
Sa it be not to zour greit ſin and ſchame.
Scho ſaid Mother I will zour counſall do
At this preſent, quhat ze will charge me to.
For thair is not ane barne I wait leuand,
Sa faine wald keip of my eild the command
Of hir parents, and now withouttin ſkaith,
I will obtene the blyſſing of zow baith.
And now Mother remember in zour thocht
For zour blyſſing I did ellis wald I nocht.
And than ſcho ſaid my ſweit Mother adew,

Quhat

Quhat thocht I haue I pray God gif ze knew.
Than come ſcho hame and put of as ſcho micht
That langſum day, quhill it come to the nicht.
And ſa at euin commandit that hir bed,
With purpour clais and ſilk ſuld be ouir ſpred.
Quhilk the ſeruandis at hir command hes done
With coiſtlie clais the bed thay ſpred it ſone.
And quhen the bed was this at reddy maid,
The litill hound thairon hes him doun laid.
As his cuſtome was and conſwetude,
Als the gude wife knew weill that he wald dude
And vp ſcho rais with minde malitious,
With haitrent hart and vult richt venemous.
Be the hind heillis this hound than did ſcho tak
And all his harnis out on the wall ſcho ſtraik.
Sayand quhat deuill dois this tyke on our bed,
That is ſa riche and all with ſilks ouirſpred.
Quhen the Knicht ſaw his litil houd was ſlane
Fra crabitnes na way he culd refrane.
Bot till his wife with angrie hart can ſay,
Wickit woman out of my ſicht away:
How culd thow find into thy cruell minde,
To ſla the hound that to me was ſa kinde?
And ouir all hounds w^t^ my awin hart was luſit
O wickit wife Mahoun thy hart hes muſit,
To do ſic thing, and me to Ire Incres,
O curſt catiue wo to thy cruelnes.
Scho ſaid gude man haue ze not richt weil ſene
How this foull tyke with his feit ſa vnclene
Upon our bed hes lyne and fylit the ſame
Haue ze pleſure thairof or ony game,
Foull traikit tykis vpon our bed to ly,
Thocht ze pleis ſa, the ſame zit pleis not I,

To ſpill our bed that is ſa precious,
Couerit with clais ſa clene and curious.
With his foull feit cum new furth of the myre,
I rather haue brint the bed and all in fyre.
Than ſaid the Knicht with ane angrie viſage,
Knew thow not weill, that I had greit curage
Into ane Leiſche my hound for to ſe led,
Ane hunder times, nor lying in my bed.
I rather geuin all my hors quhair thay ſtand
Or ze had tane ſic wickit deid in hand.
Than quhen ſcho ſaw the Knicht ſa diſcontent,
And in ſum part raiſit in matalent:
To weip and rair in all haiſt ſcho began,
Sayand allace that euer I knew ane man.
For quhen I was into my virgine flouris
I knew nathing of thir ſchairp winter ſchouris
For ony tyke in this wiſe to be ſchorit,
Quicke in my graue I had rather be ſmorit.
For all that I for the beſt dois pretend,
Ze ay alledge that I thairin offend.
Howbeit my minde be euer trew and gude
I get na thank, this ſchortlie I conclude.
Than this auld Knicht perſaving the greit cair
Weiping, murning, with reuthfull hart & ſair
As he beleuit, he ſaid lat be ſic thing,
And at this time ze mak na mair murning,
I pardone zow, vnder proteſtatioun
In time cūming ze mak na occaſioun,
Me for to muſe to anger or to Ire,
For gif ze do, at ſum time I will tyre.
Ze knaw richt weill ze cuttit doun the tre,
And now at ſchort my hound ze haue gart die.
Do not ſiclike I hartlie zow requeir,

For gif

For gif ȝe do, na mair I can forbeir
To puneis ȝow, for all that is gane by
To the vtreſt remember weill ſall I.
Thairfoir be war mak me not diſcontent
At ȝow na mair, and ſa to bed thay went.
Sa on the morne at time vp ſone ſcho raiſ
With mirrie minde, and put on all hir claiſ.
Went to the Kirk, and ſa hir Mother met
Beleuing weill of hir gude leif to get:
To luke the Preiſt, and fyld hir huſbandis bed,
Bot as God wald ſic thing was na thing ſped
Thay hailſit vther as thay thocht beſt be done,
And in talking togidder thay fell ſone.
Scho ſaid Mother ouir lang for ȝour requeiſt,
I haue the luke forletit of the Preiſt.
For now I haue temptit my huſband twyis
Hangit be I quhen that I tempt him thryis,
Be ȝour counſall ane greit thing I haue done,
By my conſait mony ſtages abone.
For as ȝe bad I cuttit doun his trie,
And now laitlie I gart his gude hound die.
And baith thir faultis he hes forgeuin me quyte
In time cūming to me ȝe put na wyte.
With all my minde and hart within my breiſt,
In all gude haiſt I will ga luke the Preiſt.
The Mother ſaid I pray the douchter deir,
With patience twa wordis thow wald me heir
It is weill knawin with ma nor I can tell.
That ay auld men ar fle and cruell,
And will think on vpon faultis done befoir,
Howbeit ſum time thay wil not chyde nor ſchoir
For it is ſaid, and als richt weill I wait,
That crueltie it is appropriat

To eldering Knichtis yᵗ in zouth hes bene kene,
Sine in thair eild thay turne to tray and tene.
And for ſum fault will puneis with rigour,
As thay in minde it takis in diſpleſour.
Zit my counſall thairfoir I wald thow did,
And thairefter I ſall the not forbid:
Luke quhome thow liſt, or quhome yᵘ lykis to luke
Thair is my hand I ſall the not repruke.
Zit temp him anis as we can beſt deuiſe.
For it is ſaid that all things thryſis bot thrise.
Scho ſaid Mother I heir zow talk in vane,
Knew ze the thocht and nichtlie burning pane,
That I ſuffer continuallie in hart,
I wait ze wald not tak my contrapart.
Ze ar Mother ane woman as I am,
Quhat wald ze ſay gif ze wantit the game
Of my Father, that ze richtlie bruik,
For ane new luke but dout ſone ze wald luik.
With all zour pith the ſame ze wald purches,
And haiſt the ſame with all zour beſines.
Into this cace now put zour minde to reſt,
To luke the Preiſt gude faith I think it beſt.
Scho ſaid dochter for the greit pane and cure
I had of the, that time quhen I the bure.
And for the lude thairof quhilk that the fed,
I the beſeik fyle not thy huſbandis bed.
Till the thrid time, I pray the him to pruke,
As thow will haue my bliſſing and my luke.
Deny me not this ſober ſmall petitioun,
And I promeis to the ane ſure conditioun.
I ſall furth ſet and further thy Intent,
To thy pleſure, and als Intandement.
And neuer ſay that thow hes done ane miſ,
My ſweit dochter I pray the grant me this.

As

As thow will haue my blissing on thy banis,
My small desire I pray the grant me anis.
The dochter said, Mother I zow declair,
The mater is to me sa sad and sair,
That I may not sa lang absilene thairfra,
Zit not the les sa Inwartlie ze pra:
For the greit charge first that ze say to me,
And sine agane ze haue promeist trewlie
Into this cace to further furth my caus,
Gif I had neid the richteous God it knawis
Thairfoir schaw me the maner and the way,
How I sall temp him to the thrid effray.
The Mother said on Sonday nixt cūmand
I knaw richt weill the minde of zour husband,
To haue vs all to dine is his Intent,
With mony freindis, that nane be thair absent,
With diuers ma gude men of this Cietie,
Than quhen ze ar all at zour Maiestie,
With all zour meitis weill seruit at the Tabill
At the burde heid to sit ze ar richt abill.
Ane key ze sall into the buirdclaith knit,
Quhilk at zour belt dois hing, not latting wit
That ze did sa, bot as it come on chance
Saying furth plane with ane fair countenance,
Ze may persaue sa forzetfull ane wife,
As I am now I traist be not on life.
In my Chalmer my knife I haue forzet,
Force I mon rise, the same agane to get.
Than sall ze zise with ane faird haistelie,
Na man knawing quhair that ze knit zour kie.
Sa it being knit into the buirdclaith fast,
Than sall ze all the meit and tabill doun cast.
On this fassoun all zour meit salbe spilt

With diſpleſure, and all zour Maiſtie gilt.
Ze doing ſa, vnpuneiſt gif ze be,
To luke the Preiſt, faith heir I mak zow fre.
Scho ſaid foꝛ anis zour counſall ſall I preik,
Bot neuer agane, ſa lang as I may leik.
Foꝛ zour counſall I haue done far ouir micht,
And ſa ather at vther take gude nicht.
Within few dayis the Feiſt was preparit
Aboundantlie and foꝛ na coiſt thay ſparit,
The Father, Mother, and freindis of honeſtie,
On euerie ſide war callit thair to be.
The Tabill couerit, and all ſet doun to dine,
The meitis come, richt delicate with wine.
All being ſet, as it culd beſt effeir
The gude wife cryit Ilk man to mak gude cheir
At the buird heid ſcho ſat hir awin ſelf doun,
Hir Mother weill perſauit the faſſoun.
Quhat hir dochter wald do richt weil ſcho knew
Beleuing weill the ſame thing ſcho wald rew.
Sa the gude wife ane bonie lytil kie
Hang at hir belt ſcho knit richt quyetlie.
That nane perſauit, noꝛ knew hir fals Intent,
Bot this ſcho ſaid to all the burde preſent.
Gif I be wiſe, now ze may all perſaue,
In my Chalmer my knife foꝛzet I haue.
Quhilk I mon fetche, & with ane faird vpꝛais,
And with ane tit tuik with hir the buird clais.
The Tabill turnit, and all the meit doun ſlang
Allace ſcho ſaid faith now I haue done wꝛang
I ſair repent, that I ſa ſchoꝛtlie rais
The meit is ſpilt, and fylit ar all clais.
The Knicht changeit countenance in his face,
And ſmylit foꝛ ſcoꝛne that ſa occurrit the cace.

And

And ſufferit ouir with blyith diſſimulance.
To treit his gaiſtis with ane gude countenance
And commandit ane new Tabill be ſet
With new Naipȝie, and vther courſis get.
And pȝayit his gaiſtis foȝ to be blyith and glaid
Howbeit his Tabill was reckleſſie doun laid.
Incontinent freſche meitis was bȝocht anone,
To new denner with blyithnes ar thay gone.
Foȝ all thing done not muſing him nathing,
Noȝ to his wife ane Ill woȝd not ſaying.
Making gude cheir to all the companie,
With mirrynes welcūmand thame glaidlie.
Bot the Mother knawing weill the Intent,
Of the dochter, was wonder diſcontent.
The denner done, thay thankit all the Knicht
And als his wife, & bad them baith gude nicht
On the nixt moȝne the Knicht airlie he rais,
In name of God, firſt to the Kirk he gais,
And efter he had his deuotioun done,
To ane Barbour but tarie paſt he ſone.
Saying Maiſter ar ȝe gudlie expart,
In blude latting, oȝ Inſicht in that Art?
He ſaid gude Schir I am expaȝt trewlie
Of euerie vaine within a mannis bodie,
I knaw richt weill, oȝ ȝit in ane woman,
In dȝawing blude thairof greit craft I can.
Than ſaid the Knicht thairof I am content,
Cum on with me and ȝe ſall haue payment.
Sa the Barbour hame with the Knicht he wēt,
And be the gait he tauld him his Intent.
And ſa thay come vnto the Knichtis ludgeing,
Quhair his wife lay, ſone thay gat entering.
He ſaid gude dame get vp foȝ ȝe mon riſe,

Quod ſcho gude Schir, forſuith its not the giſe
Sa ſone to riſe, ſay ze that for ane mock:
It is ſcarce zit nyne houris gane of the clock.
Thā ſaid ye Knicht dame riſe for zour awin gude
On baith the armes ze mon be lattin blude.
Scho ſaid gude Schir ſen my Mother me bair
Blude vpon me was lattin neuer mair.
And now thairof ſen I want conſwetude,
I haue na will for to be lattin blude.
Than ſaid the Knicht, forſuith ze ar the war,
To lat zow blude ſa lang that ze defar.
Think ze not on quhat faultis ze haue maid me
Firſt ze hewit doun my Nobill plant and tre.
Quhilk ze knew weill that I lude all the beſt,
And ſine ze knaw how that my hound ze drefſt.
And zifterday zour freindis being preſent,
At the Tabill ſa cruellie me ſchent.
Gif I ſuffer that ze do the court wrang,
In conſwetude and vſe ſa ze ſall gang.
Within ſchort time ze ſall me ſa conſtrane,
To vtter ſchame, that I can noe refrane:
My ſelf fra ſchame, without I find remeid,
And I find weill ſum fault is in zour heid:
Of corrupt blude, that mon be lattin out,
And als wilde blude in zour bodie but dout.
That fra thine furth ze ſall na mair beir blame
Nor anger me, nor zit put me to ſchame.
He cauſit ſeruandis but ony mair abaid
In the Chalmer ane greit fire to be maid.
Scho ſeing that ſcho trowit without remeid
Into that fire for to be brint to deid.
Thā cryit ſcho loud for Gods ſaik grant mercie
And I promit zow a thing faithfullie.

In all

Jn all my dayis J ſall zow neuer greik,
Sa this ane time that ze will me releik.
And haue pietie, J grant J did treſpas,
Thairfoir gude Schir mercie at zow J as.
Than ſaid the Knicht be him that mercie maid
Streich ze not furth zour arme but mair abaid:
Quhair J Jntend bot of zour blude haue part,
J ſall haue all the hart blude at zour hart.
To the Barbour alſo he ſaid in plane,
Se that ze cut ane greit hoill in the vane.
Oꝛ be Sanct Geoꝛge the ſame thing ze ſall haue
Foꝛ zour rewaird, that ſcho ſuld now reſſaue.
The Barbour ſeeing he gat ſa ſair ane charge,
He maid ane woūd, that was baith deip & large
On that ane arme, quhill that the blude ran doū
Aboundantlie, and with greit effuſioun.
Quhilk foꝛ to ſtanche the Knicht wald nathing
Bot rather bad mak mair larger the hoill (thoil
Unto the time he ſaw hir change cullour,
That wound to ſtanche he cauſit the Barbour
And bad him ſtrike into that vther arme,
Als grit ane woūd, quhairof he thocht na harme.
Scho ſaid huſband haue mercie now on me,
J am ſa waik, J traiſt ſchoꝛtlie to die.
Thā ſaid the Knicht ze ſuld haue thocht on this
Anis, twiſe, thꝛiſe, quhen ze committit mis.
Quhilk cauſis me richt ſair aganis my will,
Of zour wilde blude ſa mekill to ſe ſpill,
Foꝛ J ſure zow he leuis not vpon life,
That wald haue dꝛawin ſa much blude on my wife
Except myſelf thairto had geuin conſent,
But dout that ane of vs ſuld ſair repent.
Bot at this time zour awin licht wilfulnes,

Hes cauſit me on this maner zow dres.
For ze haue done ſic wickit turnis thre,
Quhairfoir but dout that puneiſt ze mon be.
Than the Barbour cauſit hir lay furth on breid
That vther arme, that he micht caus hir bleid.
And than he ſtraik vpon that vther ſide
Into hir arme ane wound baith deip and braid
Quhill that the blude aboundantlie ran doun,
That all beleuit that ſcho ſuld fall in ſwoun.
With ane waik voice ſcho cryit richt pieteouſlie
Wy ſweit huſband haue mercie now on me.
For I beleue becaus I am zour wife
Ze couet not that I ſuld lois the life.
Than ſaid the Knicht to the Barbour agane
I think it beſt that now ze ſtanche zone vane
Now preſentlie, na mair ze lat it bleid,
The Barbour ſaid, ſa ſall I Schir in deid.
That being done, the Knicht he gaue command
To his ſeruandis, that thay ſuld ſone fra hand
Put hir in bed that ſcho micht get ſum reſt,
The Barbour ſaid gude Schir I think that beſt.
Than bad his wife remember in hir minde,
In time bygane ſa Ill ſcho was Inclinde.
And mis amend, or I hecht be the Rude,
Do ze not ſa, I ſall ſe zour hart blude.
Than the Barbour at this gude eldering knicht
Reſſauit his wage, and at him tuik gude nicht.
Than the ſeruandis in minde thay thocht it beſt
Thair awin huſie to put hir to ſum reſt.
Sa in hir bed thay happit hir eſilie,
Quhen thay beleuit nathing bot hir to die.
Scho being laid ſa ſoftlie in hir bed,
Heuie at hart, richt faint and all forbled.

Ane

Ane damiſell ſcho bad into all haiſt,
Fetche hir Mother or ſcho zeildit the Gaiſt.
Quha in all haiſt that to hir Mother tald
Zour dochter the ſpreit ſcho will vpzald.
And cum ze not, I ſay to zow trewlie,
Scho is ſa faint, we trow all ſcho ſall die.
Than the Mother Inquyrit ſecreitlie
Quhat was the caus of hir Infirmitie.
The damiſell to hir the faſſoun ſaid,
Quhairof ye Mother was wonder blyith & glaid
That hir dochter ſa trimlie was correctit,
Howbeit that ſcho the ſamin not ſuſpectit.
Sa on ſcho come vnto hir dochters place,
To conſidder the faſſoun and the cace.
And als ſone as ſcho hard hir Mother ſpeik,
My ſweit Mother (ſaid ſcho) I zow beſeik,
To ſet zow doun and reſt at my bed heid,
For I beleue na thing bot onlie deid.
Of my bodie ſo muche blude I haue bled,
That I on force behuifit to tak bed.
Throw verie fault of febilnes of blude,
That of my life I trow to be denude.
The Mother ſaid, my ſweit dochter and deir,
Tauld I zow not ane word was not in weir:
That ay auld men was ſchairp bitter and fell,
Richt outrageous, diſpitefull and cruell.
Howbeit ſum time a fault thay wald ouirſe.
Zit at the laſt thay wald it puneis hie.
My dochter now ane queſtion I will ſpeir,
Howbeit ze be richt waik now lyand heir.
Tell me the treuth and oppin to me zour breiſt,
In time cūming gif ze will luke the Preiſt.
Quha ſaid agane, allace Mother lat be,

Ane warldis ſchame mot tak all Pꝛeiſtis foꝛ me
The heich vengeance of the greit God abuſe,
Wot quell thame all oꝛ I ane of thame luſe.
Bot my huſband that is baith deir and ſweit,
Thair is na man in warld foꝛ me ſa meit.
The Wother ſaid, quhy ſuld ze haue diſpite
At the pure Pꝛeiſt oꝛ giue him ony wite:
Foꝛ I beleue zour minde he neuer knew,
Noꝛ in ſic cace he did zow not perſew.
Bot weil I knaw quhat thing yᵗ gart zow dude,
The wantones and aboundance of blude.
Quhilk I beleue at this time now ze want,
Foꝛ ze behude haue ſum thing zow to dant.
Wother (ſaid ſcho) I pꝛay zow let me reſt,
Abone all men my huſband I think beſt.
The Maiſter ſaid than to the Empꝛeour,
Schir haue ze tane this taill weill in oꝛdour:
And conſiderit thairof the moꝛall ſence,
The Empꝛeour ſaid Maiſter be my conſcience
It is the beſt and wonder lekull taill
That I haue hard this mony zeir but faill.
To hir huſband ſcho did ſchꝛewde turnis thꝛe,
Firſt ſcho cuttit his nobill tender tre:
Sine flew his hoũd quhilk was bot a dum beiſt
And than thꝛidlie miſſaſſonit all the Feiſt.
Gif he had thoillit the fourt foꝛ to bene done,
It ſuld haue bꝛocht him to confuſioun ſone.
The Maiſter ſaid I counſall zow heirfoir,
Tent to zour wife, gif hir credence no moir.
Sla ze zour ſone (foꝛ hir woꝛdis) vnoffendit
Ze ſall foꝛthink quhen ze can not amend it.
The Empꝛeour ſaid, I ſay to zow trewlie,
My ſone this day foꝛ zour faik ſall not die.

The

The Wailler ſaid, I thank zour Nobill grace,
That for my ſaik hes pardonit him ſic ſpace.
Sa tuik his leif, as culd him weill effeir,
And ſa hamewart to his awin hous culd ſpeir.
Or we proceid now to the Empzice taill
Sum we will talk of the Doctouris but faill.

¶MORALITAS.

ZE may perſaue now be this taill
Gude counſall is of greit auaill
Quha that will tak it weill in heid
Fra vice to vertew it ſall him leid
And ay be reulit with ane gude reid,
This is forſuith but faill.

Gude counſall is ane precious thing
Outher to Empreour or King
It lattis all thing for to ga wrang
The King nor Empreour neuer rang
And gif thay want gude counſall lang
With reule thay ſall not ring.

All greit perrellis it ſettis on ſyde
With wiſdome it dois all proupde,
God it grantis to all degreis
Bot mony ſa fait fra it fleis
Quhill thay be ſet vpon thair kneis
Thay haue na grace to gyde.

This zoung woman had fair offendit
Git hir Mother had condiſcendit
To hir dochteris vnwiſe conſait,
In hir contrair ſche maid debait
And gart it gang ane vther gait
Gude counſall ſa defendit.

The Mother was greit till allow,
That cauſit hir dochter till hir bow,
Throw gude counſall anis, twyſe and thryſe,
Saying dochter and thow be wyſe
Tak not in hand ſic Interpryſe
Except thow it auow.

And ſa he counſall of hir Dame
Scho continewit hir glaikit game
Howbeit ſcho rang in rampand rage,
Gude counſall cauſit hir to aſſwage,
Quhill that the Barbour for his wage
Maid hir meik as a Lam.

Say ze not bot it was deſpyte
Firſt cut the tre, the hound to ſmyte,
Syne caſt the Tabill ſa reklеſſlie
Bow can ſcho weill excuſit be
Scho was wyteles a lytill we
Wantones had the wyte.

And heit of blude was aboundant,
Quhairof ſum part ſcho micht weill want
Hir huſband than tuik weill in heid
Bow he thairof ſuld get remeid
Quhair hir blude was he laid cauld leid,
And this way culd hir dant.

Sa quhen the Mother come to ſe
Quhidder gif ſcho wald leif or die
Quha ſaid dochter for my requeiſt
Now lay thy hand to thy awin breiſt
And ſe gif thow will luke the Preiſt
Ceis Mother lat that be.

For had not bene zour gude counſell
But recure I had ſchamit my ſell,
And as ze ken I was richt thra
For all zour ſawis, to cum thairfra,
Now thankis to God it is not ſa,
Gude counſall beiris the bell.

The Preiſt of all this was wyteles
Of my baudrie and brukilnes
For he thairof neuer thing knew
Nor I to him ſic thing not ſchew
Bot was in purpois to perſew
Thairfoir he was faikles.

Zoung wemen heirfoir in zour flouris
Thocht ze think pryde of Paramouris

Tak heir

Tak heir exampill how I am,
And ſet on ſyde ſic ſawreles game
Or ze ſall ſair repent the ſame
The tyme was myne as zouris.

Ze auld men that ar cum to age
Zoung wemen into Mariage
In na maner is for zow meit
Thay ar wantoun and full of heit
To zow is four that thay think ſweit
And ſkant to get for wage.

Thairfoir in tyme ze ſuld correct thame
With aw and lauhour ze ſuld brek thame
Let thame not braull on euerie hink.
For as ze brew ſa ſall ze drink
Perchance haue mater to forthink
And greit caus to ſuſpect thame.

To this talking ze ſuld tak tent
Or eſterwart ze ſall repent
Quhen ze ar maid Johne Thomsounis man
Than ſall ze braull, than ſall ze ban
And quhen remeid nane find ze can
Bot all with ſchame ouirſchent.

Now ze ar warnit, I bid adew
We ar ouir gude quhair we ar trew,
Thair is ouir few is faithfull found
Sum ruttis the tre, ſame killis the hound,
Sum caſtis the Cabill to the ground
As I did, that I rew.

¶Ane praiſe to the fourt Doctour.

LAVDE, honour, praiſe, and thankis ane hunder fald
To the Doctour for the Taill thow hes tald,
That ſauit hes the Chyldis lyfe for ane day,
And quenched hes the Empreouris boiſt ſa bald
In greit malice, quha that but mercie wald
His awin ſone ſlaine, bot thow him cauſit ſay nay
Thocht zone quick Feind dois all that euer ſcho may
To haue him ſlaine, bot we ſall all defy hir
Within few dayis on reid weir we ſall cry hir.

¶The Fyft Taill of the Emprice.

The Empꝛice heiring yᵉ child ꝛit was not deid
Ane new conſait than tuik ſcho in hir heid,
Thꝛow all the toun gart ſle in alkin artis
The carage hoꝛs yat wald dꝛaw wanis & cartis
And fillit the ſame with alkin kinde of geir,
Hir Oꝛnamentis and claiſ that ſcho ſuld weir.
Waid hir to pas vnto hir Father hame,
Saying ſcho wald na langer thoill ſic ſchame.
As ſcho did daylie that all man micht ſe,
And thairupon culd not reuengeit be.
Quhairfoir ſcho wald at hir father ſeik mendis
Quhome on ſcho ſaid all hir hope clene dependis
The ſeruandis ſa perſauing hir Intent
To the Empꝛeour thay ſchew Incontinent.
Quha paſt to hir in haiſt but mair pꝛoces
Inquirit the caus of all ſic beſines.
Quhair mark ze to, oꝛ quhidder will ze go
Quhat is the caus that ze ar muifit ſo?
Scho ſayis I will but ony mair delay,
To my Father the hie gait mak the way.
Quhair I may haue baith ſolace mirth & game
Bot now I haue the contrair of the ſame.
Thairfoir I mon perſew quhair I may get it,
Foꝛ at this time ze gar me quyte foꝛꝛet it.
The Empꝛeour ſaid will ze get mair ſolace
Noꝛ bide with me, I trow into na place.
Foꝛ I had hope thair was na man on life
Was better lude noꝛ I with his awin wife.
Now I perſaue the verray clene contrair,
That bownis away in vther place to fair.
Scho ſaid my Loꝛd, foꝛ that caus I depart
For I luſe zow with ſa perfite ane hart,

That

That I rather of zour deith to heir tell,
Nor be preſent, and for to ſe it my ſell.
Of zour Maiſteris ze tak far mair delite,
To heir thair taillis all tauld in my deſpite:
That I am quite put furth of zour credence
Ze gif to thame ſa Inwart attendence.
Thairfoir it ſall chance zow or all be gane
Far worſe nor did vnto Octauiane,
Quhilk this Impire as ze now preſentlie
Had for to gyde, and deit in miſerie.
He was ſa falſ, and als ſa couetous,
That his ſubiectis held him ſa odious.
Thay war conſtranit for his greit falſitie
To eird him quick for all his dignitie,
Becaus Ilk man ſa couetous did him hold,
Thay zet his mouth full of het meltit gold.
To quhome (quod he) let not ſic thing be ſaid,
That of falſet the blame to me be laid.
Scho ſaid but dout the blame lyis all in zow,
For day be day all time ze gar me trow
Zour Sone ſuld die, and zit he leuand is,
And weill ze knaw that he did me greit mis.
Thairfoir beleue that farther mair from hence,
In that bēhalf I giue zow na credence.
The Empzeour ſaid it becūmis not ane King,
Without counſall to diſcus euerie thing.
And in ſpeciall for to giue Judgement
On my awin ſone without gude auiſement.
Thairfoir Madame I pray zow hartfullie,
That ze wald ſchaw ſum gude exampill to me:
Quhairthzow I may my realme with wiſdome
And to my ſelf ane eſie life prouyde. (gyde
Scho ſaid I ſall ane ſtozie to zow ſchaw,

Quhairby ze may weill and perfitelie knaw
To reule zour Realme, and hald zour ſelf perfite
Sa ze will mak zow of the ſeuin Maiſteris quite
Of thair counſall ze ar ouir couetous
And of thair taillis ze ar ouir deſirous.
Zit not the les my taill furth ſall I ſay,
And gif ze pleis the ſentence beir away.

BEfoir our dayis thair was baith hard & ſene
Kingis, Empzeouris into this toun hes bene
Amang the reſt I remember on ane
Quhilk callit was to Name Octauiane.
Sa couetous as he was to win gold,
I neuer red ane fozmit on the mold.
The Cietizanis that time as I hard ſay
Thay had greit weiris with all about thē lay,
And all Natiounis richt cruellie thay dantit,
Quhair thay tribute oz ony manrent wantit.
Quhill that it come to ſic het point of weir.
That all Natiounis in thair contrair did ſteir.
In that meane time pair was ane maiſter Clark
Dwelling in Rome, richt cunning in his wark.
Callit Uirgill, the quhilk in Arſmetrik,
He was ſa ſle, that nane was found him lik.
The Cietizanis this Clark thay did require,
That he wald wirk, & win fra thame gude hire
To finde ſum way be his craft and cunning
Foz to Ingraue ſum Image oz ſic thing,
Of his pzetik, Ingine oz Induſtrie,
Subtell ſcience, oz zit Nycromanſie.
Quhairby y^{t} thay micht haue perfite knawledge,
Quhen Enemeis to weirfair maid veyage:
And to eſchew fra all aduerſitie,
And ſeik fozdwart thair awin pzoſperitie.

Quhairby

Quhairby thay micht prouyde thair purueyãce
For gude or euill quhidder that it did chance.
The Cietizans than with this cunning Clark
Maid ane accord, and sa fell to his wark.
Within the toun he buyldit vp ane Towre,
Of ane greit hicht, and als of greit valour,
And set vpon the samin Towris heid,
Greit Images of Irne, Tin, bras and Leid:
To the number be thair awin discriptiounis,
As thair was than in all the warld of Regiouis
In the middis of that samin Towre of hicht,
Ane greit Image he set to all mannis sicht.
And in the hand it bure ane goldin ball,
As it suld bene the Maister of thame all.
And Ilk ane had of the rest be thame sell,
Into thair hand ane lytill ringand bell,
And turnit thair face to the same Regioun,
To thame assignit, and tuik dominioun.
Gif ony Realme or Regioun vp wald rise,
In contrair Rome, or rebell ony wise.
Than that Image to ony Ilk Regioun,
It had respect, or zit dominioun
Wald muse the face, and also ring the bell,
And thame to warne it wald not faill to tell
Than the Romanis or ony fais wist,
That rebellioun rais for to resist.
And armour them into all faitis of weir,
As thame become, or to thame culd effeir.
And sa small land thair was in Chrystindome
Bot be that way was maid subiect to Rome.
Quhairthrow yai wã grit worschip & honours
Quir all the warld thay war callit conquerours
This being done this nobill cunning Clark,

In Romes toun he maid ane vther wark.
Quhilk was ane fire continuallie burning,
Baith nicht and day, and neuer had ſlokning.
To the pepill being ane greit comfort,
Solace and mirth, blythnes and mekill ſport.
Twa bathing tattis he maid within the toun,
To commountie greit conſolatioun.
The ane was cauld, preparit for ſimmer ſeſſoun
The vther het, for winter quhilk was reſſoun.
Gif ony man his bodie wald refreſche,
Pas to that ane, thairwith he micht him weſche
Betuix thir Bathis, and this continuall licht,
Ane Image maid of greit ſtature and hicht.
With ſic Ingine, ſa lang as thair it ſtude
The fire ſuld birne, and ay the Bathis do gude.
In quhais foirheid was writin with letters fine
Quha ſtrykis me doun greit treaſure ſal yai tine
And mair atouir it may fall ſic ane chance,
Quhen yai haue done to tak ane greit vengeãce
This Image was maid with ſic craftines,
Till that it ſtude, and thoilland na diſtres.
The fire leſtit, and neuer mair zeid out,
The baths twa ſtude in yair awin ply but dout
Quhill at the laſt ane cunning Clerk come by,
And this Image perfitelie culd eſpy.
The wryting red, and to him ſelf he ſaid,
Quhat kin vengeance can on ane man be laid.
Or quhat treaſure may ony man now tine?
That ſtrykis the doun, or puttis the to ruine.
Bot I beleue rather hid for to be,
Under thy feit ſum greit ſowmes of monie.
Sum riche Jowellis of gold or ſum treaſour,
That thow art ſa ſet vp with ſic honour.

This

This I beleue, and is the liklyeſt,
And ſa at ſchort that Image doun he keſt,
To that effect ſum treaſure to obtene,
Bot nane he gat, beraus nane thair had bene.
Bot ſa ſone as that Image fell but dout,
Incontinent the fire was quenchit out.
The Baths twa was vaniſchit out of ſicht,
Did neuer gude, nor efter had na micht.
The pure pepill heirof was wonder ſorie,
That thay war ſa deſtitute of ſic glorie.
Baith of thair Baths, and of thair leſtand licht
Quhilk to thame did greit comfort day & nicht
Saying Ilk ane with loude voice to the air,
Curſt mot he be for now and euer mair,
That vs ſa quyte of comfort hes maid clene,
That we ſa lang in conſwetude hes bene.
For his pleſure and profeit ſingulair,
Wo be to him with ſturt and mekill cair.
Zit not the les thair treaſure gat he none,
And our pleſures all quyte away is gone.
In this meane time was leuand Kingis thre,
To quhome Romanis had done greit vilanie,
Be greit murther and malice thame moleſt,
With cruell weiris, and ſlauchter thame oppreſt
On quhome thay wald richt fane reuẽgeit bene
Sa to counſall thir thre Kingis did conuene.
With yair Barroũs, yair Lords & yair knichts
And vthers men of greit wiſdome and michts.
How that thay micht on Rome reuengeit be,
For thair ſlauchter and thair greit vilanie:
Unto thame done in diuers times went,
And culd na way on thame get aſſythment.
Quhen diuers dayis thay had at counſall bene

Sum of thame ſaid this auaillis not ane ꝓne,
Thair michtis is far abone all our puiſſance,
Thairfoir we think ſum vther conuoyance:
We mon attempt, and new conſaitis conſidder,
Thairfoir lat all our wittis now ga togidder.
Than four auld Knichtis y' was of coũſall gude
Befoir thair King and Loꝛdis vp thay ſtude,
Saying thir woꝛdis we think we wirk in vane,
On this mater ſa lang foꝛ to remaine.
Foꝛ treuth it is quhil yair greit towre vpſtandis
With Jmages and bellis into thair handis,
Quhilk warnis thē quhen ony Regioũ will riſe,
In thair contrair, than pas thay to deuiſe
Remeid thairfoiꝛ, quhat land aganis them ſteiris
With all defence, and cruell fait of weiris.
Sa we mon rin vpon ane vther burde,
Eſchew the deip, and caſt vs to the furde.
Than ſaid the Kingis quhat think ze beſt to do.
Quod thay pleis ze our counſall to ſtand to,
Sa that ze will thairon to mak the coiſt,
We ſall zow pleis, oꝛ ellis our heidis be loiſt.
Than ſaid the Kingis foꝛ coiſt ſe ze not ſpair,
Thairof ze ſall be anſwerit and far mair.
Than ſaid the Knichtis foꝛ the mater ſtandis thus
Octauiane ze knaw is couetous,
And luſis gold ze ken abone meaſure,
Thairfoir he mon be blindit with treaſure.
The ſicht of gold will gar him ſa Jnclinde,
To all our ſawis, he hes gold ſa in minde.
Pakkit richt weill four Punſiounis to the heid
Ze mon furneis of cuinzeit gold ſa reid.
With gude conuoy and oꝛdourlie expence,
Quhill that we get the Empꝛeouris preſence.

This

This being done, get ze not zour Intent
We ſall all four tine landis life and rent.
The Kingis ſaid, go to it ſall be done,
Thay maid forȝdwart, the gold was gottin ſone
Four full punſiounis of gold that was ſa bricht
To Romes toun thay brocht within the nicht.
Na mā knawing quhat thair within was cloſit
To thair purpois quhen yai thē thocht diſpoſit
Thir four Punſiounis into four ſindrie artis
In Romes toun thay hid at diuers partis.
Sum in Fuſeis, in drawe wellis and in dykis,
Laich in the eird, and ſum thay ſank in ſykis.
This being done, thay come in quyetlie,
To thair hoſtage, and lay doun preuilie.
And on the morne at time of day thay rais,
With gude Intent, and to the Palice gais.
And ſa belyue as thay paſt vp the ſtreit,
It chancit thame the Empȝeour for to meit.
Thay hailſit him with reuerence as effeirit,
Agane at thame richt patientlie he ſpeirit:
From quhēce thay come, or quhat ſeruice culd do
To quhat ſcience thay war maiſt abill to.
Quha anſwerit him into thair beſt maneir,
From far countreis to zour grace cūmin heir.
We ar ſpa men, ſuithſayaris and deuinouris,
To ſerue zour grace, and als zour counſallouris.
And can diſcus all dreames ſa cunninglie,
And tell thairof the treuth and veritie.
And all hid geir that is put out of ſicht:
We can it find, and thairto ga at richt.
Be our awin dreames our craftis and Ingine,
Thocht it war hid ane thouſand zeiris ſine.
And we haue hard that zour grace hes pleſure

In ſic behalfis, and thairon takis cure.
And gif zour grace at vs ſic will require,
We ar reddy to fulfill zour deſire.
Be day or nicht into all kinde of ſort.
With hart and minde zour grace for to comfort.
The Empzeour than conſidering in his minde,
How thir four men to ſic thingis was Inclinde
And knew richt weill that into Romes Cietie
Gzeit ſowmes of gold was hid richt quietlie.
Quhairof he culd get na perfite knawledge,
Except ſic men as thir he had in wage.
Sa couetice and gredynes of geir,
Haiſtie credence, quhilk all men ſuld forbeir.
Blindit his thocht, and cauſit his wittis fozuey
Gart him ouir ſone to thair bidding obey.
And ſa at ſchort the Empzeour is aggreit,
With thir four men, and faithfullie thame keit.
Quhome to he ſaid, gude ſchirs I wil zow pzufe
And gif ze be ſic men for my behufe
As ze haue ſaid, ze ſall haue gude rewaird,
Ilk ane of zow but dout ſall be ane Laird,
And Intreitit with thankis into my hous
Amang my Lozdis, with giftis glozious.
Thay ſaid agane and pleis zour Maieſtie
Na mair rewaird at zour grace couet we
Bot the ane half of that we do obtene,
Under the eird, as ſall be cleirlie ſene:
Be our Ingine, our dzeamis and our ſlichtis
Within few zeiris we mark to mēd zour michtis
The Empzeour ſaid go do as ze deuiſe,
Ze tak on hand ane honeſt Interpziſe.
Than ſaid thay all vnto the Empzeour,
This nicht my Lozd gif it war zour pleſour:

To

To the eldeſt of vs four to grant leif,
His clene cunning the ſamin nicht to preif.
Be his awin dreame quhat he can comprehend
And quhat thairof ſall be the finall end.
And thairefter we ſall in dayis thre,
Schaw to zour grace thairof the veritie.
Quhat it betakins, and quhat thairof ſall cum,
To zour pleſure ze ſall knaw all and ſum.
The Empreour ſaid, go to I am content,
Sa tuik gude nicht, and all four furth yai went
Verie in hart, richt wonder blyith and glaid,
Sa gude anſwer that thay obtenit had.
Paſt furth that time in ſcorne and deriſioun,
Beleuing weill the greit towre to get doun.
Thre dayis and nichts being paſt and compleit
Thir four keſt them with the Empreour to meit
The eldeſt ſaid, and pleis zour Nobill grace,
To pas with vs, and we ſall ſchaw the place
Quhair that ane twn of reid gold lyis hid
The Empreour ſaid I will do as ze bid.
Than haiſtelie thay come vnto the place
The eldeſt ſaid and pleis zour Nobill grace
As I beleue thair is of gold ſa cleir,
Ane twn ſtreik full in this place lyand heir.
Euin ſa my dreame to me forſuith it ſchew,
And I dout not bot we ſall find it trew.
Than thay all four to delf thay fell fra hand,
And as he ſaid, richt ſa the gold thay fand,
Quhilk dold befoir into the ſamin place
Thame ſelfis had hid, ago bot ane ſchort ſpace
Zit not the les the Empreouris fantaſie
Trowit thay had found the gold in veritie.
Quhilk quhen he ſaw, he was richt wōder glaid

With mirrie cheir, and to thame four he ſaid,
Of this found gold the ane half ze ſall haue,
The vther half I ſall caus to reſſaue.
The nixt dreamer ſaid to the Empreour,
Now fallis to me, gif it be zour pleſour,
Wy nicht about to dreame gif I can find,
Ony mair gold, gif ſum be left behind.
The Empreour ſaid god ſend zow ſic furtherāce
As this Ilk day zour brother gat thrzow chance
The nixt nicht come, and ſiclike did the day,
This nixt dreamer to the Empreour can ſay.
Be of comfort, and gif it pleis zour grace,
This nicht I dreamit of mair gold in ane place
Quhilk in ſchort time zour nobil grace ſal knaw
And godwilling the ſame ſall to zow ſchaw.
And ſa he did, quhairof he was richt blyith,
Quhome to glaidlie themprzeour ſaid ful ſwyith
Tak zour awin part, and I ſall tak the vther,
For ze haue done als weill as did zour brother.
Sa did the thrzid on the ſamin Ilk wiſe,
Alſwa the fourt tuik the ſame Interprziſe.
Ilk ane of thame fand to the Empreour
Ane twn of gold, with riches and treaſour.
Thay cauſit the King to thame giue confidence
As thay had found the gold be thair ſcience
Them ſelfis did hide that gold vnder the groūd
And cauſit all trow the ſame that yai had found
The Empreour ſa with gold he was begylit,
And with thair ſlicht and ſcience was ouirſylit.
Notwithſtanding the ane half he thame gaue
Na wayis traiſting that he ſuld thame diſſaue.
And quhen ather of thame had tane thair part
The Empreour was richt Jocund in his hart.

He

He thame auancit, and ſaid yai war maiſt trew
Of ſuithſayaris, that euer he zit knew:
And maiſt expart into thair awin ſcience,
That euer was, be his Intelligence.
Thay perſauing the Empreour was content
Of thair doingis, thay ſaid with ane conſent,
Wy Lord we haue Ilk ane our nicht about,
Dreamit our dreames, quhilk ze haue hard but (dout
Of verie treuth, and hes preuit in deid
Zit farthermair will ze thoill vs proceid,
That we all four togidder dreame this nicht
Sa ſall our dreame haue the mair ſtrēth & micht
We traiſt gif thair within this Cietie be
Ony hid gold, greit Jowellis or monie,
We ſall it haue be our dreames and Ingine,
Thocht it war hid ane thouſand zeiris ſine.
Quhairthrow zour grace ſalbe enrichit w^t gold,
That zour compair ſall not be on the mold.
And we dout not, bot richt weill vnderſtandis
That thair is gold ten thouſand of thouſandis
Within the wallis hid of the ſame Cietie,
Quhairof but dout gude knawledge get ſall we.
The Empreour ſaid go to J am content,
Sa that ze find quhair thair is gold and rent.
Thay tuik gude nicht all four and ſaid adew
Except thē ſelfis was nane thair mindes knew.
Sa on the morne approching the nynt hour,
Thay come all four befoir the Empreour.
Quhome to thay ſaid with gudlie countenance
Wy Lord be blyith, for we haue gude tythance.
For we all four hes dreamit this ſamin nicht
Intill our ſleip we haue ſene ſic ane ſicht,
Of birnand gold ſa wonder greit plentie

So muche at anis I trow few ſaw with Ee.
Will ze ſuffer the ſamin to be ſocht
To zour pꝛofeit but baid it ſal be bꝛocht.
Than ſall ze haue of gold ſic aboundance,
That all the warld foꝛ gold ſall zow auance.
Of the greit Towꝛe (quod thay) into the groũd
All this riches of gold is to be found.
The Empꝛeour ſaid the greit God me defend,
To ſic ane wark that I neuer Intend.
The michtie towꝛe quhair y^t the Image ſtandis,
Foꝛ to put doun with ony mennis handis.
Quhilk was buyldit be Clerkis ſa bounteous,
Sa done coſtlie of ſowmes ſa ſumpteous,
Als warnis vs be thair ſmall bellis ringing,
Of enemeis gif thay be vpꝛyſing.
Of all Regiounis outher be far oꝛ neir,
Gif thay pꝛetend aganis vs to mak weir.
Thairfoir I can be na way giue conſent,
To ſteir that towꝛe foꝛ ony gold oꝛ rent.
Thay ſaid my Loꝛd haue ze not found all trew,
That we all four in ony ſoꝛt zow ſchew.
He ſaid zour wit and ſcience I commend,
And als zour treuth ſurelie I will defend.
Alſo zour craft, zour lawtie and honour,
Bot I can not conſent to tuitche the towꝛe:
Quhilk is to vs greit conſolatioun,
I will not thoill na way to put it doun.
Thay ſaid my Loꝛd will ze giue vs credence,
With our awin handis, & on our awin expence,
We ſall not faill to obtene the treaſour,
And in na ſoꝛt thairby to hurt the towꝛe,
Noꝛ Images, noꝛ zit the bellis that ringis,
To ſaue all ſic we can do ſindꝛie thingis.

We

We ſall it do ſa quyetlie in the nicht,
Nane bot we four thairof ſall get ane ſicht.
Gif it be done on day licht patientlie,
The pepill than ſuld cry out oppinlie,
And rumour riſe, out thrꝛow the haill Regioun,
That ze forꝛ gold ſuld tak the greit towꝛe doun.
We ſall wirk ſa that nouther ground noꝛ towꝛe
Sall thoill diſtres oꝛ zit tak diſpleſour.
The Empꝛeour ſaid quhen all folkis ar at reſt,
To find the gold go do as ze think beſt.
And I the moꝛne ſall cum and veſie zow,
Quhat gold ze get, and quhair ze wirk & how.
Tak thair my Ring forꝛ ane takin erꝛes
Within the towꝛe that ze get glaid entres.
Thir four come on at euin quhen it was lait,
Unto the towꝛe thay mak the neireſt gait.
Callit the Capitane, the Ring vnto him ſchew,
Quha ſaid to them, the Ring richt weil he knew
He them inquirit quhat was thair greit credence
And thay him ſchew the haill taill and ſentence.
And ſa at ſchoꝛt thir four fell to labour,
To pyke and holk, and vndermine the Towꝛe.
Quhill it had nouther power, ſtrenth noꝛ micht
Within thꝛe dayis vnfallin to ſtand vp richt.
This being done, on the thꝛid moꝛne oꝛ day,
Thay lap on hoꝛs, and pꝛiuelie ſtaill away:
To thair awin land with greit blythnes & Joy
That fand the caſt that greit Towꝛe to deſtroy,
Bot oꝛ thay wan furth of ſicht of the toun,
Thay ſtude all four & ſaw the towꝛe fall doun.
Sa on the moꝛne quhen all folk did vp riſe,
Thay ſaw the towꝛe was fallin on ſic ane wiſe.
The Senatouris thairof tuik diſcomfoꝛt,

To the Empȝeour the taſſoun culd repoȝt.
And ſaid gude Loȝd, how hes occurrit this cace
That our greit Towȝe is fallin in ſa ſchoȝt ſpace
Quhilk daylie was our watche and comfoȝting
Contrair our fais, and maid vs ay warning.
He anſwerit thame to me thair come four men,
Quhilk of befoir I neuer did thame ken.
And ſchew to me that thay war ſuithſayaris,
Bot now I ſe that thay ar all greit diſſaueris.
And ſwoir foȝ treuth, and alſo to me ſchew,
Thȝow yair dȝeaming quhair gold was hid yai
And gart me trow w'in the towȝis groūd (knew
Ane thouſand millioū of reid gold ſuld be found
And not hurting the Towȝe noȝ ȝit Imago,
To do the ſame I gaue thame gudelie wage.
And ſa to thame I gaue ouir greit credence
Quhairthȝow is fallin greit Inconuenience.
Thay anſwerit him foȝ ȝour greit couatice,
Zour gredynes and birnand auarice,
And foȝ ȝour luſe to gold and greit delite,
That ȝe thairof had ſic ane appetite.
Sall we thairfoir be all deſtroyit at anis
Nay, the firſt wȝaik ſall fall vpon ȝour banis.
But mair pȝoces to the Tolbuith him led,
And on his bak thay keſt him in ane bed,
And powȝit his mouth of meltit gold thair fow
Saying to him tak the aneuch of it now.
Thow couet gold with ſa gredie deſire,
Thow hes vs tynt and all the haill Impire,
Fulfill thy luſt of gold quhilk thow ſall haue.
This being done, thay put him quick in graue.
Foȝ gredynes of gold this was his end,
Quhilk at his deid ane myte micht not him mēd

Not

Not lang efter come on thir Kingis thre,
All in weirfair, with prepotent armie,
Knawing richt weill the towre was fallin doun
And ſa thay laid ane greit ſeige to the toun,
Quhilk thay ouircome, & keſt doun clene ye wall
And ſa at ſchort Rome was deſtroyit all.
The Empryce ſaid haue ze tane weill my Lord
Thir wordis in heid that I now did record,
Thankis zow forſuith, thairfoir Madame ſaid
For ze haue tauld ane nobill taill to me. (he
Than culd ſcho ſay this towre with the Image
Betakins nocht bot thair awin perſonage.
For luik ſa lang as ze leif in this life,
Thair is na Kings that dar rais weir nor ſtrife
In zour contrair, or zit within zour land,
Sa lang as ze is now on life leuand.
And that zour ſone dois wonder weill conſidder
With the counſall of his Maiſters togidder.
With thair fals taillis and fenzeit narratioun,
How thay ſall find the way to put zow doun.
Quir greit pleſure to heir thame ay ze haue,
And thair minde is but dout zow to diſſaue.
As thir four men this Towre to ruine brocht,
Thir Maiſters ſa wald bring zow euin to nocht
And vndermine and caſt zow vnder fute,
This is the caus thay daylie to zow ſute.
The Images that ſa greit money coſt,
Is zour fyue wittis, quhilk thay beleue is loſt.
For ſa barnelike and ſoft thay zow perſaue,
The haill Impire fra zow ſa wald thay haue.
The Empreour ſaid that Ilk taill that ze tell,
I perſaue weill may be tald be my ſell.
Thairfoir thay ſall not mak of me the towre,

Nor zit change me as did that Empreour.
All is falſet that thay deill with I ſe,
Thairfoir the morne my Sone ſall hangit be.
The Empryce ſaid, will ze zour Sone gar hang
Ze ſalbe blyith, fair weill and als leif lang.
Sa the nixt day the Empreour gaue command,
To tak his Sone and hang him vp fra hand.
To the Gallous as thay war him leidand,
The Fyft Maiſter come furth the way rydand.
To the Palice he raid hard at the poiſt,
For feir and dreid that the Childe ſuld be loiſt.
Quha come lawlie befoir the Empreour
And on his kneis him hailſit with honour.
Quha wryit his face, and wald not on him luik
Bot at him greit Indignatioun tuik.
Vy Lord he ſaid it is not zour honour,
Vy pure hailſing to tak in diſpleſour.
Thy cūming heir (quod he) I couet nocht,
Nor thy hailſing, nor nane that heir it brocht.
For ze haue ſeruit at my hand all to die,
For diſpleſure that ze haue done to me.
He ſaid my Lord I neuer did the deid
Unto zour grace, to get ſic to my meid.
As for zour Sone, quhair ze ſay he is dum
We reckin that vnto zour greit wiſdome.
As ze will ſe heirefter in few dayis,
As to zour wife quhair ze alledge and ſayis:
Be hir ſayingis that he wald hir eſchamit,
But dout thairof he aw not to be blamit.
For weill I wait thairof he is wyteles,
As is my ſelf, and of the ſame faikles.
Thairfoir my Lord ſic thing beleue ze nocht,
For the contrair to licht it ſall be brocht,

For

For zour Sone is to vertew sa Inclinde,
I wait sic vice was neuer in his minde.
And gif ze will for zour wifes wilfull sawis,
Undo zour Sone without prroces of Lawis.
It salbe worse to zow nor euer was
To the Doctour and cunning Ypocras.
That causit sla the Doctour Galiene,
His Couling deir, Maister of Medicine.
The Emprreour said, Maister tell me that taill
Perchance it may for zour cunning auaill.
The Maister said, gar call zour Sone agane,
And all the suith I sall schaw zow in plane.
Unto zour grace gif I tald my narratioun,
In the meane time zour sone suld suffer passioun.
The Emprreour than he causit his seruands pas
And put his sone in prreseun quhair he was.
And sa that day he chaipit fra the Gallous,
The Maister thã tald furth his tail as followis
The Maisteris taill or we speik farthermair,
The Quenis taill sum thing we mon declair.

¶MORALITAS.

SAY ze not bot this Nobill Quene
That ay befoir sa gude hes bene
Callit hir Lord fals befoir his Ene, said oppinlie
That he of fallet was not clene, reid ze and se.

In the beginning of hir last Taill
Quhair he suld haue the honour haill
Judge ze gif scho did till him faill, in hir langage
To call hir King sa byle ane thing, with greit outrage.

Bot wemen hes sic conditioun,
Quhen thay ar nowit to want resoun
Thay spout than like ane Scorpioun by ordour clene
Becaus quyte gane is discretioun, as did this Quene.

Allwa the Empreour far vid faill
Sum hid conditioun of ſmall auaill
Quhilk that he maid be his counſaill, to thair conſent
Forſuith ane King ſuld wirk nathing, but auiſement.

Sa was ſene of the caſting doun
Of the greit towre of Romes toun
Quhair he maid preuie compactioun, that nane did knaw
With vncouth men of ſtrange Natioun, as deid did ſchaw.

Ze Lordis and Lairdis of greit honour
Do not as did this Empreour
Put all his hope into treaſour, and greit riches
And loiſt his lyfe within ane hour, for gredynes.

His gredynes ſa weill was kend
It walkit to the warldis end
His fais quhome to he did offend, gat wit expres
How his pleſour was in treaſour, and gredynes.

Belyue thay fand ane quick Ingine
Send him ane ſubtell hid propine
Quhilk cauſit him his honour tine, in ſchort proces
And put all Rome to greit ruine, for gredynes.

For ſtrangeris come with thair vaine wind
And fals flatterie maid him ſa blind,
Sic gold and treaſure thay ſuld find, throw ſubtelnes
That thay ſa ſaid he was richt glaid, for gredynes.

Thay ſchew him thay had ſic ſcience
In dreaming ſic experience
Of gold to get ſic confluence, he helines
Bot he gaue ouir haiſtie credence, for gredynes.

Quhilk cauſis greit miſcheif to be
As we may weill perſaue and ſe
Gettis maiſt credence quha beſt can lie, throw wickitnes
Of half ane taill thay will mak thre, for gredynes.

And can bring ane taill of nocht
And ſay the thing that neuer was wrocht
Nor neuer ſaid nor neuer thocht, of wilfulnes
Sum giue it credence euin as it vorht, for gredynes,

And

And euin ſa did the Empreour
Gaue ſic credence vnto thir four
To furneis gold and greit treaſour, to his hienes
Gaue thame leif to caſt doun the Towre, for gredynes.

Quhilk euer was to Romes toun
Sic comfort and conſolatioun
Gif thay thocht gude to ſum Regioun, thay wald them dres,
Bot zit the Towre was caſſin doun, for gredynes.

It is ane poyſonit Peſtilence
For to giue ouir haiſtie credence
To ane taill not worth audience, throw haiſtines
The taill teller than tynes mence, for gredynes.

Thair is mony ma than anew
Will mak ane taill was neuer trew
Nor zit thame ſelf it neuer knew, bot as thay ges
Sum will ſay ſals and efter rew, for gredynes.

Thair is diuers tynes thair honour
Thair worſchip, riches, and pleſour
Oft tymes in vaine makis greit lauhour, with ſmall Incres
And oft is ordorit by gude ordour, for gredynes.

For gredynes caulis greit greif
Inuy, Malice, and miſcheif
Mony for Muttoun and for Beif, into mirknes
Is hangit lyke ane commoun theif, for gredynes.

Thairfoir gude Schirs I hartlie pray zow
Caſt gredynes on lyde far fra zow
With Iocund minde pas and ga play zow, in merynes
Thair is na better charme I ſay zow, for gredynes.

Now thir thre Kingis quhen thay did heir
The Towre quhairof thay ſtude ſic feir
Was caſſin doun but ſcheild or ſpeir, throw wilynes
In all haiſt maid thame to the weir, for gredynes.

For firſt thay fand ane wylie way
For to put Rome in greit affray
And thocht thay wald it firſt aſſay, to get entres
For thay wald mak it thair firſt pray, for gredynes.

Belive thay come and ſeigeit the toun
In all gude haiſt the wallis brak doun,
And put thame ſelfis in poſſeſſioun, with all blythnes
And fra the Empreour reft his Croun, for gredynes.

Now Schirs this is the tynall end
To gredynes quha will pretend
Quhen thay can not thame ſelf defend, be manlynes
Away with vengeance all dois wend, for gredynes.

Thair is twa pointis into this taill
Thame to forbeir is gude and haill,
The firſt is gredynes but faill, of gold and geir,
Maiſtie credence oft tymes brewis baill, thir twa forbeir.

¶Ane reproche to the Emprice.

OCATIVE Quene and cruell, and rute of all miſcheif,
O fals fleſche faint and fruell, greit grounder of all greif.
Wyld rauins ſall ryfe thy beif, wod dogis thy banis ſal gnaw
Or euer thow get releif, thy luddis ſall thoill the Law.
We ſall gar all man knaw, and als perfytelie ſe
Thy deidis the treuth ſall ſchaw of thy hid harlatrie.

¶The Taill of the Fyft Maiſter.

BEfoir this time ane Phiſitioun thair was,
Ane cunning Clerk, and namit Ypocras,
Quhilk in Phiſick and vther heich ſcience,
Quir all vther he had preeminence.
Als had with him ane kinſman of his awin
Callit Galiene, quhais cūning was weil knawin.
All his Ingine and wit he did apply,
To leir Phiſick, and the ſame occupy.
As his vncle at ſic times had befoir,
Quhairthrow he wan greit honour, laud & gloir
Bot in ſo much Galiene was not ſa ald,
Zit he excellit his vncle monyfald:
In Phiſick airt, and into Medicene,
He was mair ſchairp and quicker of Ingine.
Than Ypocras perſauing in his hart,

That

That Galiene in craft was ſa expart,
Dreiding thairfoir that he ſuld him excell.
And fra his gloir and profeit him expell.
And thairfoir hid als mekill as he micht
Fra Galiene, of the craft hid the flicht.
Than Galiene this weill he did perſaue,
Reſt him daylie the mair and mair to haue
Of Phiſick airt the mair he did obtene,
On day mair than befoir in fyftene.
Quhairby the Doctour tuik in his conſait,
That Galiene ſuld grow to greiter ſtait.
Thairfoir at him he had lurking Inuy,
Howbeit he had na querrel, caus nor quhy.
In this meane time the King of Ungarie
Send his meſſage with ſchippis throw the ſie
For Ypocras, that he micht with him ſpeik,
And cure his ſone that lay richt wonder ſeik
Sa Ypocras the meſſage did reſſaue,
Hartlie praying the meſſingers him to haue
Sum part excuſit vnto thair Nobill King,
For he for eild micht mak na trauelling.
Bot I ſall ſend my Couſing and ſeruand,
Quhat I will bid, that he ſall tak on hand.
Sa Galiene obeyit his vncles will,
And in all pointis the ſame he did fulfill.
And paſt his way vnto that Nobill King,
Quha was richt blyith & glaid of his cūming.
Bot he meruellit quhy come not Ypocras.
Galiene ſaid that auld and waik he was
Micht not trauell, for na trauell he vſit,
Praying his grace for to hald him excuſit,
And at that time had beſines ado,
That he na way as than micht cum him to.

Bot in his ſteid he hes me to zow ſend,
With help of God zour Sone ſone ſall I mend
Of the quhilk thing the King was weill contēt
Than Galiene vnto the Chylde he went,
Felt his Punſis, and als his Vrine ſaw,
Quhairby belyue his ſeiknes he did knaw.
Incontinent than paſt he to the Quene,
And ſaid Madame, zour ſeik Sone I haue ſene
And I am cum vnto zour Nobill grace,
Beſeiking zow to heir me ſpeik ane ſpace.
Tak na diſdaine, thocht I now to zow ſpeik,
I come to heill zour Sone that lyis ſeik.
Scho ſaid gude Schir ſay on quhat pleſis zow,
For ze will ſay nocht bot the treuth I trow.
He ſaid Madame tell on and mak na lie
Quha is the Father of zour Sone tell to me?
Quha his Father (quod ſcho) quha bot ye King?
Quod he Madame, thair is not ſic a thing.
Will ze ſay ſo (quod ſcho) for veritie,
Zeis want the heid I vow richt haiſtelie.
Anis I ſaid ellis, and zit I ſay agane,
This King is not his Father in certane.
I come not heir thairfoir to lois my heid,
Nor zit Incur in my fault ony feid.
Nor I haue not deſeruit ſic rewaird,
Thocht I nane get, nathing I that regaird.
Sa to the dure he maid him ſtraicht away,
The Quene that ſaw, and till him can ſcho ſay,
O gude Maiſter ſa ze will keip ſecre
I will zow ſchaw, ſa ze diſcouer not me.
Than Galiene ſaid, Madame God me defend,
Bot I ſa do vnto my lyues end.
Thairfoir to me, to ſchaw the treuth be bald,

For

For it agane ſall neuer mair be tald,
In greiter thing zour grace ſa ſall I pleis,
Zour ſone mak haill, and put him weill to eis.
Gif ze ſa do, gude Maiſter than ſcho ſaid,
Ze will mak me richt wonder blyith and glaid.
Ane gude rewaird of me ſa ſall ze haue,
And of my Lord ſiclike ze will not craue.
Thairfoir heir me till I haue ſaid ſum thing
Upon ane time come to my Lord and King
The King of Burgon, to pas the time with ſport
Quhat will ze mair to mak my taill now ſchort
To zow Maiſter, as now I will not lie,
With me he gat this chylde in priuetie.
Than Galiene ſaid, feir not and ſpeik no moir
The taill I knew richt perfitelie befoir.
Than to the Childe he paſt Incontinent,
And did him cure with ane richt Regiment.
Quhat he ſuld drink, and quhat ſuld be his meit
Water to drink, and beif daylie to eit.
Sa Galiene than within dayis thre,
The Childe maid haill of his Infirmitie.
Quhen that the King hard tell his ſone was fre
Of all ſeiknes, and of all Maladie.
To Galiene ane gude rewaird he gaue,
Bot he the dowbill fra the Quene did reſſaue.
With ſpeciall thankis, and efter ay credence,
Sa tuik his leif, and hamewart he paſt hence.
Quhen he come hame to his Eme Ypocras,
At Galiene but tarry culd he as:
How is the Childe that ze paſt for to ſe?
Schir he is haill of all ſeiknes, ſaid he.
Than Ypocras Inquirit him to conclude,
Quhat he him gaue to his drink and his fude.

He ſaid he gaue him orin fleſche to eit,
Water to drink, this was his drink and meit.
Than Ypocras to Galiene ſaid fra hand,
The Mother is not trew to hir huſband.
Than Galiene ſaid, now Maiſter ſuith ze ſay,
With diſpleſour Ypocras paſt his way.
Said to him ſelf with haitrent and Inuy,
Weill I perſaue na man will ſet me by
Within ſchort time, be na remedie found,
Bot quyte to nocht my cunning is confound.
Be his cunning he ſall not faill to be,
Praiſit in his wark ten times abone me.
And or ſa war, without I fand remeid,
Rather I ſall conſpire my Couſingis deid.
Fra that time furth Ypocras ay him dreſt,
How he micht get Galiene deid and ſuppreſt.
In a morning Ypocras vp can riſe,
Paſt to his Garth, as his vſe was and giſe.
To Galiene ſaid with wordis fair and meik,
Now let vs go in our garding and ſeik
Herbes to be ſalf, that is of maiſt vertew,
For as I wis thair is growing anew.
Maiſter he ſaid, I am reddy at hand,
Quhat ze pleis beſt to do as ze command.
Ypocras ſaid tak vp that herb ſa grene,
For it is full of vertew as I wene.
And ſa he did at his Maiſters command
He pullit the herb, and gaue it in his hand:
And at his nois the ſawer thairof did ſmell,
This herb (ſaid he) of herbis beiris the bell.
Stoup doun agane and pull vp be the rute,
Of it I ſall baith profeit get and frute,
For I knaw weill it is richt wonder gude

To

To cuill Feuer, and to ſtem rynning blude
Als of vertew it is richt comfortiue,
To heill all Flux to ony man on liue.
Sa Galiene na Ill hauing in minde,
To pull the rute lawlie he did Inclinde.
Quhilk wald not draw a lang tiwe wᵗ his hand
Than Ypocras abone him he culd ſtand,
And with his knife he ſtruik him to the hart:
Caus in ſcience he thocht him ouir expart.
Sone efter this Ypocras tuik ſeiknes,
Be want of blude, and of corps febilnes.
Than keſt his buikis, & ſocht his awin ſcience,
Him ſelf to help he culd get na defence,
Than his Scollers in all haiſt come him till,
And to him ſaid Maiſter quhat is your will.
He bad thame bring ane tun of water low,
With ane wōmill a hundreth hoillis boir throw
Quhen that was done thair went na water out
Than Ypocras ſaid to thame Schirs but dout,
This is the wraith of leuing God ſa hie,
That this miſchance hes ſufferit fall on me.
As ze may ſe, and wonder weill perſaue,
For all is Juſt and worthie that I haue.
And as ze ſe thair is into this tun
Ane hundreth hoillis with Irins out throw run
Throw all thir hoillis thair gais not out a drop
Bot as ze ſe dois baith ſtand ſtill and ſtop,
Quhilk to nature is contrair euerie deill,
Quhairby ze may all vnderſtand richt weill.
Richt ſa thir herbis for heill that ze gif me,
May nathing help to my Infirmitie.
Thairfoir quhat euer ze tak vpon me cure,
It helpis nathing ze may be verray ſure.

For weill I wait as now is na remeid,
Bot for my mis I mon now byde the deid.
Bot war Galiene my Neuo now leuand,
He wald not faill to mak me haill fra hand.
Quhome I did kill throw malice and Inuy,
Bot of that deid, richt fair repent now I.
Thairfoir God hes he his Juſt ordinance,
Send vpon me this haiſtie fair vengeance.
As he ſa ſaid na ma wordis than he tald,
Bot turnit his bak, and vp the gaiſt he zald.
The Maiſter ſaid, hes zour grace done conſaue,
The ſempill wordis thar to zow ſchawin I haue
The Empzeour ſaid weill I perſaue the cace,
That Galiene was killit by Ypocras.
To Ypocras quhat hurt micht it haue bene,
Quhat greit honour had cum to Galiene.
The Maiſter ſaid it micht be gude at all,
Gif Ypocras to ſeiknes had bene thrall.
Than Galiene perchance micht found remeid
And at that time he ſuld not ſufferit deid.
Thairfoir becaus him ſelf be Ill Intent
Killit and put doun the verray Inſtrument
Quhilk wald haue him ſuppoztit in this ſtres,
Ze may perſaue in God the greit gudnes,
And richt Judgemēt, that ſa dul maid his hart,
That he culd not him ſelf help be na Art.
Thairfoir my Lord it is euin lic ane cace.
Betuix zour ſone and zour awin Nobill grace
And gif zour ſone for zour wifes word ze ſla
Conſiddering weill ze wait ze haue na ma.
Quhen he is deid, ze ſall warie zour weird,
And wald be fane to ſcart him out of eird.
Quhen ze ar auld and may not help zour ſell

He will

He will zow help the treuth I to zow tell.
Thairfoir giue not ſic credence to zour Quene,
Scho will diſſaue zour grace quhen ze leiſt wene
Conſidder weill this is zour ſecund wife,
Ze may haue ma Induring zit zour life.
Amang thame all zit ze ſall neuer haue
Sa wiſe ane Sone nane of thame ſall conſaue
Sa vertreous in wit dois mair precell,
And in zour eild will ſaue zow fra perrell.
The Empreour ſaid, for that ze tell to me,
Surelie this day my Sone he ſall not die.
Bot I perſaue and wonder weill dois mark,
That wemen bene richt craftie in thair wark.
And richt ſubtell for to tyiſt ony man,
As thay think gude, bot not the les quhat than.
For my awin faik this day he ſall not die,
Quhen I haue neid I wait he will help me.
The Maiſter ſaid, I thank zour nobill grace,
Sa tuik his leif and paſt hame to his place.
¶ Quhen that this taill was tald to the Empres
Gif ſcho was blyith the auditouris may ges.
Scho ſchew hir ſelf in minde Impatient,
All that hir ſaw, beleuit that ſcho had went
Quyte out of minde, and as ane bodie mad,
And hir fyue wittis clene tynt away ſcho had.
All that hir ſaw had pietie of hir cheir,
Scho ſchoutit ſa, that all the place micht heir
Sum of the Lordis to the Empreour can ga
And ſchew to him that it ſtude with hir ſa.
Thay ſaid my Lord without ze find remeid,
Zour Empire will hir awin ſelf put to deid.
Quhome to he paſt, and ſpeirit at hir quhairfoir
Euerie day ze murne ay moir and moir.

Scho ſaid my Lord I meruell in ane part,
That I birſt not, and in twa brekis my hart.
I knaw I am the dochter of ane King,
And than zour wife, quhilk is ane greiter thing
In all my dayis ſufferit I not ſic ſchame,
As I haue done, ſen I come to zow hame.
And euer mair ze promeis me ane mendis,
And as ze do, God and the warld it kendis.
The Empreour ſaid I wait not quhat to do,
Nor to quhat ſide is beſt to turne me to.
For day be day ze ſeik my Sonnis deid,
And his Maiſteris, thairof thay ſeik remeid.
He is my Sone, that I beleue and knaw,
Bot I can not the veritie zit ſchaw:
Quhidder I ſall to zow gif mair credence,
Than the Maiſteris with all thair greit ſcience
Ze tell ane taill quhilk I think gude and fair,
And thay ane vther, to zouris is plat contrair.
The Empryce ſaid that this is the verray thing
That troubillis my hart, & cauſis my murning
Becaus ze gif thame ay the mair credence,
And to thair taill takis greiter attendence,
Nor to my taill, quhilk tellis the veritie,
Quhilk ze ſall ſair repent zit or ze die.
And in few dayis ze will get ſic rewaird,
As did ane King reſſaue fra his Steward.
The Empreour ſaid, than tell me that taill ſone
Perchance zour will thairefter may be done.
Scho ſaid I ſall begin with diligence,
Bot I pray zow to gif me audience.
With peirt viſage and countenance richt haill,
On this faſſoun began to tell hir taill.
Zit or ſcho get of hir taill audience,

Sum

Sum we will ſay of the laſt taill paſt hence.

¶MORALITAS.

ZE may perſaue now heir expres
Of wemen the greit brukilnes,
And of thair kynde the kittilnes, and ſcho ane Quene
Bir awin preuitie did confes, to Galiene.

At ſchort to him hir mynde hes ſchawin
Ane Ring ſcho hauing of hir awin
Ane vther tuik bot laitlie knawin, and of the new
Bot mony ſic drauchts thay haue drawin, that few men knew

For ane time ſcho mon be excuſit
Perauenture ſcho will not vſe it,
As now ſcho ſall not be excuſit, I ſay for me,
Euin as ze find the furde ſa ruſe it, quhat euer ze be.

And let ſic quyet paukis ouir pas
And ſum thing ſay of Ypocras
That ſa full of Inuy he was, but cauſ or quhy
Galiene he ſlew that was ſa trew, throw pure Inuy.

Ypocras clene I diſcommend
Euer in hart for to pretend
Sa far to Galiene offend, as him to ſla
Bot he repentit at his end, that he did ſa.

The principall cauſ heirof find I
That Ypocras had ſa greit Inuy
At Galiene, this was the quhy, that Galiene was
Mair firme and ſtabill, in craft mair abill, nor Ypocras.

Ypocras ſuld haue had pleſour
That Galiene gat onphonour
For he was Galienes Doctour, thairfoir ſay I
Ye ſuld haue borne to him fauour, and not Inuy.

Bot God of his greit Equitie
Wald not thoill ſic vnpuneiſt be
Quhen Ypocras was in point to die, all his cunning
Culd not than help him worth ane flie, at his ending.

He ſaid had Galiene bene leuand,
He culd haue helpit him fra hand,
Bot he wiſt weill it was the wand, that God had ſend
Him ſic diſtres, and greit ſeiknes, that nane culd mend,

The hid Inuy and greit haitrent,
That he had to this Innocent
Culd not eſchew the puniſchment, of heuin ſa hie
Gude Schirs lay by all hid Inuy, keip cheritie.

Inuy and cheritie ar contrair
Thay can not in ane place repair
Quhair cheritie is, ay God is thair, withouttin faill
Inuy was, and is euer mair, with breid and haill.

It is the fountaine and the flude
Of ſchedding of all Innocent blude,
And is contrair to all gude, and is the rute
Inuy thairfoir ſall neuer gloir, nor Joy the frute.

Aguſtine diſcriues Inuy to be
A man to haue ſturt Inwartlie
Of his Nichtbouris Felicitie, withouttin cauſ
The quhilk is contrair cheritie, and Goddis Lawis.

Doctouris wrytes thair is ane hill
Callit Athnay, that ay byrnis ſtill
In flame of fyre and neuer will, be quenchit out,
And zit thay ſay it dois na Ill, to ground about.

Quhilk hill cunning men dois compair
To ane man that leuis euermair
In ſturt, Inuy, anger and cair, continuallie
In fyrie fumes, himſell conſumes, ay Inwartlie.

Inuyfull men comparit may be
To ane Lipros man trewlie,
Be wald all men war ſeik as he, euin ſa the Deuill
Wald nane war gude, nor zit weill lude, cauſ he is euill.

Thairfoir my Lords and reidaris all
Tuitching this point I cry and call
Se to Inuy ze be not thrall, for ocht may be,
For the greit Lord Celeſtiall, is cheritie.

¶Ane

¶Ane laude and praiſe to the Fyſt Doctour.

PRVDENT, perfyte, expert Philoſophour,
Honour and praiſe be to the ding Doctour
That hes ouirput this day ſa perellous
With thy ſweit talk befoir the Empreour
Quha kendillit was in fell fyrie furour
Contrair his Sone in mynde malitious,
Be entyſing of his wyfe vennemous,
But thow fra him with fair wordis and fauour
Hes purcheſt grace, quhill tyme mair proſperous.

¶Inuidia diaboli mors intrauit in orbem. Sapi. 2.

¶The Sext Taill of the Emprice.

BEfoir this time thair was ane michtie King
Pȝdefull in hart, and pȝoud abone all thing
He was ſa heich and pȝdefull in his thocht,
All vther men he ſet thame clene at nocht.
This King he thocht all Rome for to deſtroy,
The Romanis ſla, and efter to conuoy
To his Kingdome, the deid banis of thir two,
Peter and Paull, with mony Relicks mo.
To waiſt that toun, and put it all to ſack,
Bot his purpois was ſum thing put abak.
Intill his face was ſa diſſigurait,
In ſic ane ſoȝt, that euerie kinde of ſtait,
Abhoȝrit ſa, his vgſum foull viſage,
That nane couet to tuitche his perſonage.
Sa handillit was with ſic Infirmitie,
With Lippernes, ane fouller nane culd be.
Zit his nature rais on him with ſic rage,
To haue wemen he gaue ane greit curage.
Sa callit he his Steward quȝetlie,
And ſchew to him his counſall ſecreitlie.
Saying my freind, this thing I wil ȝow ſchaw
All wemen kinde abhoȝris me as ȝe knaw,

That I can get of thame na companie,
Quhilk gif I had, war greit plesure to me.
He said my Lord and pleis zour Nobill grace,
Howbeit ze be deformit in the face:
Ze haue aneuch of gude money and gold,
For to conduce the fairest on the Mold.
Thairfoir I say ze neid not in na sort
Of fair wemen to want the greit comfort.
Than said the King se for na coist ze spair,
To get me ane that is bricht fresche and fair:
Howbeit ze gif ane thousand Crownes thairfoir
And or I want ze sall gif mekill moir.
The Stewart said I sall do that I may,
To fill zour will, and sa he come his way.
Thinking in minde blindit with couetise
Thir thousand Crowns may I get on this wise
Win to my sell, and to my wife alone,
And sa hamewart to his wife is he gone.
Quha was richt fair, bowsum with all bewtie,
Uertreous and gude, richt plesand for to se,
Prudent, perfite, with countenance richt glaid,
With couetous hart to hir thir wordis he said.
O my gude wife, my Souerane Lord the King
Hes chargeit me with ane richt secreit thing:
To haue wemen he is richt couetous,
At his plesure, and wonder desirous.
Quhilks for na coist he sayis he will not want,
And charges me ane thousand Crowns to grant
To ony persoun that will the same resaue,
Bot for ane nicht with him hir for to haue.
Thairfoir in minde my self I haue compest,
Betuix vs twa, I think this be the best
The thousand Crowns to purches to our sell,

Sa

Sa ȝe will vſe, and follow my counſell.
Scho ſaid gude Schir ȝour counſall I will do
Sa to na ſin noȝ ſchame it turne me to.
He ſaid ȝe ſall pas to the Kingis bed,
Quhilk is with ſilk and claith of gold ouirſpred
And thair all nicht ly with him quyetlie,
At his pleſure, as he thinkis beſt to be.
That it is ȝe, thair is na man ſall ken,
Bot I alone, the quhilk abone all men
Suld ſaif ȝour ſchame and als ȝour honeſtie,
Thairfoir as ſchame to ȝow it can not be.
Allace ſcho ſayis gude Schir is that ȝour will,
By ȝour bodie, my womanheid to ſpill:
With ane Lipper, and ſa deformit in face,
Schir change ȝour minde for him that gaue all
I wait it is nouther ȝour thocht noȝ mind (grace
To ſic ane deid my hart foȝ to Inclind:
Bot me to preif, and to tempt my Intent,
Gif I thairto wald ony ſoȝt conſent.
O my gude wife howbeit he Lipper be
And in the face deformit as ȝe ſe,
And foull of fleſche, and alſo foull of blude,
Zit than the gold is wonder ſweit and gude.
Scho ſaid agane my ſweit huſband perſaue
Howbeit the gold be gude and ſweit to haue,
And thocht he war the cleneſt man thairout,
Waiſt fair of face, gentill, courtes and ſtout.
Wald ȝe that I committit ſic ane ſin,
Aganis my God, ony gold foȝ to win?
I will not dude, thairfoir hald me excuſit,
Charge me na mair, foȝ heir quite I refuſe it.
Quhome to he ſaid with ane richt auſteir luik,
How purpois ȝe my companie to bruik.

That thing I will to preis for to ganestand,
Ze ar ouir peirt to contrair my command,
It is my will, and that same salbe done.
Thairfoir mak zow that Ilk to compleis sone.
Do ze it not, I vow betuix vs tway
Sall neuer be ane blyith nor Joyfull day,
Bot euer mair in chyding and in greif,
Quhilk at the last will turne to ane mischeif.
Knaw ze not weill to the Kirk quhen ze went,
Ze swoir ze suld be ay obedient,
To me alone, as wedlok vs declairis.
Ze Schir scho said in all lefull effairis:
Not displesing my maker King of Kingis,
I will obey zow in all vther thingis.
I zow command be vertew of that aith,
Quhilk for to brek ze suld be wonder laith.
Consíddering it is my minde and will,
Without ganesay my bidding ze fulfill.
And to the same richt sone that ze consent
Or I auow richt sair ze sall repent,
In the mean time as he thir wordis schew,
Out of his scheith his quhinzar furth he drew.
Scho trimbling sair for greit dreddour and feir
Furth of that steid ane step scho durst not steir.
Persauing weill his crueltie and boist,
And in greit dout hir life for to be loist.
The Impatience and the greit gredynes,
The cruell minde and als the crabitnes
Of this Ill man this woman did attend,
Quhilk in na sort nor fassoun culd amend.
Scho was constranit quhat for dreddour & aw,
For to consent to his command and saw.
Scho said gude man zour bidding I mon do,

Bot

Bot greit God knawis gif my will be thairto.
Bot I appeill fra all conſent of ſin,
That may follow, or in this caſe cum in.
And on zour ſelf all haill I lay the charge,
And befoir God thairof I me diſcharge.
Than the Stewart but ony tarying
Paſt in all haiſt and ſaid vnto the King:
I haue zow gottin ane woman richt famous,
Gentill, courtes, and cum of ane gude hous.
Fair and weill fauourit, richt pleſand for to ſe,
And ſcho mon cum to zow richt quyetlie:
Within the nicht ſcho mon cum lait at eine,
Bot me alone, with nane ſcho will be ſene
Airlie at morne befoir the Sone ryſing,
Fra zow liclike ſcho mon mak departing.
For this ſcho will ane thouſand Crownes haue,
And for payment bot me nane will ſcho craue,
Than ſaid the King of that I am content,
As ze haue done thairto I weill conſent.
Withouttin mair the Stewart he hes led
His awin ſpouſit wife vnto the Kingis bed,
And with the key the dure he hes maid faſt,
But ony noyis, and ſa his way is paſt.
Airlie at morne in dawing of the day:
The Steward rais, and to the King can ſay,
My Souerane Lord & pleis zour Nobill grace
It will be day within ane prettie ſpace.
I think it gude that woman ze let go,
For I promeiſt that zour grace ſuld do ſo.
Than ſaid the King this woman pleſis me
Sa wonder weill as zit hir companie,
I will not want nouther for gold nor geir,
This hour to cum I will not let hir fleir.

Quhen he that hard, he was richt wonder wo
And fra the dure with ſorie hart did go.
Within ane quhile but tary come agane,
And to the King he ſaid Schir for certane,
The day is licht, and that woman preſent,
And with the folk ſcho will be ſchamelie ſchent.
And my promeis to hir quyte I haue brokin.
For not keiping to hir that I haue ſpokin.
Than ſaid the King, na way zit ſall ſcho pas,
For ſcho ſall haue of me quhat ſcho will as.
Thairfoir Stewart I ſay to zow in plane,
Go pas zour way and lok the dure agane.
The Stewart than richt ſorrowfull in hart,
Upon neid force to the dure did depart.
Went vp and doun, and will not quhat to ſay,
The Sone was heich, and weill gane of ye day,
He come agane and ſaid vnto the King,
It is twa houris efter the Sone ryſing
That woman will be ſchent withouttin dout,
With all the folk and pepill heir about.
The King anſwerit, nathing of him content,
I zow command that ze zour ſelf abſent:
Unto the time that I pleis for to riſe,
For vnrequyzit ze haue me troublit thriſe,
And my pleſure is with this companie.
Thairfoir pas on, at this time let me be.
The Stewartis hart gif it was than on ſteir,
As I beleue thair neidis na man to ſpeir.
Zit not the les he culd not keip counſell,
For all his wit he wald diſcriue him ſell.
Incontinent without mair auyſing,
With ſorie hart he ſaid vnto the King.
O my gude Lord, I oppin to zow my hart,

That

That Ilk woman ze will not thoill depart
Without licence, ſcho is my weddit wife,
Now in zour hands lyis baith my deid and life.
The king hard that, & thocht all was not richt
Opinit windois and ſaw the fair day licht,
Saw the woman quha was luſtie in face,
Ane word not ſpak ane Pater noſter ſpace,
Sine ſaw it was euin as the Stewart ſaid,
Quhairof he was richt ſorie and not glaid.
Quhome to he ſaid, O thow maiſt ſchamefull knaif
How durſt thow be ſa peirt me to diſſaif.
And me to caus thy wife for to abuſe,
Thy gredie hart thy ſelf it ſall confuſe.
Quhy hes thow cauſit thy wife vnwillinglie
Cum in my bed to me vnwittandlie.
For ane ſmall ſowme of money and riches
To ſchame thy ſelf for thy greit gredynes.
Knew thow not weill withouttin ony fabill,
My maladie was euer Incurabill
That was in the thow hes done I declair,
Thy ſelf, thy wife, to vndo euer mair.
Thairfoir pas ſwyith in haiſt out of my ſicht,
Nor in my realme that thow byde not four nicht
And fra hence furth gif euer I may the ſie,
Ane ſchamefull deid I auow thow ſall die.
Incontinent he paſt fra his preſence,
And neuer ſaw the King fra that time hence.
Quyte of his Realme fra thame he did him dres
That Ilk rewaird he gat for gredynes.
This being done, the King in all his dayis,
Held vp this wife, as the hiſtorie ſayis:
In greit worſchip, and gaue to hir zeirlie,
Ane ſowme of gold to keip hir honeſtlie.

Efter that time I do not find noȝ reid
With this woman that he had actual deid.
Sone efter this the King cauſit to conuene
Ane greit armie all cled in armour clene.
With greit puiſſance and nobill men of weir,
In all effairis, as to thame culd effeir.
And went to Rome mith greit power & micht
To ſeige the ſame the gait thay held on richt.
And ſa thay did it ſeige on ather ſyde,
That the Romanis durſt not thairin abyde.
He ſeigeit it ſtill ſa ſad and wonder ſair,
That thay within micht it defend na mair.
Sa at the laſt to ane counſall thay went,
Thinking yai wald with y^t King tak pointment
Quhilk was foȝ till deliuer him at anis
Of Peter and Paull the bliſt bodie and banis,
Quhilk was the caus of his greit erand thair
For to obtene the ſame withouttin mair.
In the Cietie than thair was ſtill preſent
Seuin wiſe Maiſteris that had the Regiment,
Of all the toun, and nathing by thame done,
Airlie at moȝne, at euin noȝ ȝit at none.
And to thir ſeuin the Cietiȝanis come to,
And ſaid Maiſteris greit thing we haue ado.
We ar compellit be foȝce of ȝone armie
Foȝ to gif ouir and rander the Cietie
Unto thir folkis quhilk ar our enemeis,
Oȝ ellis foȝ to deliuer the bodeis:
Of gude Peter, and Paull his halie bȝother,
On foȝce we mon the ane do oȝ the vther.
The firſt Maiſter agane to thame he ſaid,
Ay gude nichtbouris tak na feir bot be glaid.
As foȝ this day the Cietie I ſall ſaue,

With

With the wisdome and cunning that I haue.
The secund said, the nixt day fallis me,
Fra enemeis for to keip the Cietie,
With my wisdome, and als my cleir cunning,
For all the strenth of zone greit puissant King.
Sa did the thrid, and fourt withouttin dout,
The fyft, the sext, richt sa the seuint all out.
In like maner as thir seuin Maisters now,
Unto zour Sone hes promeist do with zow.
In this meane time the King caulit his Armie
Lay ane assault about the greit Cietie.
With sic awfull and cruell Munitioun,
Quhill thay war like for to obtene the toun.
The first Maister than he come to the King,
And with him fell in talk and commoning.
And talkit sa in sic maner and wise,
As for that day he gart his Armie rise.
And fra the toun the Seige abak he drew,
As for that day na mair thay did persew.
Bot on the morne the Seige agane thay laid,
The nixt Maister past to the King and said
In like maner as the vther befoir,
And fra that day thay seigeit the toun no moir.
Sa did thay all, quhill it come to the last,
On the seuint day thay seigeit the toun sa fast,
It was beleuit the same thay wald obtene,
Than all the toun togidder did conuene.
All in ane voice to the seuint Maister said,
About the toun sa strang ane seige is laid,
That we beleue nathing bot cruell deid.
Without that ze find sum help and remeid:
Conformne to the sayingis ze said but dout,
That was Ilk ane to sait zour day about,

And we ar all Informit of ſuretie,
The King hes maid his aith ſolempnitlie,
He ſall not rais his ſeige nor Munitioun,
Unto the time that he obtene the toun.
To zow Maiſter now we can ſay no moir,
We wald ze did as zour fellowis befoir.
Quhome to he ſaid, my freindis tak ze na feir,
Be of comfort, and Ilk ane mak gude cheir.
The morne ſall I with my wark and cunning
Skaill all zone hoiſt, and alſo fray the King.
He ſalbe fane for all his greit puiſſance,
To pas away with his greit Ordinance.
Thay went thair way, & na mair tuik in thocht
Bot all meruellit how ſic thing culd be wrocht.
The morne airlie the ſeige was confirmit,
To haue the toun alſo the King determit.
This ſeuint Maiſter to his Chalmer he went,
And cled him in ane nice abilzement.
As Pacock taillis, and fedderis of all kin hew.
Part reid, part quhite, part zallow grene & blew
Ane bricht drawin ſword he tuik in euerie hand
On ane Towre heid he paſt vp for to ſtand.
Quhilk was maiſt heich of all the haill Cietie,
Forrentis the hoiſt, that thay micht all him ſe.
The twa bricht ſwordis into his mouth he tuik
The ſame ſchynand, vpon the armie ſchuik.
Quhilis turnis eiſt, and vther quhilis weſt,
Quhyls ſouth, quhyls north, quhair yai micht ſe
The ſchinād ſwordis aganis y^e ſone ſa blēt (hī beſt
With his cleithing and ſtrange abilzement.
Thay in the hoiſt richt weill and cleirlie ſaw,
Bot quhat it was na man of thame did knaw.
All the greit Lordis quhen thay beheld ſic thing,

Half

Half in effray thay paſt all to the King:
And ſaid O Lord, behald vpon zone Towre
We ſe this day ane wonderfull Figour.
Than ſaid the King the ſame I do perſaue,
Bot quhat it is, na knawledge I can haue.
Thay ſaid we knaw quhat thing it is but dout
It is Jeſus doun of the heuin come out:
Quhilk is the God of all zone Chriſtin folk,
And knawis richt weill how that we do prouok
His awſum Ire, and how we do pretend
To ſla his folk, the quhilk he will defend.
Zone ſamin ſwords that ze ſe ſchining ſa,
Thay ſignifie Ilk ane thay will vs ſla,
Gif we langer into this feild abyde,
Our counſall is thairfoir hame that we ryde.
The King heiring trimblit for verray feir,
Gart rais his hoiſt and all his men of weir:
And ſaid it is better in time we fle,
Nor zone thair God with his ſwords gart vs die
Than all the hoiſt in haiſt thay maid thē hame
Frayit without caus, wᵗ mekill ſcorne & ſchame
Howbeit to fle na perrell was nor neid,
Bot all diſſait be the Maiſteris fals deid.
Quhen the Romanis perſauit the Armie fle,
Ilk ane thay Iſchit, and paſt of the Cietie.
With manlie hart and gudelie countenance,
Followit the King for all his Ordinance.
Slew and deſtroyit all that thay pleſit that day
And quhome thay liſt captiue yai brocht away
And ſa the King and all his greit Armie
Brocht was to ground be the greit ſubteltie
Of this Maiſter, quha wrocht all be diſſait,
That with power na maner culd debait.

¶The Empȝice than ſaid to the Empȝeour
This taill I tald it is vnder cullour.
Bot wald greit God this taill ȝe vnderſtude.
He ſaid Madame, I think it wonder gude.
In the firſt end (quod ſcho) I wait ȝe hard,
Quhat I ȝow tald of the gredie Steward:
That the King trowit alweill as his awin life,
And ȝit for gold he ſauld his weddit wife.
And als him ſelf was baneiſt the countrie,
Becaus the King fand him ſa fals and ſlie.
In like maner ȝour Sone for the deſire
And appetite he hes to the Impire.
Now day be day it is his minde and thocht,
Ȝow to deſtroy, and bring ȝow vnto nocht.
Bot now ſa lang as ȝe ar in ȝour micht,
Do as the King did with the Stewart richt.
Gif ȝe purpois not to ſla him fra hand
Than baneis him, and als maneſweir the land
That ȝe and I quhilk is ȝour weddit wife,
In time cūming that we may leid our life:
Alſo ȝe hard how the King lay at Rome,
To win the ſame how that he did pȝeſume,
And was mockit be the Maiſters in plane,
He and his folkis war all put doun and ſlane.
Ȝour ſeuin Maiſters into the ſamin wiſe,
Intendis ay to ſiclike Interpȝiſe.
With thair fals taillis at end will ȝow diſſaue,
That ȝour fals ſone all the Impire may haue.
The Empȝeour ſaid be na way that ſalbe,
The morne be time he ſall not faill to die.
Incontinent he callit on his ſeruandis,
And to thame all he gaue ſic ſtrait commandis,
That on the morne without Impediment,

On

On the Gallous but faill his Sone to ſchent.
This word belive paſt out throw all the toun,
Quhairat mony maid lamentatioun,
That the Empreour for the wordis of his wife
Fra his ane Sone ſuld with ſchame tak the life.
The ſext Maiſter hard tell of this effray,
Lap on his hors withouttin mair delay.
Poiſſit fra hand vnto the Empreour,
And hailſit him with reuerence and honour.
Quha tuik the ſame verray vnthankfullie,
And ſaid he ſeruit at his hand for to die,
And als his Sone quhome y^t^ yai had maid dum
Thay war ouir peirt in his preſence to cum.
The Maiſter ſaid I ſerue not for to die,
Nor zit zour Sone, knew ze the veritie.
That he is dum quhair ze alledge and ſayis,
Of that the treuth ze ſall knaw in few dayis.
Gif ze him ſla for it zour wife can tell,
Of zour wiſdome than I haue greit meruell.
And without dout it ſall zow happin richt
As it happinnit ſum time vnto ane Knicht.
To his wyfes ſawis gaue ſic fidelitie,
That he was drawin out throw the haill Cietie
At ane hors taill, and hangit like ane theif,
His wifes ſawis brocht him to ſic miſcheif.
The Empreour ſaid I pray the tell that taill,
The Maiſter ſaid Schir that I ſall not faill.
Sa ze will caus zour Sone to cum agane,
And for this day ze let him not be ſlane.
Incontinent the Empreour gaue command,
To the preſoun to leid his Sone fra hand.
And ſa was done, the Maiſter than but mair,
To tell his taill began this to declair.

The Doctouris taill farthermair or we heir,
Sum morall ſence of the laſt let vs leir.

¶MORALITAS.

THIS prydefull King, he culd not Ring
With meaſure and humilitie
He was ſa proude, he thocht nane coude
Compair to him thair micht not be.
The Lord of aw, perſauit and ſaw,
That his hart was ſa proude and hie
He wald correct, him and Infect,
With plague and greit Infirmitie.

Quhair thair is pryde, grace can not byde,
Out of that rowme beliue he rinnis
Intill all haiſt, as he war chaiſt,
To lawlynes to ſeik ane Innis.
The bricht Angell, for pryde he fell,
In hell zit ſtill in paine ay winnis,
I ſay zow all, that man ſall fall
His wark with pryde alway beginnis.

The wiſe man wrytes, quhair he Indytes
All beginning of Ill is pryde,
And mony ma ſayis euin richt ſa,
Into thair wrytings dois not byde,
Thairfoir the Lord, na way will cord
Quhair pryde hes credence for to gyde
I zow declair, he ſcurges ſair
For quhair pryde is God will not byde.

Of his Juſtice, ſic wickit vice,
He will not thoill vnpuneiſt be,
Be battell Peſt, weir or wanrest
Sum perrellous plague or pouertie
Younger and ſkant, fude for to want
Infectit with Infirmitie
Thairfoir fle pryde all time and tyde,
And hald zow with humilitie.

Als in this taill, withouttin faill,
Greit couetice ze may perſaue

The ſals

The fals Stewart, that fand the Art
The King him ſelf and wyfe diſſaue,
Bot on him ſell, the ſorrow ſell,
He was worthie the ſame to haue
To be eyſlit, that King begyſlit,
I ſay for me he playit the knaue.

That his awin wyfe, firſt fyſlit hir lyfe,
And fyne hir ſaull with deidlie ſin,
Fy Stewart fy, was that thy quhy,
Sa fulliſchlie geir for to win
With couetice, and auarice,
At ſic ane fals gait to begin
For gredynes to win riches,
Ouir mony to the Deuill wald rin.

Be commoun thift, ſum makis thair ſchift,
In this warld quhill thair lyfe be endit,
To pluk the pure thay tak na cure,
Quha hes na power to defend it.
Sum reiſis and ruggis, ſum drawis and druggis,
And purpois neuer to amend it,
Bot quhen its win, few of zour kin,
Nor zit zour ſelf perchance ſall ſpend it.

Sa couetous, and deſyrous
This Stewart was gold for to win,
He cairit nocht, for to haue brocht
His wyfe to ſchame and deidly ſin.
Quhidder he gat it, or nocht few wait it
For fra he and the King did twin
In deid I trow, to ſay to zow,
He had ane vthir wob to ſpin.

He chargeit was, ſuith for to pas
Out of the Realme or he confound
His awin fallet, ſnairit him in net,
His deid till himſelf did redound.
Bot quha wald mak ane happy pak
Se fallet thairin he not found
Lawtie and licht, ſchawis ay the richt,
On gredynes mak not zour ground.

¶Auaritia eſt inordinatus amor habendi, tullius.

As to this King that lay ſeiging,
And was ſa krayit for Pacok taillis,
And twa bricht ſwordis, with ſum baine wordis.
Without mair ſkaith his armie ſkaillis,
His Camp to rais, and ſaw few fais,
I think thay war bot ſniſſland ſnaillis
The Potingair takis lyttill cair
To cure the man that nathing aillis.

Ane King ſuld ay, at ſic aſſay
Haue ane ſad counſall him beſyde,
Perchance ane fray may mak him pray
And gar him ſe quhen he ſuld byde,
Waſt baniteis, grounsit with leis,
At all times he ſuld let ouirſlyde
Be circumſpek, and in his nek
Ay haue ane Ey all time and tyde.

Haiſtie credence dois greit offence,
Gif it be in ane Conquerour,
Richt weill ſuld he, auiſit be,
To euerie taill to giue anſwer.
Intreit his Lordis, as weill accordis
Than thay will ſerue him with honour
With blyith viſage, gar pay his wage,
He ſall triumphe and be victour.

Had he ſa done, not half ſa ſone
He had not bene ſa lichtlie chaiſt
Bot the Doctour, vpon the Towre
Maid him out of his mynde amaiſt.
Captaines and Kingis tent to ſic thingis
To all trattillis ze giue na traiſt,
For gif ze do, it will cum to,
As to the King that ſaw the Gaiſt.

¶Ane reproche to the Emprice.

GOmorras graceles gyde, and Sodomes ſchameles ſeid,
Thow Beliallis bitrer byrd, baith fals in word and deid.
Thy boiſt thow blawis on breid, ſall not ſaif thee I ſay,
Thy ers brint in ane gleid, I think to ſe ſum day,
Thow ſall not ſa away, thow commoun curſt Cowclink
Trowis thow to chaip nay, nay, I rather neuer drink.

¶The

¶The Taill of the Sext Maiſter.

VPON ane time thair was in Romes toun
Ane Empȝeour of greit micht and Renoun,
Quha had greit Kingis into his companie,
Lorȝdis, Barrounis, Knichts, of greit Nobilitie
Doing ſeruice as culd thame beſt effeir.
Sum for paſtime, and ſum to ſtuf his weir.
He had thre Knichts quhome he lude ouir ye laſt
In all effariis mair credence to thame gaif.
Ane vther Knicht thair was in the Cietie,
That had weddit ane luſtie gay Ladie,
As ȝe haue done, ȝour Pȝinces and ȝour wife
Quhome he luſit aſweill as his awin life.
This Lady culd mak mirrie ſing and dance,
In companie ſcho culd mak gude paſtance.
Wantoun ȝoung men euin for that ſamin caus,
To hir ludgeing all time of day ſcho dȝawis.
And at all times ſcho ſang ſa wonder ſweit,
That euerie man that paſt vpon the ſtreit:
Had greit pleſure of hir dulce melodie,
And cauſit Ilk man couet hir companie.
Scho ſang ſa ſweit, ſa curious and cleir,
All had delite hir ſinging for to heir.
And ſa come by ane of the Knichtis thre,
That the Empȝeour luſit ſa Inwartlie.
And hard hir ſing with voice ſa curious,
Trowit weill ſcho was ane Lady amorous.
He blent about, and ſaw quhair that ſcho ſet,
Incontinent he was tane in the net:
Of luſis rage, and of the Lady fair
Euin ſtill he ſtude, and paſt na farther mair,
Quhill time he gat into hir hous entrie,
And for ane time bure thair gude companie.

Sa at the laſt he fell in commoning
With this Lady, of luſe and ſic talking.
Sa Inwartlie at hir he did Inquire,
Quhat ſcho wald haue and fulfill his deſire,
And ſleip with him bot the ſpace of ane nicht.
Scho aſkit him ane hundreth Flozens bricht.
He ſaid Lady I will giue zow na les,
Schaw me the time quhen I thairto ſall dres.
Scho ſaid gude Schir at time conuenient,
Quhen I think time ze ſalbe efter ſent.
Sa Inſtantlie that nicht he did depart,
And of his tryſt was wonder blyith in hart.
Beleuing ſure that ſcho ſuld foz him ſend,
Bot ſmall he knew how all wald cum to end.
Sa on the mozne ſcho ſang into hir bour,
Come the nixt Knicht pertenit the Empzeour,
Saw this Lady, and hard hir voice ſa ſweit,
Tuik greit langour quhill he culd with hir meit
And ſa he did, and ſchew to hir his minde,
Unto the quhilk ſcho was richt weill Inclinde,
Quha pzomeiſt hir of gude Flozens fyue ſcoir.
Scho ſaid gude Schir of zow I aſk no moir.
He ſaid Lady quhen ſall I traiſt heirto.
Ane gude dew time I ſall pzouyde (quod ſcho)
Sa he as than departit mirrelie,
Traiſting his tryſt in all thing weill ſuld be.
On the thzid day the thzid Knicht in like wiſe,
Come by hir hous, and the ſame Interpzile:
He tuik on hand, and hecht to this Lady
Fyue ſcoir Flozens of him ſuld haue reddy,
Foz to perfozme and ſatiſfie his will,
Scho was content, and grantit weill thairtill.
Quhen ſall I cum (quod he) I wald ze ſchew.

I ſall

I ſall ſend wourd (quod ſcho) as I am trew.
Sa all thir thre had gottin hir conſent,
Bot nane of thame knew zit vtheris Intent.
Than this Lady of all malice repleit,
To hir huſband ſcho ſaid into ſecreit.
Secreit maters I haue to zow till ſchaw,
Bot ze alone na perſoun ſall it knaw.
And gif ze will the ſamin tak on hand,
For greit profeit to vs baith it will ſtand.
And will releif vs of all pouertie,
In time cūming, and leif in honeſtie.
He ſaid gude dame I can weill keip counſell,
Of ony thing that ze will to me tell.
To keip counſell it pertenis to ane man.
Bot be contrair, thair is na woman can.
Of thair counſell I reid anis in ane taill,
It is comparit to butter into Caill.
Zit not the les the ſuith gif ze will ſchaw,
Quhat euer it be, thair is na man ſall knaw.
Quod ſcho it is ane thing of veritie,
That may vs hald ay into honeſtie.
Schaw me (ſaid he) and I ſall keip counſell,
Of all ſecreitis that ze will to me tell.
At my power the ſame I ſall fulfill:
Thairfoir ſchaw furth gif that it be zour will.
Quod ſcho gude ſchir yair hes bene Knichts thre
Heir diuers times deſiring luſe of me,
And promeiſt me but dout ane gude propine,
Ilk ane of thame fyue ſcoir of Florens fine.
At ſindrie times Ilk ane come quietlie,
Not ane knawing of vthers preuitie:
Quld we this gold vnknawin get in our hand,
Into greit ſteid but dout it ſuld vs ſtand.

Than ſaid the Knicht dame ze ſay veritie,
Bot of gude zeill tell on how can that be.
Scho ſaid gude Schir my counſall ze ſall heir,
How ze ſall do, the way I ſall zow leir.
I promeiſt thame euerie man be him ſell,
Quhen thay ſall cum, the time I ſuld thame tell,
In the ſame time at the zet ze ſall ſtand,
Richt quietlie with zour drawin ſword in hand
And quhen thay cum into thair ordour ſa,
Ze ſall not faill all thre thame for to ſla.
Sa thre hunder Florens we ſall obtene,
And nane ſall knaw, nor zit the Knichts be ſene.
Quhome to he ſaid, O my belouit wife,
Suld I for gold reif ony man his life?
To do ſic thing of God I ſtand ſic aw,
And als it is contrair the Kingis Law.
And I dout not gif ſic ane thing war done,
Withouttin dout it ſuld be knawin ſone.
Quod ſcho feir not, the deid I tak on hand,
To end it furth peirtlie thair at ſall ſtand.
And quhen he hard the taill than that ſcho tald,
It maid the man mair hardie and bald.
Sa be counſall of this Ill wifes Intent,
Scho cauſit this Knicht to that ſlauchter conſēt
This Ill woman quhen cūmin was the nicht,
Incontinent ſcho ſend for the firſt Knicht.
Bot mair abaid vnto the zet come he,
As he thocht beſt knokit richt quyetlie.
Than anſwerit ſcho, and at him can ſcho ſpeir,
Haue ze not brocht the hundreth Florens heir?
Bot dout (ſaid he) I haue thame heir preſent,
Than ſcho vndid the zet Incontinent.
As he come in, and enterit at the zet,

Than

Than hir husband sic ane straik on him set,
Without mair talk, bot schortlie with his sword
Gaue him sic wappis that he spak neuer word.
With the secund he did the samin gise,
And with the thrid he plaid on the same wise.
To ane secreit Chalmer thair bodeis drew,
That nane suld knaw that he ony man slew.
Than said he dame gif thair bodeis be found
Within this place, or zit within this ground.
It sall not saill bot we thairfoir sall die
The maist vyle deid that can Imaginit be.
Thay will be mist into the Court but dout,
And will be socht in all thir partis about.
Scho said gude Schir, this wark first I began
To end that Ilk richt wonder weill I can.
Wy Joy keir not, as I said zow befoir,
For I can dres sic thing and it war moir.
This Lady had into the same Cietie,
Ane gentill man, and hir brother was he:
Quhilk in the toun the gyding had to keip,
Quir all the watche, that thay na way suld sleip
Sa on ane nicht as he past throw the streit,
At hir awin zet hir brother culd scho meit.
Ane secreit thing (quod scho) my deir brother,
I mon zow schaw, as now to nane vther.
Than enterit he and the Knicht hir husband,
Welcūmit him weill, and tuik him be the hand
Talkit at lenth and mirrelie drank the wine,
And than the Knicht said to hir brother fine,
Brother (said he) richt hartlie I Inquire,
Of zour counsall richt greitlie I desire
To haue the same, for thairof I haue neid.
Hir brother said, trewlie sa God me speid,

At my power, my counſall and gude thocht,
Ze ſall not want, and thairin dout ze nocht.
Scho ſaid bzother this is the verray cace,
Zeſterday laſt thair come vnto our place,
Unkend be vs, ane honeſt nobill Knicht.
Quhome we Intreitit the beſt maner we micht,
And ſa be chance he fell in argument
Quhairat my huſband ſtude nathing content.
At laſt he ran ſa heich in vilanie,
Quhat wald ze mair my huſband gart him die.
And ſtill he lyis into ane Chalmer hid,
To na perſoun as zit is knawin noz kid.
And we haue nane to do foz vs as now
This greit mater foz to conuoy bot zow.
Gif he be found with vs as chance may be,
Jt will not faill, but dout we will baith die.
And ſa ſcho maid bot mentioun of ane Knicht,
Not ſchawing him the veritie noz richt,
Hir bzother ſaid deliuer him to me,
J ſall him beir in ane ſek to the ſe.
Scho heiring that was wōder blyith and glaid
Deliuerit him the deid Knicht as ſcho ſaid.
And the hie gait to the ſey he is paſt
With the deid Knicht, and thairin did him caſt.
This being done, to his ſiſter he ſaid,
Ze ar now quyte of zone thairfoir be glaid.
As ze deſirit this mater now is dzeſt,
Now fill the wine let vs dzink of the beſt.
That ſall ze haue (quod ſcho) with mirrie cheir,
With all our hartis the beſt that we haue heir.
To the Chalmer in all haiſt paſt ſcho ſine,
As it had bene foz to haue bzocht him wine.
And than begouth with ane loud voice to cry,

O deir bzother richt wonder krayit am I
The ſame Ilk Knicht that ze keſt in the ſe,
In our Chalmer agane is cum to me.
Than hir bzother thairof had greit meruell,
Quhen that he hard his ſiſter ſa him tell.
And I traiſt that thair can not be ſic thing,
Zit not the les agane to me him bzing.
I ſall him put he ſall not cum agane,
Bot ſtill foz ay I wait he ſall remane.
He band him faſt vnto ane vther ſek,
With ane greit ſtane hingand about his nek.
The nixt Knicht tuik, beleuing that it was
The firſt deid Knicht and to the ſey can pas,
Vpon his bak, the hie gait makis richt.
And thair but mair caſtis in the ſecund Knicht.
Than come he hame to his ſiſter and ſaid,
Na mair ze ſall with zone Knicht be affraid:
Foz he is caſt into the ſey ſa far,
That weill I wait he ſall neuer cum nar,
Thairfoir fill wine, and let vs drink about,
Foz of zone Knicht I put zow out of dout.
To hir Chalmer to fetche wine ſcho did fane,
With ane loud voice ſcho cryit krayitlie agane.
O my bzother the Knicht I ſay zow ſure,
Quhome ze did dzowne, is in my Chalmer ſture
Wo be to me, I wait not quhat to ſay,
Foz be na meane he will not byde away.
The bzother hard, and ſaid quhat deuill is this
That verray Knicht he is ſum witche I wis
I haue him dzownit twa ſindzie times but dout
And ay agane of the ſey cũmis out.
Zit the thzid time deliuer him to me,
And I na mair ſall caſt him in the ſe:

Bot I ſall burne his banis into ane fire.
Brother (ſaid ſcho) that ſame thing I deſire.
Than ſcho deliuerit the laſt Knicht of the thre,
And he beleuit it was the firſt trewlie,
Sa the thrid Knicht away with him hes tane
Knawing nathing bot all thre had bene ane.
Without the toun ane myle fra the Cietie,
In ane Forreſt a greit fire biggit he,
And the thrid Knicht thairin he keſt to burne,
Beleuing weill he had done ane gude turne
That put away the verray Inſtrument
That was abill his ſiſter to haue ſchent.
This deid Knicht brint, that vther did him ſpeid
As becūmis all, to do his naturall deid.
Up fra the fire he paſt ane bowſchot ſpace
Into the wod to do ſic beſines.
And ſa it chancit that ſamin verray nicht,
Come throw the wod rydand ane vther Knicht,
Quhilk had ane tryſt the morne in the Cietie,
At ane Juſting thair him behude to be.
For werynes was baith houngrie and cald.
He blent about, and the fire culd behald.
Him to refreſche hidder he raid thairto,
Bot he wiſt not quhat had bene thair ado.
He lichtit doun, knit his hors to ane tre,
And to the fire Incontinent paſt he,
To warme his hands, and to comfort his cors,
And for ane quhile to reſt his tyrit hors.
Than the ſame knicht that was ye womans bro-
Come to the fire agane and ſaw ane vther (ther
Stand at the fire, quhome to he ſaid in hy,
Quhat may thow be, he ſaid ane Knicht am I.
Quod he agane I wait thow art na Knicht,

Thow

Thow art ane deuill, that weill I wait full richt
Twiſe I the dzownit, the firſt time in ane ſek,
The ſecund time ane greit ſtane at thy nek.
And now thzidlie, I bzint the in this fire,
And zit to leif me think thow will not tire.
War thow the deuill, and als the deuillis dam
Dz I war cũmerit with the ſa as I am,
I rather burne the ten times in ane fire,
Thy hozs thy ſelf, baith bowk banis and lire.
As he ſa ſaid, in his armes he him tuik,
In middis the fire he keſt him in the ſmuik.
And ſine his hozs abone him allo keſt,
Sa bzint thame baith oz euer he tuik reſt.
To his ſiſter than cum he hame agane,
Quhat him betid he tald to hir in plane.
Fill the beſt wine (quod he) and ſpair it nocht
Foz without dout richt deir I haue it bocht.
Efter in the fire that I had bzint him anis,
Incontinent he ſtandis vp bowk and banis,
Befoir the fire, and his hozs him beſide,
Quhat deuill (ſaid I) me think thow ſchaipis to ride
Sa in the fire I keſt him hozs and all,
All this ſiſter ſaid he chancit me befall.
Than in hir minde ſcho knew Incontinent,
That he had bzint ane Knicht of tozname nt.
Zit not the les ſcho bzocht him the beſt wine,
Dzank mirrelie, and ſa paſt his way ſine.
Not lang efter this wife and hir awin Knicht
Fell in debait, be chance vpon ane nicht.
And ſcho him gaue ſum wozdis outrageous,
Hie and haltand, and verray diſpittous.
Quhairthzow he grew at hir in matalent,
Twa ſtripis oz thze, till hir ſa hes he lent.

Than ſaid this wife theif wil thow murther me
As thow hes done the Empȝeouris Knichts thȝe
Thow ſeruis weill to be hangit and dȝawin,
Gif ſic thing war vnto our nichtbouris knawin.
Nichtbouris about thir cruell wordis did heir
The rumour rais, the folkis grew all in feir.
Word went fra hand vnto the Empȝeour,
Thay war ſend for but ony delatour.
Quha was accuſit for ſic ane cruell crime,
Sone ſcho confeſt the deid, the hour and time.
How he murdȝeiſt the Empȝeour Knichts thȝe
Within the nicht, into greit crueltie
And how that thay ſpuilȝeit fra euerie Knicht,
Fyue ſcoir Florens of gold that was ſa bȝicht.
And how that ſcho the mater firſt Inuentit,
And how that he thairto firſt diſaſſentit.
Sa thay war baith condampnit be the Law,
That officers at horſs taillis ſuld thame dȝaw:
To the Gallous, out thȝow the haill Cietie,
To thair greit ſchame, that ilk man micht it ſe.
On the Gallous thay war baith put to deid,
As thay deſeruit, but mercie or remeid.
The Maiſter ſaid vnto the Empȝeour
Seruit thay not deid, y^{t} maid ſa greit murthour
The Empȝeour ſaid that wife was wonder euil
Be apperance was temptit with the deuill.
Scho was the firſt the mater muſit and bȝed,
Sicklike the firſt the ſamin gart out ſpȝed.
The Maiſter ſaid war ſall cum to zour ſell,
Sla ze zour ſone for zour Ill wifes counſell.
Wy ſone (ſaid he) for that now ze haue ſaid,
Thair ſall na charge of deid be to him laid
As for this day, thairfoir pas to zour place.

The

The Maiſter ſaid God ſaue zour nobill grace,
Sa tuik his leif, and with ane mirrie hart,
To his awin hous, fra the Court did depart:
¶Quhen the Emprice of thir tythance hard tell
Scho was maiſt like for to haue ſlane hir ſell.
As ane wod wife come to the Empzeour,
Behald (ſaid ſcho) ane woman of dolour.
Except that ze get me ſoner remeid,
I ſall but dout my awin ſelf put to deid.
I am ſa ſchamit with the countrie about,
That I think ſchame of my Chalmer cum out
And na remeid quhat euer I do or ſay,
Bot with fals Taillis put of fra day to day,
Fy vpon zow that ſufferis ſic ane thing,
Ze ar not wozth to be Empzeour or King.
Ze cure na ſchame, ze cure na warldis wonder
To haue me ſchamit, and zour ſelf put to vnder
And to be ſchamit & callit ane Empzeours wife
I ſall rather my ſelf fall on my knife.
The pane of deid Jnduris bot half ane hour,
Bot euer mair ſchame ſall degraid honour.
The Empzeour ſaid I pzay God zow defend,
That ze tak not ſic ane vnhappie end.
To tak in thocht zour awin ſelf for to ſla,
Quhat euer ze do, I pzay zow do not ſa.
And I pzay God that I not cauſer be
Of ſic miſchance, nor ſic aduerſitie.
Bot will ze thoill and ſuffer ane ſchozt quhile,
Zour caus will cum to ane far better ſtile,
And zour complaint will haue the better end
Zour Juſt querrell euer I ſall defend.
Quod ſcho agane, the end ſall not be gude,
Baith zow and me it ſall vs baith exclude

Of this Impire, and put vs to confuſioun,
Zone ſeuin Maiſters leidis zow in ſic abuſi on.
That it ſall chance to zow heir efterwart,
As it come to ane King and his Stewart.
The Empȝeour ſaid, I pȝay zow now but faill
Of zour gudnes to tell me furth that taill,
Scho ſaid my Lorȝd to tell ane taill agane,
Weill I perſaue it will be bot in vane:
For the nirt day the ſeuint Maiſter will cum,
And tell ane taill to faik zour ſone thats dum.
And help him as his fellowis did befoir,
Fra thay haue done, ze will heir me no moir.
On the aucht day than ſall zour awin ſone cum
And tell his taill quhilk this lang time was dū
To quhais talking ze ſall giue ſic pleſour,
That I ſalbe put furth of zour memour.
And the greit luke betuix vs twa hes bene,
In time cūming now ſalbe forzet clene.
The Empȝeour ſaid ſic ane thing can not be,
Without ze ſerue the ſame vnwittand me.
Quhilk I beleue was neuer in zour thocht,
Thairfoir as zit ſic thing trow will I nocht.
The Empȝice ſaid, than I ſall tell my taill,
Quhilk to zour grace it ſall greitlie auaill.
And caus zow fra greit perrellis eſchew
Quhilk I perſaue is ellis pȝepairit foȝ zow.
Be zour curſt ſone, and his ſeuin Maiſters all
Quhilk efter this richt weill perſaue ze ſall.
The Empȝeour ſaid, now I pȝay zour gudnes,
Tell furth that taill, and leif zour beſines.
Sa ſcho began hir taill with fenzeit cheir,
Not blyith at hart, as he ſall efter heir.
Bot oȝ ſcho tell hir taill furth to the King,

Of

Of the laſt taill now let vs ſay ſum thyng.

¶MORALITAS.

O MERCIE God quhat thing is this,
The mater greitly meruellis me,
That cunning Clerkis can not diſcus
The Ill and the Iniquitie
That in wemen hene,
Bred with greit tray and tene
The greit villait and ſubteltie
Sic kenenes with greit crueltie
Was neuer hard nor ſene.

This Lady in hir windo ſet,
Singing hir nottis ſa curious
Preſenting thair the deuillis net
Under cullour ſa cautelous
Young men ar till hir gane,
And in hir net ar tane
And thair with mynde malitious
In hart being ſa couetous
Caulit murdreis thame Ilk ane.

This murther firſt ſcho did Inuent
That caulit thir men for to be ſlane
Syne was the herray Inſtrument
Firſt for to mak it knawin agane
Sa mony wayis ſcho fand,
For to tyill hir huſband
To do miſchief with ſic fals trane,
And ſyne the ſame ſcho culd not lane
Bot maid it kend fra hand.

Throw hir malice and her Inuy
Baith of hir huſband and hir ſell
The cruell murther ſcho did out cry
Quhair of nichtbouris had greit meruell.
Quhill thay neuer knew,
Quhill that the wife it ſchew
And caulit hir the treuth to tell,
Yow all the mater firſt befell
And how the Knichtis thay ſlew.

Quha was puneiſt for thair miſdeid,
And gat the rigour of the Law,

Now Schirs perſaue quhat dois proceid
Of ane Ill womans wickit ſaw,
Huredome was firſt in plane
Syne gredynes but laue
To wow the woman as ze knaw.
The gold and ſlauchter did on draw
And cauſit the men be ſlane.

Thairfoir I ſay thay that hes wyfes,
Let thame not all thair ſecreitis knaw,
For gif it chance that thay twa ſtrykes,
All that ſcho knawis that will ſcho ſchaw.
And rather mair nor les
Thay haue that ble expres,
For gif ze len thame anis ane blaw
Quyte auld freindſchip thay let faw
Turnis all to wickitnes.

As did this wife in greit malice,
Hir huſband and hir ſelf put doun,
Throw hir counſall and couetice
To hyde the ſame had na reſſoun.
That thing ze wald haue hid,
That to your wyfe forbid
And it war neuer ſa greit treſſoun.
That ſcho ſall tell throw all the toun
As this wickit wyfe did.

The wyſe man ſayis thair toungis ar ſchairp
As ony ſword is wrocht with hand,
Quhairwith ſa crouſſlie thay will cairp
Ilk word thay ſay alone ſall ſtand.
Thay ar ſa outrageous,
Irefull and diſpittous,
Thay cure not the wag of ane wand
To gar zow tyne baith lyfe and land
Quhen thay grow furious.

God ſaue my ſelf fra ſic ane ſort
For I perſaue thay ar perrellous
I promeis zow it is na ſport
To find zour vnfreind in zour hous.
Quhidder he be he or ſcho,
To tell all that I do

And

And thay be bauld and hufteous,
Sa cummerfum and malittous,
I can not tell quhairto.

¶Ne intenderis malicię mulieris quia nouiſſima illius amara quaſi abſintheum longe fac ab ea viam tuam quia lingua eius accuta vt gladius biceps. Et pedes eius diſcendunt in mortem. Prouerb. 5.

¶Ane praiſe to the Sext Doctour.

THY goldin toung with grace ſa thow hes gydit,
That to this Chylde zit lyfe thow hes prouydit
Contrair the Quene, a vengeance on hir cors
Bot without dout or ſentence be decydit,
I wait the Chylde he will bauldlie abyde it.
For quhy he knawis baith the beſt and the worſe
And gif ſa be the Quene mon byde on force.
Zit not the les thow ſuld haue thankis but dout
Thow gude Maiſter that keipit thy day about.

¶The Emprice ſeuint Taill.

BEfoir this time thair was ane Nobill King,
That luſit his wife abone all eirdlie thing,
He had to hir ſic greit luſe and fauour,
He keipit hir Ilk day within cloſour,
In the greit hous of ane ſtrenthie Caſtell,
Quhairof the keyis he keipit ay him ſell,
Quhairat this Lady tuik greit heuines,
That ſcho was ſa haldin in ſic ſtraitnes.
Wantit ſolace and all gude companie,
Bot quhen the King come in allanerlie.
In vther partis thair was ane Nobill Knicht,
It chancit him to dreame into the nicht
Into his ſleip he thocht weill that he ſaw,
The faireſt Quene that euer man did knaw.
Quhais luſe he couet abone all eirdlie thing,
Gif he micht ſe hir on the eird walking.

Nathing douting, bot he hir cum ſuld he
To greit honour, worſchip and honeſtie.
That ſamin nicht this Quene in hir viſioun
Dreamit on this Knicht, and on the ſame faſſoũ
And zit nouther of vther knew the name,
Nor knawledge had he faſſoun or he ſame.
This Knicht he rais vpon the morne airlie,
Rememberit weill on his dreame ſickerlie.
And determit into his mindè and thocht,
Nor be na way to tak reſt wald he nocht:
Unto the time that Ladie quhill he fand,
Gif that ſcho micht be gottin in ony land.
Lap on his hors, and in haiſt furth he raid,
To ſeik this Quene, na langer tary maid.
Throw Royall Realmes, & diuers greit coũtreis
Throw riche Regiounis, and ſemelie ſeir cieteis
This fair Lady zeid ſa far in his thocht,
Thair was na landis for hir he left vnſocht.
Quhill at the laſt he come to ane Cietie,
Quhair he gat wit thair was ane fair Ladie,
Keipit ſa cloiſ, that nane micht cum hir till,
Except alone it war the Kingis will.
Thair he ſoiornd for his Paſtime ane ſpace,
Him to refreſche in mirth and mirrines.
Sa it fortunit to him vpon ane day,
Pas by the place quhair that this Lady lay.
In hir windo luiking furth hir alone,
For vther game, nor paſtime gat ſcho none.
Sa ſcho chancit ſone for to get ane ſicht,
Quhõe of ſcho dremit of this ſame verray Knicht
Thinking richt weill the ſamin man was he,
Intill hir dreame befoir that ſcho did ſe.
He not knawing that that Lady was thair.

Bot

Bot as chance come doun by making repair.
In meane ſeaſoun he liftit vp his Ee
In hir windo this Lady can he ſe.
Thinking richt weill it was the ſamin Quene,
That he befoir into his dreame had ſene.
Than he began to ſing ane ſang of luſe,
Quhilk quhen ſcho hard, greitlie it did hir muſe
Into his luſe, and prentit in hir hart,
Quhilk was vnkend to him in ony part.
Zit not the les daylie he maid repair,
About that place to tak paſtime and air.
Than this Lady perſauing this at all,
Ane bill of luſe to him ſcho leit doun fall.
And he belyue red ouir this prettie bill,
Perſauing weill the Ladeis minde and will.
Fra this time furth he vſit daylie Juſting,
Breking of ſpeiris, and alſwa hors rinning.
Caſting of ſtane, and als the leidin mell,
Worſling, lowping, he did exerce him ſell,
Daylie actis he vſit and honeſt deidis,
That in the Court his fame & word vp ſpreidis
Quhill at the laſt his name and gude beiring,
His honeſt actis war ſchawin to the King
The King heiring his vailzeant tornament,
He ſend for him Meſſage Incontinent.
Quha chargeit him the King he ſuld cum till,
To heir his minde, his pleſure and his will.
Quha come to him with all humilitie,
As him effeirit, law kneilling on his knie.
Schir knicht he ſaid, I haue hard of zow tell,
How in gude actis ze haue exercit zour ſell,
Into my Court amang my gentill men,
Thairfoir ſen I ſic actis dois of zow ken,

Pleis ze remane into our companie,
Ze ſall haue giftis and gude rewaird of me.
And be ane of my gaird and my counſell,
Sa it pleis zow with vs remane and dwell.
Than ſaid this Knicht and pleis zour Maieſtie,
To haue ſeruice of ſic ane man as me:
I ſall zow ſerue baith with my hand and hart,
In all effairis, ſic as pertenis my part.
Without rewaird or ony recompence,
Sa that I may haue daylie zour preſence.
And ſen zour grace hes now deſirit me,
Into zour gaird, and on zour counſall be:
I wald zour grace to my deſire wald grant,
Sa on ſeruice the better I micht hant.
Ane new ludgeing to haue at the Towze ſyde,
Quhair I micht be, and at zour bidding byde
Gif that zour grace neidit vpon me call,
Ze micht gar cry out ouir the Caſtell wall.
Than ſaid the King faith I conſent thairto,
Ga big zour hous as ze think beſt to do.
Than paſt the Knicht or euer he wald tire,
And feit wark men, & promeiſt thame gude hire
His hous biggit with tymmer ſtane and thak,
With ane Maſoun he maid ane derne contrak.
Out fra this hous to mak ane ſmall paſſage,
Into ye Towze quhair this Quene was in Cage
Quhen this was done efter his awin Intent
This ſame Maſoun he killit Incontinent,
That he ſuld not diſcouer his ſecre,
For his rewaird this warkman this gat he.
Than went this Knicht quhē he pleſit to ye quene
In ſecreit ſort, and with na man was ſene.
Did hir ſeruice as culd him weill effeir,

Than

Than thay talkit of diuers maters ſeir.
Amang the reſt he ſpak to hir of luſe,
Quhilk in ane part hir hart greitlie did muſe.
Howbeit as than ſcho was not weill contentit,
Zit eſterwart to his will ſcho conſentit.
Sa in hir thocht the Quene reſt on ane day,
Of this mater quhat ſcho ſuld do or ſay:
Tuitching this Knicht, als to hir awin huſbād
Be ſic thing knawin, than baniſching the land
To my tinſell, and euer warldis ſchame,
For vpon me wald be laid all the blame.
Becaus that I wald not the Knicht diſcure,
I ſalbe callit the Ill woman full ſure.
Alſo the Knicht he ſall eſchaip na way,
Bot of the deith the ſchairp he ſall aſſay.
Thairfoir is beſt, and I perſaue my ſell,
To hald my toung, and not ane word to tell.
And ſa all times quhen thay pleiſit to meit,
Be this derne way thay zeid to thair ſecreit.
Sine eſterward the Quene gaue him ane Ring
Quhilk at wedlok ſcho reſſauit fra the King.
Greit Tornamentis this Knicht he vſit daylie
And euer bure away the victorie.
Quhairthrow he ſtude baith in Court & with
In greit fauour, for his manlie hauing. (King
Into ſa far, that he was eſterwart
Maid be the King Comptroller and Stewart.
And all his Realme he had in Regiment,
Tuik in his maillis, Gerſowmes & daylie rent.
Upon a day it did appleis the King,
For his pleſure to pas to the hunting.
To his Stewart the King gaue than command
To be reddy, and pas with him fra hand.

Vpon the morne than all the Court vprais,
And with the King all to the Hunting gais.
All the lang day thay chais in the Forest
Quhill the King thocht he wald haue had sū rest
For he was tyrit, and werie all begane,
Sa he reposit beside ane fair Fontane.
Than his Stewart quhair he sat with the King
Efter trauell he fell vpon sleiping.
And sa the King persauit at the last,
The Quenis Ring vpon his finger fast.
Quhilk the Knicht knew be countenance of the
That he had sene & markit that Ilk ring. (King
Than to the King with fenzeit countenance
He said my Lord this is the verray chance.
Ane Maladie hes tane me in this tyde.
I am sa seik na mair hunting may byde.
Without I get the soner sum remeid,
I dout richt sair that it salbe my deid.
Prayying zour grace that ze wald giue me leif
For to pas hame, zour grace not for to greif.
Quod he gude freind gif ze pleis to pas hame
I grant zew leif, pas on in Goddis Name.
Incontinent he gat vpon his horss,
Fenzeing him self to haue ane seiklie corss.
Hame to his hous into all haist he raid,
And to the Quene he past withouttin baid.
Without proces deliuerit hir the Ring,
That Scho befoir had gottin fra the King.
And tald hir how the King the same did knaw
On his finger, on sleip quhen he him saw.
Beseiking hir gif that the Kingis grace
Speirit for the ring within schort time or space
Scho suld him schaw the same but questioun

For

For to exclude Ill word and ſuſpitioun,
This being done, he paſt his preuie way,
And to his bed he maid him but delay.
The hunting done, the King come hame at ene.
Incontinent he ſaid vnto the Quene,
Quhair is the King in wedlok I zow gaue.
Schaw me the ſame, for I it now mon haue.
Scho ſaid Lord, ſa ſone to quhat Intent
Wald ze it ſe, na way it is abſent.
Than ſaid the King ſchaw me it Incontinent:
Or I ſweir zow ze ſall it ſair repent.
Than vp ſcho rais, and to hir Coffer went,
And brocht the King to him Incontinent.
Quhen he it ſaw, he was richt wonder glaid,
And half aſchamit vnto the Quene he ſaid:
Madame forſuith, ſen firſt hour I was borne,
Sa like ane King be warknen maid or ſchorne.
To the Knichtis King, to zouris I neuer ſaw,
I wald haue ſworne, war not yᵗ now I knaw
Baith had bene ane that gart me aſk zour King.
Quod ſcho my Lord beleue ze ſic ane thing?
Nay, nay, Madame, I cry zow now mercie,
For weill I wait ſic thing thair can not be.
Scho ſaid my Lord, tak not ſic thing in thocht
For the ſame man perchance yᵗ zour ring wrocht
He maid the Knichtis, and on the ſamin ſort.
Quod he Madame I ſaid it bot in ſport.
Quod ſcho my Lord God mot zow grant par-
Gif ze me hald in ony ſuſpitioun. (doun
God zow forgiue zour Ill ſuſpitious minde,
Gif ze ſuſpect in ony ſort or kinde.
Conſiddering of zour Caſtell the ſtrenth,
And my lawtie ze haue kend at the lenth.

And ſine zour ſelf had the keyis in keiping,
I meruell how ze can ſuſpect ſic thing.
Quod he Madame I pray zow tak patience,
I ſaid nathing for to do zow offence.
Bot as ze knaw deſirit my King to ſe,
Quhilk now agane ze ſall reſſaue of me.
With als gude will as euer I it gaue,
Scho ſaid my Lord the ſame I will reſſaue,
Say eftirwart ze ſuſpect me na way,
He ſaid Madame, that ſall I not perſay.
Efter this time the Knicht cauſit prepair
In his awin hous ane Banket or dennair.
Sine to the King he ſaid and pleis zour grace,
This is the treuth, the verray caus and cace,
My bedfellow is cum fra hir countrie,
Quhilk thocht greit lang my preſence for to ſe,
To hir I cauſit ane dennar to prepair,
With all my hart I wald zour grace war thair
And pleis zour grace to do me ſic honour.
Surelie (ſaid he) I will do zow pleſour.
In that behalf, and it war mekill moir,
The Knicht he kneillit, & thankit him thairfoir
Than in his hart he was richt wonder glaid
For the kinde wordis the King had to him ſaid.
Than paſt he to the Quene Incontinent,
Be his derne Caif, the ſtraicht way is he went,
And ſaid Madame, pleis zow to tak ſic pane,
Into my hous to dine with zour Souerane
This ſamin day, and cleith zow vp richelie,
As is the giſe and vſe of my countrie,
And ſit thairat in Tabill with the King,
Euin as ze war my wife ſpouſit with ane King
And mak him all the paſtime and gude cheir.

As

As to his grace in beſt ſort can effeir.
Scho ſaid Schir Knicht as ze pleis ſa I will,
As I beſt can zour pleſure to fulfill.
The hour become, and dennar time of day,
To the Knichts hous the King come on a way.
In the meane time the Quene come hir dern gait
In the Knichts hall beliue ſcho gat hir ſait.
In ſic clething as the Knicht gaue command,
Efter the giſe and faſſoun of his land.
And quhen the King come to the Knichtis haw,
Sa ſone as he the Ladeis viſage ſaw,
He thocht ſcho was womā maiſt like his quene,
Sen he was bozne, that euer he ſaw with Ene.
Zit not the les Ilk ane on thair maneir,
Thay hailzit vther as it culd beſt effeir:
Than to the Knicht the King ſaid quietlie,
Quhat is ſcho this ſa ſemelie for to ſe?
The Knicht he ſaid, and pleis zour Maieſtie.
This is forſuith my luke and my Ladie,
Quhilk of lang time fra me has bene abſent,
Bot now I am of hir cūming content,
Sa that ze be content that ſcho is heir,
I am (ſaid he) ſa God grant me gude cheir.
And firſt thay welche, and ſine to Tabill went,
And euer mair the King in his Intent,
Thocht yᵗ he knew the Quene & had knawledge
Be hir faſſoun, hir forme and hir viſage,
And to him ſelf he ſaid in all his life,
He neuer ſaw ane woman mair like his wife.
Zit not the les the ſtrenth of his awin Towze
Diſſauit his minde, and led him in errour,
That in ſa far he gaue far mair credence
To the Knichtis wordis, and cullourit eloquēce

Noꝛ to the thing he ſaw with his awin Ene,
Quhilk blindit him, & als miſknew his Quene
Than ſcho began to talk of ſum glaidnes,
And ſteir the King vp in ſum mirrines.
Sa ſone as he hard hir ſpeiche and hir voice,
Quhidder to ſpeik oꝛ foꝛ to hald him cloiſ.
He not weill wiſt, bot ȝit ſaid to him ſell,
O Loꝛd in heuin heir is ane greit meruell.
This woman is in faſſoun and fauour
In ſpeiche, in voice, makdome and portratour,
In behauingis, and als in conditiounis,
In far, in face, in fait and in faſſounis.
And in all ſoꝛt ſa done like my awin Quene,
In all this warld was neuer ane liker ſene.
And ȝit the ſtrenth of the Towꝛe him begylit,
With the Knichtis woꝛdis y^t^ him ſa ſlelie ſylit.
Sa at the meit with mirrines amang,
The Knicht deſirit the Quene to ſing ane ſang.
Than ſcho began to ſing ane ſang of luſe,
The King heiring, greitlie his hart can muſe.
Said to him ſelf, and this be not my wife,
I wait ſcho is not leuand vpon life.
And than agane he thocht that can not be,
Foꝛ I my ſelf in keiping hes the kie
Of the greit Towꝛe, quhair nathing can cum in
Bot I my ſelf that keipis baith key and gin,
Than na man can enter within that Towꝛe,
Except myſelf, nouther be time noꝛ hour.
Sa all denner he ſat in ſic conſait,
With his awain ſelf into ſic ſtrang debait.
And ſa he ſat, and wiſt not quhat to ſay,
And at the laſt he bad ſone tak away,
The Tabill and claith, he wald na langer byde

And

And ſaid he wald about the feildis ryde.
Than ſaid the Knicht & pleis zour Nobill grace
For to remane ane prettie time and ſpace.
We ſall zow mak mair mirrines and cheir,
For without dout zour grace is welcum heir.
Than ſaid the Quene, and pleis zour Maieſtie,
For to remane with vs in companie.
We ſall zow mak the mirrines and ſport,
All that we can to hald zow in comfort.
Siclike as dois the Quene in hir ſolace,
With all ſeruice that we can do zour grace.
For all requeiſt, planelie the King ſaid nay,
For to remane, gart tak the Tabill away.
And ſaid he was in that ſame verray tide
In ſic fantiſe, he micht na langer byde.
And ſa the claith and Tabill away was tane,
Up rais the King and to the flure is gane.
Thankit the Knicht of his kindnes and cheir,
The Lady als into hir beſt maneir.
Sine in all haiſt to the Caſtell he went,
To ſe the Quene, gif ſcho was thair preſent.
And than the Quene went on her preuie way,
Reſt of hir clais and hir vncouth array.
And quhen the King enterit within the Towre
He fand the Quene ſitting intill hir Bowre.
In the ſame clais, and ſort as he hir left,
Quhairthrow he was in his ſpeiche halk bereft
Quhen he hir ſaw he braiſt hir twiſe or thrie,
And ſaid Madame I am in ane fantiſe.
This day I dynit with the Knicht as ze knaw
And with his luke, the quhilk I neuer ſaw,
Sa like to zow be forme and faſſoun
Be ſpeiche and voice, and als conditioun.

All dennar time I was ſa ſteirit in thocht,
That I not wiſt gif it was ze or nocht.
And ay my minde it was in ſic diſpair,
I wiſt not weill gif ze war heir or thair.
Than ſaid the Quene I meruell of zour minde,
That to ſic thing zour hart ſuld be Inclinde.
For ze knaw weil the greit ſtrenth of zour towze
As to the keyis thay ar at zour pleſour.
And my bodie ze knaw hes na credence,
To cum or gang without zour awin licence.
And as ze knaw to ſle I haue na wingis,
How can ze than Imagine ſiclike thingis?
Quhat kinde of way is poſſibill to me,
For to be in zone Knichtis companie?
Gif euer ze red the buik of Phiſnomy
Thairin ze may richt weill reid and eſpy
That it may ſtand ane to be like ane vther.
Howbeit that ane be not ſyb to the vther.
Thairfoir my Lord I zow require on richt
Haue na ſuſpect betuix me and zone Knicht.
Than ſaid the King forſuith that ſall not be,
I grant my ſelf into this fault gyltie.
Into ſa far as I miſdemit zow,
Thair is na caus ſic thing to think I trow.
Than ſaid the Quene ſen gyltie ze zow grant,
I zow forgiue, ſa ſic thing ze not hant.
Upon the morne the Knicht ſaid to the King
And pleis zour grace ze will me grant a thing.
This lang ago I haue zow done ſeruice,
The beſt I culd, pertening my office.
Ze ſe my luſe is cum from hir countrie,
And to returne hamewart for to caus me.
And I Intend (gif it be zour pleſour

Unto

Unto my luſe ze wald do ſic honour,
To mary hir in face of halie Kirk,
As God commandis all Chriſtin man to wirk)
To be at hame callit my lauchfull wife,
Quhill doweſum deid depart vs fra this life.
Beſeiking now zour Nobill grace heirfoir,
Foz my rewaird, as now I aſk no moir:
Bot with zour hand deliuer hir to me,
Befoir the Preiſt, that the pepill may ſe.
It will be callit to me ane greit honour.
Sa that it be zour graces awin pleſour.
Quhair that my wife was geuin me be a King,
In our countrie will be callit ane greit thing
In ſic effairis, as is the auld faſſoun,
Unto wedlok, quhen twaſum makis thē boun
Than ſaid the King, zour rewaird is to ſmall,
That ze deſire oz charges me with all.
I will do that richt glaidlie foz zour ſaik,
And foz hir luſe that now ſuld be zour maik.
The Knicht thankit the King a thouſand ſyſe,
That anſwerit him ſa kindlie on ſic wiſe.
The mariage and day of the banket,
The King him ſelf he gart deuiſe and ſet.
On the quhilk day, the King with greit honour
Come to the Kirk to do the Knicht pleſour.
The pariſche Preiſt with his Kirklike veſtmēts,
Was weill Indewit with all abilzements,
Foz to ſolempne the band of mariage,
Into the Kirk, as than was the vſage.
In this meane time the Knicht gart mak reddy
In his awin hous his luſe and his Lady,
Weill all cled vp efter the conſwetude
Of his coūtrie quhilk he thocht was maiſt gude

And gart twa Knichtis to the Kirk hir conuoy
With greit blythnes, ſolempnitie and Joy.
Quha than beleuit his Paramouris had bene,
Howbeit ſcho was in deid thair natiue Quene.
Than ſaid the Preiſt the quhilk was his dewtie
Quha delyueris this woman now to me?
That I agane may gif hir to this Knicht,
In face of Kirk, and in the pepillis ſicht.
Than ſaid the King that ſall I do bedene,
Becaus ſcho is ſa wonder like my Quene.
I luke hir all the better be my life,
Hir face and fauour is ſa done like my wife.
As is the vſe in filling of ſic bandis
The King he tuik his awin wife be the handis,
And to the Preiſt he gaue this Lady bricht,
The Preiſt agane gaue hir vnto the Knicht.
Of halie Kirk, efter the auld faſſoun,
Than he began to reid his Diſoun,
Upon his buik full beſilie can ſay,
The band cōpleit he maid betwene thame tway.
This being done the Knicht ſaid to the King
Schir ze haue done to me ane kindelie thing.
With zour awin hand that hes deliuerit me
This Nobill woman befoir this companie.
My Schip quhairin we purpois to pas hame,
Is alreddy now fleting on the ſame.
And we wald fane with zour graces licence
We war furderit hamewart foꝛ to pas hence.
My Marinaris thay ar in reddynes,
To tak vp ſaillis, and to the ſey thame dꝛes.
Thairfoir I wald zour Nobill Maieſtie
Sen ze haue ſchawin ſa greit kindnes to me,
Unto my Schip ze wald my wife conuoy,

Foꝛ

For ſcho thairof wald haue greit mirth and Joy
Conſiddering ſcho is now to depart,
It wald hir do greit comfort in hir hart.
And als I wald ze gaue hir gude counſall
All man leuand for to forſaik all haill
Bot me alone, quhilk is hir awin trew Knicht,
And maryit hir into zour graces ſicht.
Than ſaid the King all ſic is richt godlie,
The maryīt wife obedient to be:
To hir huſband, and all vthers refuſe,
I haue na dout bot all ſic ſcho will vſe.
Than went the King with all his companie,
And to the Schip conuoyit that fair Ladie.
And be the gait his counſall he hir ſchew,
That ſcho ſuld be to hir Knicht traiſt and trew.
Him to obey, and hald him in honour,
Luke him alone abone all creature.
And nane leuand in hir minde for to haue,
Quhais counſall than I traiſt ſcho did reſſaue.
Than the Quene ſaid and pleis zour Maieſtie
This gude counſall that ze haue geuin to me
It ſalbe done, and it war ten times moir,
Quod he Madame, now I thank zow thairfoir
Praying to God zour ſchip weill to conuoy,
Swa to zour land that ze may cum with Joy.
And than he tuik the Quene firſt be the hand
And ſine the Knicht, quhilk thā was hir huſbād
And gaue thē baith his bliſſing quhair he ſtude
quhilk to ye Quene as ſcho thocht was richt gude
For at that time ſcho thocht it was hir part,
Howbeit this King was blindit to the hart.
Sine firſt the Quene, & than this nobill Knicht
At this blind King ather thay tuik gude nicht

The King hir kiſt, and bad fair weill adew,
Sa like my wife (quod he) I neuer knew.
And hir fauour will caus me think on zow
Quhen ze ar paſt, this trewlie ze may trow.
Than ſaid the Quene law kneilland on hir kne
I thank zour grace that ſic thocht takis on me.
Do I not ſa quhen that we ar cum hame.
And think on zow, richt far I am to blame.
For greit kindnes and Inwart courtaſie
That ze haif ſchawin to zour awin Knicht & me
This being done, to ſchip thay mak paſſage
Enterit in burde, and maid for thair veyage.
Raiſit vp Ankeris, and Cabillis in thay drew,
The wind was fair, euin as thay wald it blew
Heiſit vp ſaillis, and to ſeward thay paſt,
The Skipper ſpeillit belyue to the top Maſt.
To ſpy the wedder, gif tempeſt did appeir,
Into that cace thair ſaillis the lawer beir.
Within ſchort ſpace the ſchip was out of ſicht,
Sa was the King baith quite of quene & Knicht
And than belyue the King hamewart he went,
To his Caſtell, and fand the Quene abſent.
Gif he was noyit or crabit at his hart,
I trow be few of ſturt can tell his part.
His face it ſwat, his feit and handis ſchuik,
Upon na man with patience he micht luik.
He ſocht the towze and ſpyit all round about,
Gif he culd find the gait quhair ſcho gat out.
He fand the hoill and ſecreit way at laſt,
Quhair ye Knicht come & quhair away ſcho paſt.
Than cryit he out full wallaway allace,
Heir is becum ane greit miſcheuous cace.
The Knicht quhome to I gaue ſic confidence

Of

Of luſe and fauour, be counſall and credence.
On him alone I wald haue lippinnit my life,
Now tratourlie hes tane away my wife.
I was ane fule fulfillit of fantaſie,
That gaue mair faith vnto his wordis ſlie:
Nor I did ay to my awin ſeing Ene,
Quhairthrow I want my bedfellow and quene
And ſchamit for ay with lak and deriſioun,
Quhilk will me bring to vtter confuſioun.
Conſiddering weill I had my Ene to ſe,
All man may weill exampill tak be me.

¶The Empryce than ſaid to the Empreour
This taill I tald my Lord for zour pleſour.
Wald God the ſame that ze weill vnderſtude,
Than ſuld ze be of all danger denude.
The Empreour ſaid Madame ſa haue I ſeill,
All that ze ſaid I vnderſtude richt weill.
Quod ſcho my Lord remẽber how this Prence
Vnto this Knicht gaue ſic perfite credence.
Als to his wordis greiter credence he gaue,
Nor his awin Ene, ſa he did him diſſaue.
In like maner vnto thir Maiſters ſeuin,
Ze giue mair faith nor to greit God in heuin
Be apperance, for daylie ze may ſe
Quhat diſpleſure thay ſeuin wald wirk on me.
Me to deſtroy thay labour nicht and day,
And ze giue faith to Ilk word that thay ſay,
Mair nor ze do to zour awin naturall Ene,
Quhilk heirefter will baith be hard and ſene.
Haue ze not ſene how zour ſone raif my face,
And zit ze giue ſkarſe credence in that cace.
Quhilk zit beiris ſtill the markis as ze may ſe.
Quhairof as zit I get na remedie.

And als ȝe knaw how me he wald have ſchamit
Dekoulit ȝour bed, quhairthȝow I was dekamit
All this become thȝow his Maiſteris defence
Quhome to ȝe giue ſa confirmit credence.
This ȝe mark not, noȝ prentis into ȝour hart,
Bot it noyis me Inwart in euerie part.
Thairfoir richt fair I dout the ſamin thing
Sall happin ȝow, as it did to this King.
That gaue credence quhill he was quite begylit
Sa is ȝour ſelf with thir ſame ſeuin ouirſylit.
He ſaid I giue to my Eine mair credence,
Noȝ to thay ſeuin foȝ all thair greit Science.
Thairfoir the moȝne foȝ all thair taillis & ſawis
Wy ſone he ſall the Judgement thoill of lawis
And on the moȝne his officers he gart call,
Commandit them that thay ſuld furthwith all
Tak out his Sone, and on the Gallous hing,
That it war done befoir all vther thing.
Than ſic ane noyis rais vp in the Cietie,
It foȝ to heir it was ane greit pietie:
That the Empȝeour his awin ſone ſuld gar ſla,
Within that toun mony hart it maid wa.
The ſeuint Maiſter hard tell of this tythand,
To the Sergands he haiſtit him fra hand.
Thame foȝ to meit in all gude haiſt him ſped,
Quhair thay ye childe doun thȝow the Cietie led
Quod he gude freinds, hartlie I ȝow beſeik,
Tary ane time quhill I the Empȝeour ſpeik.
I traiſt to God oȝ I cum far away.
I ſall his life fra perrell ſaue this day.
The Officers thay war richt wonder glaid,
And did euin ſa, as the Maiſter thame bad.
To the Empȝeour he haiſtit thȝow the toun,

And

And on his kneis befoir him sat he doun:
Randering him sic reuerence as accordis,
Sine efter him to his Princes and Lordis.
The Empreour with greit Indignatioun,
Vengeabill vult, and with browis casting doun
Saying to him all sorrow mot the fall,
Baith vnto the, and to thy fellowis all.
Ane dum young chylde to me ze seuin hes sent,
Quhilk spak richt weill quhē he vnto zow went
Becaus ze seuin hes send me sic ane hidder,
He and ze all salbe hangit togidder.
The Maister said, and pleis zour nobill grace
Fra now to morne it is bot ane schort space:
And than be none with grace of God in heuin,
Zour sone sall speik, and we his Maisteris seuin
Unto zour grace we promittis faithfullie,
On pane of deith, first we all seuin sine he.
The Empreour said, gif I micht that beleue,
Na langer than desirit I for to leue.
The Maister said, I pray zow byde sa lang,
And gif we faill, all aucht ze sall vs hang.
Than oppinlie ze sall ken all the strife
And discentioun, betuix vs and your wife.
And gif zour grace will not do as I say,
Ze will repent richt sair ane vther day.
And sall happin perchance to zow sum nicht,
As it bechancit to ane richt courtes Knicht:
That deit schortlie, as I in storie reid,
For ane small blude that he saw his wife bleid.
To quhome efter scho was richt vncourtes,
And richt vnkinde, for all his greit kindnes.
The Empreour said Maister I zow requeir
Tell me that taill, richt fane I wald it heir.

The Maiſter ſaid gar call zour ſone agane
The haill ſtorie I ſall tell zow in plane.
In time cūming Indureing all zour life
Ze ſall eſchew the ſchrewitnes of ane wife.
The Empreour ſaid I will call him agane,
Conditionallie vnder the ſamin pane.
The morne or none ſpeik he not oppinlie,
Firſt he, ſine ze, togidder all ſall die.
The Maiſter ſaid of that I am content.
The Empreour ſaid and thairto I conſent,
Than cauſit he to call the Childe agane,
And the Maiſter tald furth his taill in plane.
Bot the Quenes laſt taill zit farther or we ga
We will perſaue, or we tell ony ma.

¶MORALITAS.

INTO this taill richt ſmall I can perſaue
To be extract of Morall gude ſentence,
Bot that this Knicht ſubtellie did diſſaue
This Nobill King that gaue him ſic credence
In ſindrie ſortis ſchew him beneuolence.
Syne he agane vpon the vther ſyde,
With greit fallet did all his wayis prouyde.

As to our Quene, quhair ſcho Inferris this taill
To hir purpois, and to hir awin effairis.
As thinkis me, the mater rvndes haill
To hir awin ſchame, as the taill ſelf declairis.
For to tell furth planelie ſcho not ſpairis
And to reheirs the huredome that was hid
Betuix the Knicht and the Quene that thay did.

Conſiddering that thay ar Quenes haith
Quha can hir quyte ſic ane mater on bring
Gif ane hes ſchame it is the vtheris ſkaith,
For to be fals to hir huſband and King,
Trow ze hot our Emprice can do ſic thing
In deid I trow or all our buik be endit
Ze ſall perſaue als far ſcho hes offendit.

Gif ane Doctour into his ſermon tell,
And repruſe vice, greit faultis or greit errour
In the ſame vice he is gyltie him ſell
How ſall he ſnib that vice with his honour?
Ye ſmottis him ſelf as he dois his Nichthour
Alwayis vpon his awin blanket he ſpittis,
And his awin taill hard on the hellis him hittis.

Of my Nichthour gif I ane Ill taill tell
Of blaſphemie, diſhonour, or zit ſchame,
It may perchance ſiclyke cum to my ſell
Perhappin war, bringing on als greit blame.
How can I than in ony ſort defame
My awin Nichthour, exrept my ſell be clene
Sic thing ſuld be conſidderit and weill ſene.

Our awin Emprice quhome of that we now ſpeik
Scho put reproche vnto ane vther Quene,
Bot ſcho may caſt hir Cartis in at the Cleik
Of the ſame ſort, thocht now ſic be not ſene
As Mathew ſayis, euin ſa as now I mene.
Fra thy awin Ey firſt thow draw out the balk
To thy Nichthour than peirtly thow may talk.

Thairfoir I ſay thow had neid for to ſe
Or thow ane fault vnto thy Nichthour fand,
Of ſiclyke faultis ſe thow weill purgeit be
Him to repruſe er that thow tak on hand
Ellis thy repruſe with honour can not ſtand,
It to obey thair is few will be abill
Gif thow be kend in that ſame culpabill.

How can our Quene ſa foull ane fault Inter
Contrair ane Quene, and ſcho hir ſell gyltie
In the ſame cryme, zea, and perchance far war
Howbeit it be cloikit mair quyetlie,
Fy on falſet, fy on hid harlatrie,
That ane Ill taill of thy nichtbour can tell,
And that ſame taill redoundis euin to thy ſell.

¶Ane reproche to the Emprice.

THOW glaikit gallarrand quene, now with thy glorious gloir
With thy fals taillis of tene, thow trowis to win the hoir.

Nay, nay, not ſa my Iois, thairs zit ſum graith to find
Ane prick into zour nois, or we haue done behind,
Trow ze to blaw vs blind, thairs vther taillis to tell
Quhen ſtabilit is all this wind, luik than quha beiris the bell:
The wraik ſall on thy ſell, baith the ſorow and ſyte,
Thow Proſerpine of hell, we cure thee not ane myte
For all thy greit diſpyte, hid ouir with harlatrie
Full weill we ſall the quyte, that all the warld may ſe.
Thow byſemeir balamie, thy hippis ſall thoill het haiſteris,
For thow ſeruis thame trewlie, at the Chylde and his Maiſteris.

¶The Taill of the Seuint Maiſter is how the man deit becaus he ſaw his Wyfes finger bleid.

VPON a time thair was ane Nobill Knicht,
That had ane wife yᵗ was baith fair & bricht
Quhome he ſa luſit, that be na way he micht
Of the haill day ane hour want hir of ſicht.
Upon a time efter meit and glaidnes,
For thair paſtime thir twa went to the Ches.
And in his hand it happinnit him to haif
His awin byknife, and ſa amang the laif
Thairon ſcho ſtraik hir hand a litill we
Amaiſt ane drop of blude that ze micht ſe.
Sa ſone as he the blude ſaw of his wife,
Alwayis he ſaid, that ſcho wald lois hir life.
Befoir thame all, amang thame fell he doun,
For verray wo into ane deidlie ſwoun.
Incontinent than ſcho began to caſt
Upon his face cauld water wonder faſt.
Than he ouircome within ane litill ſpace,
The cald watter thay wap ſa in his face.
The Miniſter he gart call of the toun.
And prayit him to heir his Confeſſioun.
For weill he knew without ony remeid,
Thair was nathing at him bot onlie deid.

For

For na ſeiknes, nor for nane vther deid
Bot onlie ſaw his wifes finger bleid.
The Miniſter exhortit him anone,
And ſone efter to deith this Knicht is gone.
For quhome thair was greit ſturt & beuailling,
Amang the reſt his wife maid maiſt murning.
The Buriall with greit ſolempnitie,
Was maid and done in beſt maner micht be.
Than this Lady ſcho maid ane ſolempne vow,
To leif ay ſtill as dois the Trytill Dow.
All hir life time to leif in Chaſtitie,
And neuer to knaw ony mannis companie:
Bot ay ly ſtill abone hir huſbandis graue,
And neuer mair warldlie comfort to haue.
Bot euer murne vnto the day ſcho die,
In the ſame graue quhill that ſcho burȳit be.
Hir freindis ſay nay; that was not all the beſt,
Sen it pleiſit God hir huſband was at reſt:
Bad hir pas hame, and caſt hir to defend
Hir hous & bairnis, to murne wald nathing mēd
Giue to the pure, and let the deid hyne ga,
We think it beſt (quod thay) that ze do ſa.
We ſall zow do all comfort that we can,
Sine efterwart to cheis zow ane new man.
Caſt zow to mirth, and let zour murning be,
For naturall is, that all man anis mon die.
Scho ſaid counſall of zow nane will I haue,
For I ſall die widow abone this graue.
Can ze not all conſidder for my ſake,
Sic ſair ſeiknes, and doly deith did take
For ane ſmall drop he ſaw my finger bleid,
Suld I not than baith into word and deid
On my perſoun ſum pennance for to take,

The cruell deith that ſufferit for my ſake.
Thairfoir gude freinds let put zour minde to reſt
For in this graue ſalbe my ludge and reſt
Quhill God ſinder my ſaull and life in tway,
Thairfoir my freinds fra me pas hame away.
Than hir neir freinds heiring hir vtter minde,
Thocht in ſū part thay wald with hir Inclinde
Becaus ſcho was in ſturt and greit dolour,
Thay wald ſum way caſt thame to hir pleſour.
And ſaw ſcho wald do nathing bot hir will,
Thairfoir thay thocht the ſame for to fulfill.
And cauſit to big euin at the graues ſyde,
Ane proper ludge quhairin that ſcho micht byde
And furneis hir all neceſſaris thairto,
In all effairis, or quhat ſcho had ado.
Beleuing weill ſcho wald change hir Intent,
And efterwart to wirk with freinds conſent.
Thinking richt weill y^{t} ſcho na way wald wāt
Sicht of pepill, bot ſcho thairto wald hant.
Sa thay hir left into hir quiet Caſt,
Wurning rich ſair abone hir huſbandis graſt.
Thair was a Law than maid in the Cietie,
Gif ony man was condampnit to die
On the Gallous, for treſpas and vnricht,
Than the Schiref ſuld walk him all that nicht
In his harnes, the morne quhill it war day,
Sa that the theif ſuld not be ſtollin away.
And gif ſa war, the Schiref to tine his land,
And als his life to be in the Kings hand.
In this meane time it happinnit that thair was
Ane man hangit for his thift and treſpas.
Than the Schiref behude that nicht on force
All in armour to walk that hangit cors,

And

And ſa he did, howbeit the nicht was cald,
Quhair he watchit thair was na hous noȝ hald
It chancit that nicht to be baith wind and rane
That in na ſoȝt thairout he micht remane:
Foȝ verray cauld, he ſtude of life ſic dout,
And ſa belyue he blenkit him about:
In the Kirkzaird beſide the Knichtis graue,
Ane litill licht the Schiref can perſaue,
Fra the windo quhair that the Wedow lay,
Hidder he gais in all the haiſt he may,
At the ludge dure he knokit quietlie,
And ſone ſcho ſpak, and ſpeirit quha may that be.
This time of nicht to walkin ane pure Widow
All wobegane, in hart richt ſoȝrofow.
He ſaid I am the Schiref of this toun,
Foȝ verray cauld I am in point of ſwoun:
Except ze let me in mair haiſtelie,
Noȝ verray cauld doutles I trow to die.
Gif ze cum in (quod ſcho) I feir richt ſair
That ze ſall eik my anguiſche mair and mair.
Quhilk war neidles ſchir gif ze knew my thocht
Quod he Lady, foȝſuith that ſall I nocht.
I pȝomeis zow nouther in woȝd noȝ deid
Zow foȝ to craib, thairfoir haue ze na dȝeid.
Than vp ſcho rais, and belyue leit him in,
Foȝ verray cauld he cheuerit at the chin.
And doun he ſat, and warmit him at the fire,
Quhilk foȝ to do was greitlie his deſire.
Fra he was warmit and reſtit thair ane ſpace,
Gȝaithlie he blent into the Wedowis face.
Quod he Lady to diſpleis zow na way,
Ane woȝd with leif I wald vnto zow ſay.
Scho ſaid gude ſchir ſay on quhat euer ze pleis

For zour sayingis sall do me na diseis.
He said Lady I meruell of zour minde.
To this vane wark that ze suld zow Inclinde,
Considdering ze ar ane fair Ladie,
Fresche in zour flouris, zoūg plesand and lustie,
It war mair meit, and better be ten fald,
For to pas hame and keip zour awin houshald.
Nor heir to byde, and zour self to destroy,
Daylie in sturt, in murning and in noy.
My counsall is pas hame to zour awin hous,
Giue to the pure, and gar deill greit Almous.
Quod scho gude schir, gif I zour wordis had
Or y' ze suld sic sayings to me schawin (knawin
Ze suld not had into this hous entrie,
Becaus ze talk of sic purpois to me.
I say to zow as I said of befoir,
To all my freindis, and I wald ze no moir
Spak of sic thingis, thay sink not in my heid,
Knaw ze not weill my husband suffezit deid:
For ane small drop he saw my finger bleid,
Than think ze not that I suld do sum deid.
For him agane, and tak sum small pennance,
That micht me caus of him haue remembzance
Thairfoir I sall him lufe on sic ane wise,
That I mon lufe the eird quhair that he lyis.
And for his saik sic pennance tak on me,
That quhair he lyis abone him sall I die.
Than the Schiref tuik leif and vp he rais,
The neirest gait vnto the Gallous gais.
And quhen he come the theif that he left thair,
Was stollin away, quhairof he maid greit cair.
And said oft times, quhat haue I done allace,
Heir is to me becum ane cairfull cace.

My

My gudis, my geir, and alſo all my land
My life ſiclike is in the Kingis hand.
Sa he wandring in ſturt baith to and fro
And will not quhat to do for verray wo.
Sa at the laſt he thocht that he wald pas
To the Lady, befoir quhair that he was.
Becaus ſcho was ſa deuoit in hir ſell,
He trowit of hir to haue ſum gude counſell.
Than come he on as had bene the firſt Cok,
And at the dure quietlie did he knok.
Quod ſcho quha is that, that ſa ſone callis now
I the Schiref is cum agane to zow.
I haue ane ſturt and anger at mine hart,
And I wald ſchaw thairof to zow ſum part.
Thairfoir hartlie I pray zow let me in,
I ſall zow ſchaw the mater mair and min.
Howbeit it was to hir ſum prettie pane,
Zit vp ſcho rais and leit him in agane.
Than he began the cace all for to tell,
Quod he Lady I come to haue counſell
Of zow, becaus I wait richt weill ze knaw,
Quhen ony man is hangit be the Law,
My office is to keip him nicht and day,
To that effect he be not ſtollin away.
And gif he be, my life and all my landis
Without remeid, is in the Kingis handis.
It is ſa chancit quhen I was heir richt now
In the ſame time quhen I talkit with zow,
The theif quhilk I ſuld haue walkit quhill day
Sum ſubtell handis hes ſtollin him quite away
Quhairthrow I will Incur the Kingis feid,
Lois all my landis, and alſo tine my heid.
Or ellis on force furth of the Realme to fle

Quhilk is but dout ane heuie cace to me.
Beſeiking zow zour counſall giue me to
Into this cace quhat ze think beſt to do.
Quod ſcho gude Schir for zow my hart is wo.
That ſic ane chance ſuld happin vpon zow ſo.
Bot ſen ze haue maid zour firſt mane to me.
I mon zow help, defend and als ſupplie.
Sa wald kindnes, courtaſie and reſſoun,
Of ane wo hart for to haue compaſſioun.
Quod he Lady I lippin on zow na les,
Bot for to haue zour counſall and kindnes.
Becaus ze ar in greit eſtimatioun,
In wit, wiſdome, and als in deuotioun.
And I beleue to haue zour counſall now
For all my caus clene I commit to zow.
For it is ſaid ſen firſt the warld began,
Thair is greit help into ane gude woman.
This Lady than was muſit with mercie,
And on this Knicht hir hart had greit pietie,
And ſaid gude Schir zour ſturt it muſis me,
Bot tak gude hart, and ze ſall helpit be.
Do my counſall, and ſchortlie to conclude
Ze ſall nouther lois zour life landis nor gude.
He ſaid Lady that erand brocht me heir,
To ſaue my life, my landis, my gudis and geir
Quod ſcho Schir will ze promeis faithfullie,
Quhen I haue done, that ze will Mary me:
I will do all that I haue to zow ſaid:
Quod he Lady of that I wald be glaid.
Wald God in heuin to me ze wald ſa do,
That I micht be zour perſoun fallowis to,
Conſiddering I am bot ane pure Knicht
And ze ane Lady of greit blude and of micht.

Wald

Wald ze diſdane to humbill zour minde to me,
J ſuld zow ſerue with all humilitie.
Sa baith thair mindes and all thair hail Jntēt
Was weill aggreit, quhairof thay ſtude content
Gude ſchir ſcho ſaid, ze knaw richt weil J wait
How my huſband was burȝit of the lait,
Quha luſit me ſa wonder weill in deid:
That foꝛ ane dꝛop he ſaw my finger bleid:
He tuik in hart ſic ſturt and diſpleſour
Of doly deith he ſufferit the ſcharp ſchour.
Ga tak him vp foꝛ to be zour releif,
And hang him vp quhair hangit was the theif
The Schiref ſaid fair Lady be the Rude
Zour counſall is ſubſtantious and gude.
Than paſt thay baith bauldlie wᵗ mane ⁊ micht
Furth of the graue thay dꝛew yᵉ new deid knicht
The Schiref ſaid zit ane thing feiris me,
The theif quhilk J gart hing vpon the tre,
Twa of his teith abone was ſtrikkin out,
Thairfoir J ſtand into ane dꝛeidfull dout:
Gif ony man the ſamin ſuld perſaue,
That this deid Coꝛs his ouir teith dois haue,
Jt war my deith, and callit greit diſſait,
Thairfoir to do, heirof not weill J wait.
Scho ſaid zour ſelf may richt weill that remeid
J giue zow leif, ſtrike thꝛe out of his heid.
Quod he Lady to that J war richt laith,
Foꝛ of Knichtheid it is aganis the aith.
Outher zoldin oꝛ deid man foꝛ to ſtrike,
Jt wald greitlie baith faith and fame Jnfek,
And als quhen he was leuand heir on life,
Except onlie my barnis and weddit wife:
J lude him beſt of ony man leuand,

Thairfoir in him I can not put my hand.
Gif ze will not now ding thame out ſaid ſcho
Faith for zour luſe that ſame thing I will do.
Sa with ane ſtane twa of his teith out dang.
Sine bad the Schiref hing him quhair the theif
The ſchiref ſaid zit I feir a greit thing, (hang.
The theif quhilk I on the Gallous gart hing
Ane hiddeous wound he gat in his foirheid
At his taking, thay had at him ſic feid.
And baith his luggis thay ſtowit quite him fra
And zour huſband be he not euin richt ſa
It ſuld be my deſtructioun haiſtelie,
In this mater I pray zow counſall me.
Amang the reſt (quod ſcho) thats bot ane bourd
Can not zour ſelf peirtlie draw out zour ſword,
On the foirheid ſtrike him as beſt effeiris,
Quhen that is done, than cut of baith his eiris.
Quod he Lady fra that God me defend,
Conſiddering vnto his lifes end
I lude ſa weill, and had in companie,
In that behalf I pray zow pardoun me.
And of befoir I did to zow declair
Of clene Knichtheid the aith it is contrair.
Giue me the ſword (quod ſcho) and for zour luſe
That ſame to do now peirtlie ſall I pruſe.
Scho tuik the ſword, and to the man was deid
Ane cruell ſtraik ſcho gaue him in the heid:
With the ſame ſword into hir greit diſpite
Of baith his luggis belyue ſcho maid him quite
Sine ſaid gude ſchir now ze may without tary
But ony feir him to the Gallous cary.
And hing him vp quhair the theif hang befoir,
Sa ar ze quite of danger, ſturt and ſchoir.

Than

Thā ſaid the ſchiref zit ane thing reſtis in thocht
Thairof quhill now remembrance had I nocht
Howbeit the theif was haill in bowk and banis
Zit weill I wait he wantit baith his ſtanis.
And be that kend, all is for nocht thats done
Quod ſcho in faith the ſtanis he ſall want ſone.
And with ane knife the ſtanis ſcho tuik him fra
And ſaid gude Schir now to the treis him ta.
He cūmeris vs for to byde ſa lang heir,
Quod he my ſelf alone dow not him beir.
Quod ſcho in faith for that it ſall not ſtop
Tak ze the taill, and I ſall tak the top.
For ſen he come furth of his Sepulture
I haue him maid ane laithlie creature.
To the Gallous thir twa him tuik but moir,
And hang him vp quhair the theif hang befoir.
Than was the ſchiref of the Kingis dāger quite
Be the greit help of this Lady ſa quhite.
Than ſaid ſcho ſchir, now wonder weil ze knaw
How that ze war be ordour of the Law,
Baith life and landis in danger for to tine,
And now I haue brocht all to ane gude fine:
Be my counſall and onlie for zour luſe,
For zour pleſure and als for zour behuſe.
Quhairfoir ſen ze in all maters hes ſped,
Now I deſire agane ze wald me wed.
Conforme to zour conditioun and promis,
Quhilk in na ſort I wait ze will not mis.
He ſaid Lady, forſuith I maid ane vow,
That I ſuld not Mary woman bot zow:
Sa lang as ze war leuand vpon life,
Bot wo to him that hes the to his wife.
Thow ſchameles ſchrew, and maiſt wickit of all

Tenefull tyger a vengeance on the fall.
Ane Nobill Knicht thow had to thy huſband,
And for ane drop of blude furth of thy hand
He had ſic luſe and Inwart fauour to the,
For ſturt thairof at ſchort cauſit him to die.
Thow in na way all his luſe regarding,
His forder teith trewlie thow did out ding.
In his fairheid ane fell wound did thow ſtrike,
Cuttit his luggis, and als his ſtanis ſiclike.
Quhen I think on this vgſum vilanie,
God me preſerue that I not Mary the.
And for that caus I find the ſa cruell,
To him alone that luſit the ſo well.
In time cūming thow can na better be,
To ony man that wald lay luſe on the.
Thairfoir I ſall, that thow ſall ſchame na ma
In time cūming, my awin handis ſall the ſla.
And ſa at ſchort he put hir thair to deid
He drew his ſword and quite ſtraik of hir heid.
The Maiſter ſaid than to the Empreour,
Schir I require gif it be zour pleſour:
Gif that ze haue the wordis of this taill tane
The Empreour ſaid ze Maiſter euerie ane.
Scho was ane wife the worſt and maiſt cruell
That I befoir of ony zit hard tell.
The Schiref als rewardit hir the thing,
That ſcho deſeruit, to hir deidis according.
Zit gude Maiſter hartlie I zow beſeik,
That I may anis my Sone blythlie heir ſpeik
For that wald mak ſic blythnes to my hart,
Fra that time furth I cair not to depart.
He ſaid my Lord and pleis zour Maieſtie,
That thing the morne ze ſall baith heir and ſe:

At

At zour plesure, as zour self dois desire,
In audience befoir the haill Impire.
And sall knaw weill the caus of vnkindnes
Betuix vs seuin, zour sone and zour Empzres.
The Empzeour said gif that thing cūmis to pas
Than zour rewaird salbe quhat ze will as.
He said my Lozd all is at zour plesour,
Sa tuik his leif than fra the Empzeour.

¶MORALITAS.

INTO this taill that the Doctour hes tald
We may persaue sentences monyfald
Pertening to womens vnstabilnes,
First thair awin will to haue ay that thay wald,
That gart hir big abone the graue ane hald
For to mak knawin hir senzeit halynes,
Quhilk sone was turnit to habitt brukilnes.
Considder line how that scho was sa bald
In diuers sortis, and schew hir cruelnes.

First scho hir schew to be in estimatioun,
Ane chaist wedow, and leif in deuotioun
In godly prayer, and into almous deid
Quhilk sone was turnit in greit dissimulatioun
Of hir awin spous that maid sic mutulatioun.
Quha deit heraus he saw hir finger bleid,
Quhat gaue scho him for his gude luke and meid
His stanis, his luggis, scho stowit, and teith out dang
Sine on Gallous as ane theif did him hang.

Weir is hir luke, weir is hir stabilnes
Weir is hir fauour, weir is hir faithfulnes
Weir hir chaistnes, weir is hir Cheritie
Wir courtasie, weir is all hir kyndnes,
Wir womanheid, lo weir is hir meiknes,
Weir is hir hope, weir is hir honestie,
Weir is hir grace, weir is hir grauitie,
Weir hir gansell, weir is all hir gudnes,
Now all is changeit into kene crueltie.

O meruellous God quhat may this mater mene

That wemen ar ſa cruell and ſa kene,
And euer geuin to wickitnes and vice
In former time euer mair ſa hes bene,
And in na ſort can zit thairfoir abſtene:
Bot perſeueiris, this is ane mater nice.
I think it beſt to play thame at the dice
The neireſt way in this warld is I wene
To ſaue thair ſchame, let thame on ſink and ſice.

Quhair ſuld be faith, thair ſchaw thay fenzeitnes
And quhair fauour thay ſchaw vnfaithfulnes,
Quhair ſuld be reſt, thay rattill ay in a rane,
Quhair luſe ſuld be, thair ſchaw thay bitternes.
Quhair peice ſuld be, thair ſchaw thay vp baldnes
Quhair gudnes is, thair iudgeing haue thay nane
Quhair tene and tray, that haus is to thame tane
Quhair meiknes is, than thay ar menſles,
O marzit men for zow I mak greit mane.

For quhy your heidis ar ſtill hound till ane ſtaik,
And thocht ze do all ze dow for hir faik
As zow becummis baith into word and deid
And ſa daylie on hir ſeruice dois baik,
Scho countis not all zour cunning worth a caik,
Quhen euer ſcho crabbis, and caſtis bakwart the Creid
Euin as the Knicht ſaw his wyfes finger bleid,
In luſis labour quhen euer that ze Inlaik,
All thing bygane ſcho countis not worth ane threid.

Becaus thay ar ſa kittill of the Cume
Quhylis lyke a wylde woll quhylis as a Dow als tame,
In at boſum, and ſine out at zour ſleif.
Sic ſaules thingis hes nouther ſin nor ſchame,
Than we do wrang ony way thame to blame
Thay will do nocht that will thair huſband greif
Nor ſkantlie ſpeik without he giue hir leif,
Sic Innocentis that wait of nocht bot Ill
Thay couet nocht bot ay to haue thair will.

Sum makis ſa moy, ſa gymp, ſa dynk and dane
Nowbeit ze ſpeik ſcho will not blenk agane
And zit ſcho do, it is out on the ſyde,
That Fillok wald be at the feild als fane
That ſemis ane Sanct new ſend bs fra Sathan
Thocht ſcho be brawlit and bulkit lyke ane bryde

Vnder

Vnder cullour ſcho is ane graceles gyde
Ane fule fulfillit of fantaſie prophane.
Ane rank Rebald, reddy all tymes to ryde.

Ze gude wemen exampill heir may ſe
Be not ſenzeit with fals Hypocraſie,
In mennis ſicht preſenting ane Angell
And ſine Inwart ſatiat with ſubteltie,
Fulfillit all with fraude and falſitie.
All this becummis of the greit Deuill of hell
Quha daylie ſettis his curage for to quell
All mankynde with his kene crudelitie
Sa wemen dois, as now na mair I tell.

¶Ane praiſe to the Seuint Maiſter.

THOW hes put of Doctour ane doutſum day,
The ſeuint and laſt quhairin maiſt perrell lay.
And ſauit the Chylde vnto the morne quhill none
Now in Goddis name let him cum on away
To the Emprice, gif he hes ocht to ſay.
To ſay it out, I think it war weill done
For ſcho hes bene to him Inoportune,
In his contrair ſcho hes done that ſcho may
To gar him mis baith Denner and Diſione.

¶Ane Exclamatioun to the Chylde.

NOW ſen thow ſpeikis on hir thow wreſk it weill
Gif thow hes caus, thy ſelf thow hes ſum feill.
Thank hir na mair, than thow had hangit bene,
Gif thow hes hap now hit hir on the heill
And ſpair hir not, thocht ſcho war ſtif as ſteill
For ſcho hes bene to the richt wonder kene,
Quhilk in na ſort pertenit to ane Quene
Ou ſic ane wiſe a zoung Clerk to gar keill
Quha wrocht neuer to hir zit tray nor tene.

¶How Diocleſiane on the Emprice complenit, And him excuſit of all maters ſcho menit.

EFTER that the ſeuin Maiſters all about
Had ſauit this Chyld of all danger and dout

Be gude reſſounis, of ſtoꝛeis red and ſene,
Upon the moꝛne togidder did conuene
To ane counſall, to ſe how weill thay micht
Conuoy this Chylde vnto his Fathers ſicht,
And fra pꝛeſoun how beſt thay ſuld him bꝛing,
All to conſult thay paſt foꝛ the ſame thing.
Sa to pꝛeſoun thay come with ane conſent
To ſpeik this Chyld befoir the none thay went
His opinioun and counſall foꝛ to heir,
Quhat he wantit that thay ſeuin ſuld him leir.
Richt weill beſene in honeſt Oꝛnament,
Of his Maiſteris twaſum befoir him went.
And on Ilk ſyde of his Maiſteris zeid ane,
And thꝛe behind, and ſa foꝛdwart ar gane.
And fourtene men in thair companie went
Ilk ane playing on diuers Inſtrument.
And euerie ane was Maiſter in Muſick,
Foꝛ Melodie and mirth thair was nane ſick.
To the Palice this Chylde thay did conuoy,
With greit blythnes, mirth melodie and Joy,
Sa that the ſound of all the Inſtrumentis
And the greit noyis in at the windois wentis.
Quhat was the noyis, the Empꝛeour did demād
Thay ſaid it was his ſone cūming at hand,
Unto zour grace, foꝛ to excuſe him ſell,
Of part of plaintis, quhilk ſum did to zow tell,
The Empꝛeour ſaid thay tythandis lykis me,
My ſone ſpeiking gif I micht heir oꝛ ſe.
In the Palice this zoung Chylde tuik entres
Quhairof mony maid mirth and mirrines.
And quhen he come to his Fatheris pꝛeſence,
He hailſit him with dewlie reuerence
With honour fauour, and all humilitie,

As

As him become, or culd of courtaſie.
The companie, and all about was glaid.
With greit blythnes to his Father he ſaid.
Hale Father deir, helth honour and weilfair
Be to zour grace, for now and euer mair.
Sa ſone as he of his ſone hard the vois,
Into his hart it did him ſa reiois:
That his greit luſe his wittis it did confound,
That he for Joy flatlingis fell to the ground.
Than vp agane his ſone tuik him in haiſt,
And diuers times in his armes he him braiſt.
Sa with ſweit wordis and cõfortabill braſing
Fra ſwoun agane he did his Father bring.
Als ſone fra ſwoun the Empreour did walk,
The Chylde began to his Father to talk.
Zit of pepill thair was ſic confluence,
The Chylde to ſpeik micht ſcarſe get audience.
The Empreour he cauſit caſſin be,
Greit ſowmes of gold out throw the hail Cietie
To that effect to draw the pepill away,
That he micht heir what thig his ſone wald ſay
Of the money zit ſum tuik ſmall regaird,
That the zoũg man ſa fane thay wald haif hard
The Empreour he cryit giue audience,
In pane of deith Ilk man to keip ſilence.
Thã all was cloiſ, to ſpeik thair durſt na man
Sine for to ſpeik Diocleſiane began.

¶My Father deir humblie I zow beſeik,
That ze will caus or I ma wordis ſpeik,
Zour awin Empryce with hir fair Ladeis gent
At my ſermon Ilk ane to be preſent.
The Empreour Incontinent gaue command,
That the Empryce ſuld hidder cum fra hand.

With hir Ladeis of hir Chalmer Ilk ane,
To hir belyue the Meſſinger is gane,
And in all haiſt the Meſſage tald hir till,
And ſchew to hir the Empȝeouris mínde & will
Scho heiring that ſcho tuik ane ſelloun feir,
Was na remeid, bot all thay did compeir.
Than did the Childe deſire the Empȝeour,
That all the Ladeis of the Empȝice bour
Suld ſtand on raw, Ilk ane at vtheris ſyde,
In pane of deith that nane thame ſelf ſuld hyde
That the pepill micht all thame planelie ſe
Thair trim makdome, and als thair honeſtie.
Thair ſauour, yair face, yair fame & yair ſalloũ
Thair bȝaue hauingis, and thair paintit perſoũ
Upon the deis thay damis quhẽ yai war dȝeuin
Thay war maiſt like Angellis cũ furth of heuin
Thay war ſa ſweit ſũ ſaid thay war all ſanctis
Trew men thame callit als trim as termigantis
Than ſtude thay vp all into plane pȝeſence,
And to the Childe gaue oppin audience.
Than ſaid the Childe Father lift vp zour Ene,
Behald how lang that ze haue blindit bene
With zour Empȝice that is zour Maryit quene
And that zoung wenche that all is cled in grene
Quhilk is bour Mayd vnto zour awin Empȝes
Quhome ſcho hes mair in ſauour and kindnes,
Than euer ſcho had I dar weill tak on me
Sen thay firſt met than to zour Maieſtie.
Quhome I deſire gif it pleſit zour grace
To be vncled befoir zow in this place.
That being done, richt weill ze ſall perſaue,
Sic ane bour Mayd, and ſic Empȝice ze haue.
To quhome anſwerit this Nobill Empȝeour,

Thow

Thow knawis ſone it is not my honour,
It will be ſchame to me and to vs all,
Ane naikit Wayd befoir vs for to call.
Than ſaid the Chylde ane Waydin gif ſcho be
All the greit ſchame thairof beis laid on me,
Gif ſcho be not ane zoung Wayd as ze tell,
Than let all ſchame remane ſtill with hir ſell.
The Empzeour than commandit that be done,
The Officers thay unbeckled hir ſone.
The claiſ of tane, it weill appeirit than
It was na Wayd, bot alwayis was a man.
And be all ſignes of memberis naturall,
Quhairof mony had wonder greit meruall.
Than ſaid the ſone with all humilitie,
The verray treuth now Father ze may ſe,
Of the falſet, and the greit ſubtelnes
Of this Rebald, and als of zour Empzes,
How day and nicht hes zow in blindnes led,
Quhen thay beſt thocht hes ay defoulit zour bed
In zour Chalmer ay vſit ſic harlatrie,
Fozнicatioun, Huredome, and Adulterie.
Not regarding Goddis Law noz conſcience
Noz zour dzeddour, zour luſe and reuerence:
Bot euer mair thair luſt and thair pleſour,
Tuik quhen thay liſt, to zour greit diſhonour.
Quhen the Empzeour ſaw all the veritie
How this zoung man was cled as ane Ladie,
And vſit nichtlie in Chalmer with the Quene,
Foz verray wzaith, Impatience and tene
His Ene thay glowzit, and als his face it ſwellit
His greit anger thair is na man can tell it.
He commandit thame baith Incontinent
Without mercie to be condampnit and bzint.

Than ſaid the ſone Father remane a time,
Quhill I reꝑuſe hir of the cruell crime
Scho laid on me, and falſlie on me brocht,
The thing ꝑat I had neuer in minde noꝛ thocht
The Father ſaid that thing and all the reſt
Is in zour handis, do with it as ze think beſt.
Than ſaid the ſone, ane lier gif ſcho be,
Than let the Law coꝛrect hir foꝛ hir lie.
Bot ze ſall knaw quhen ze firſt foꝛ me ſent,
Wy ſelf I paſt and ſpꝑit the Firmament.
Quhairin I ſaw, ane woꝛd gif that I ſpak
Within ſeuin dayis, that I with ſchame & lak
Suld thoill the deith with all greit crueltie
Be ony way that culd deuiſit be.
And that alone be the greit foirthocht feid
Of the Empꝛice, Imagining my deid.
That was the caus Father I durſt not ſpeik,
Thairfoir pardoun at zow now heir I ſeik.
And quhair ſcho ſayis that I wald hir oppꝛeſſ
That is in treuth ane leſing manifeſt.
Bot trewlie ſcho did all that in hir was
In all kin ſoꝛt to bꝛing that thing to pas.
And quhen ſcho ſaw that I refuſit ſic thing
And anſwerit not, Incontinent did ſcho bꝛing
Paper and pen, with Ink ſcho had reddie
Prayit me to wꝛite my minde thair quyetlie.
And quhen I wꝛait, and all hir minde refuſit,
And ꝑraying hir foꝛ to hald me excuſit:
Foꝛ I wald not defoull my Fatheris bed,
Than the wꝛyting vnder hir feit ſcho tred.
Sine raiſ hir face, and all hir robbis rent,
And with loud voice ſcho cryit Incontinent.
And zit that crime ſcho laid alone on me,

Father

Father in treuth this is the veritie.
Quhen the Empȝeour this tail hard til him tald
The Quenes face greitlie he did behald,
With awſum vult, angrie and als auſteir,
And not but caus, ſaying on this maneir.
O maiſt filthie and ſchameles creature:
Wicht thow na way ſtancheit thy foull nature
With my bodie, and with thy Rebald knaif,
Bot in like ſoȝt my awin ſone thow wald haif.
O wickit wife neuer taking regaird
Of thy awin ſchame, noȝ of heuinlie rewaird.
Had thow tane heid quhome of ȳ was diſcendit
Thow wald neuer ſa far to me offendit.
Thow wȝocht alwayis that euer thow culd In=
On the Gallous to gar my ſone be ſchent. (uent
And ay thy minde with falſet was Infectit,
Traiſting all time ſic wald not be coȝrectit.
Bot God is Juſt, howbeit he thoill a time,
As he thinkis caus he will puneis the crime.
Thairfoir becaus of ſic thow had na ſchame,
Upon thy ſelf ſall ly baith wite and blame:
That me ſa lang thy bedfellow hes blindit,
Thairfoir thy fleſche foȝ ſic faults now ſall find
Thā gruiſlings ſwyith ſcho fell vpō hir face (it
Doun at his knie, and at him cryit foȝ grace.
Saying gude Loȝd, foȝ thy Pȝincelie pietie,
To me maiſt vile thow wald grant ſum mercie.
Foȝ my greit gylt heir planelie I confeſs,
Gȝant me ſum grace foȝ thy greit gentilnes.
Than till hir ſaid this Nobill Empȝeour,
Quhilk was fulfillit of ſlurt and diſpleſour.
O vyle woman foȝ mercie thow dois craif,
Quhilk be na way is not woȝthie to haif.

The cruell deith thow hes deſeruit thrise,
Quhilk I ſall ſchaw planelie in thre kin wiſe.
Firſt thow hes done the ſin of Adulterie,
To the greit ſchame and contemptioun of me,
Quhilk be the Law, expres is na remeid
(Ane Princes bed for to defoull) bot deid.
Than ſecundlie, my onlie ſone and Air
Thow did prouoke to be ane Adultrair.
To that effect to the Chalmer him led,
With the to ly, and to defoull my bed.
Quhilk ſeruis deith, as na man can excuſe,
Albeit in treuth the ſame he did refuſe.
Thridlie Ilk day with fals taillis tyſtit me,
Aganis Juſtice, to gar my awin ſone die.
Becaus thow knew his Clergie and cunning,
Thy foull baudrie & filthines wald furth bring
Thairfoir be Law thow ſeruis puneiſt be,
And of the Law to haue extremitie.
Than ſaid the ſone, Father richt weill ze knaw
How ſcho daylie tyſtit zow (not be Law)
Bot with hir taillis and fenzeit fals leſing,
Upon Gallous but mercie me to hing.
War not throw help of my gude Maiſters ſeuin
And firſt ſupplie of the greit God in heuin:
Quhilk will euer the Innocent defend
And into neid will to thame ſuccour ſend.
Quhilk preſentlie now he to me hes done,
Into my neid hes ſend me ſuccour ſone.
Alſwa Father I traiſt it was zow tald
Be zour Emprice, that I purpoiſt and wald
Depriue zour grace fra this Nobill Impire,
Quhilk neuer was zit trewlie my deſire.
And als ſcho ſaid that it was my Intent,

Zow

Zow to deſtroy with my Maiſteris conſent,
And be that way zour rowmes for to obtene,
Quhilk trewlie zit my minde did neuer mene.
Sic for to do I pray God me defend,
Or zit think ſic vnto my liues end.
For of zour grace my leuing all I haif,
Ze zit on liue, I aw na mair to craif.
I am zour ſone, and ze my Father deir,
Wald I zow want for ony warldlie geir.
Nay, nay, not ſa for I ſall ay laubour
For to vphald zour weilfair and honour.
At my power and vtter diligence,
With hart and hand, and all gude reuerence.
At zour pleſure, zour bidding and command,
Leſting zour life, ay conſtant ſall I ſtand.
Bot zour empzice ſcho wzocht haith nicht & day
In all kin ſozt to wirk betuix vs tway
As the Father keſt the ſone in the ſie,
Becaus the ſone ſaid him for veritie:
That he ſuld be abone his Father Lozd,
To the quhilk taill the Father did not cozd.
Than the Father keſt the ſone in the ſie,
Bot the greit God gaue him help and ſupplie:
And wald not thoill that time he ſuld be deid,
Bot thzow his grace he ſend him ſone remeid.
Zit the ſonnis taill it come trewlie to pas,
And the Father ane myte not war he was.
To the Father quhat hinderance culd it be,
Howbeit the ſone had obtenit dignitie.
Not hindering the Father in na ſozt,
I think it ſuld haue bene to his comfozt.
And God willing Father my gouernance
Ze ſall perſaue ſall be na hinderance,

Noꝛ preiudice in na ſoꝛt to ȝour grace,
Bot alwayis ſalbe mirth Joy and ſolace.
Than ſaid on heich this Nobill Empꝛeour,
To God alone be louing and honour,
That ſic ane ſone vnfoꝛſeruit hes me ſend,
To gyde this Realme efter my dayis end.
Sa wiſe, ſa gude, ſa verteous in all thing,
To greit weilfair ſa abill his Realme to bꝛing.
Now my deir ſone hartlie I the requeir,
Tell me ſum taill that all about may heir.
Quhairthꝛow ȝai may thy wiſdome vnderſtād
Quod he Father that ſall I tak on hand.
Sa ȝe command all men to keip ſilence,
Quhill I haue done, and giue me audience.
Quhen I haue done as ȝe think expedient
On ȝour Empꝛice giue furth thā ȝour iudgemēt
Than ſilence was commandit to all man,
Diocleſiane thus gaits his taill began.

EFTER Tytan had tane his ſtaf in hand
And lichtlie lap as Loꝛd out ouir the land
Beraus the day was baith ſweit ſoft and fair,
Than vp I rais, and paſt to my Libꝛair.
And ſtudyit thair, a quhyle as I thocht gude
Beraus it was my vſe and conſwetude.
And ſa efter my leſſoun was compleit,
Than to refreſche, I recreat my ſpꝛeit.
As foꝛ that tyme I laid on ſyde my buke,
And in my hand ane vther Volume tuke,
Of lychter dyte, and ſtoꝛyis of the ald,
That ſeir auld men befoir in tymes had tald
In quhilk Volume diuers ſtoꝛeis ouir reſt,
That pleſand was, bot ȝit amang the reſt

Ane

Ane fyne fabill in that volume I fand,
Quhilk at this tyme to our purpois may ſtand.
This was the Wairch of the mater in deid,
As ze ſall heir this Tale and I proceid.
BEfoir this tyme thair was ane nobill knicht
Wanlie in mynd and aboundant in micht.
Ane gay Lady he had vnto his wyfe,
And betuix thame thay led ane Godlie lyfe.
Onlie ane Sone he had na barnis mo,
Quhome of yai tuik, greit mirth blyithnes & Jo
And him delyuerit in far and ſtrange countrie,
Him to Inſtruct and for to leir Clergie:
Of cunning men that Clergie had perqueir,
As ze haue done to me this mony zeir.
Sa this zoung man as he in perſoun grew,
Sa daylie did in cunning and vertew.
Sine efter that he was ſeuin zeir at lair,
Conſiddering he was his Fathers Air.
And had na ma to bruik his heritage,
At ſeuin zeiris end he ſend for him Meſſage.
Chargeing him ſone for to cum hame fra hand
Quhilk he obeyit his Fathers haill command.
And quhen he come to his Fatheris preſence,
He hailſit him with all gude reuerence.
As him effeirit, with greit humilitie,
His Mother als in ſemblabill degre.
Quhairof thay had baith game gle & blyithnes
That thair ane ſone was cūmin to ſic grace.
For not alone in vertew he Increſt,
Bot alſo was of bodie the liklyeſt.
Wanlie and ſtout weill maid at all faſſoun,
Weill fauourit of face and gude proportioun.
Gentill, humane, courtes, Nobill and fre,

All man him lude for his humanitie.
Sa on a time it chancit vpon ane day,
His Father and Mother at tabill sat thir tway
The sone seruing thame baith richt courtaslie,
Fra the Kitching the coursis brocht cumlie.
In the meane time on ane tre lichtit doun,
At the windo, and sang with heuinlie soun,
Ane nichtingail, quhilk sang with noitis sa cleir
Sa wonder sweit, that all hir noitis did heir.
Aucht dayis in ane thay wald neuer thocht lāg
To heir that bird, sa done sweit was hir sang.
Than said the Knicht weil war he all his dayis
That vnderstude quhat zone bird singis or sayis.
Than said the sone Father with zour honour
Sa that it be to zow na displesour,
The birdis sang I sall declair to zow,
Bot I am feirit that ze tak sturt thairthrow.
The Father said sone for my bennesoun,
Quhat the bird singis mak Interpretatioun.
Say on bauldlie, for na persoun tak feir,
For I thairat sall na wayis change my cheir.
Than said the sone this is the verray taill,
That ze Father heiris of the Nichtingaill.
That I sall be sic ane man of greit micht,
And honourit be with Lord Barroun & Knicht
And sall cum to, that ze my Father fre
The water plait that ze sall hald to me.
And my Mother befoir me scho sall stand,
Besyde zour self with towell in her hand:
Waitting quhill I weschc my handis in ye plait
This is the sang that the bird sang of lait.
The Father said thow fals misleirit knaif,
Thow sall of vs sic seruice neuer haif:

Nor neuer ſall cum to ſic dignitie,
That we twa ſall mak ſic ſeruice to the.
Sa in malice, and into greit wodnes,
In greit furie, and vnnaturall kindnes.
He led his ſone, and keſt him in the ſie,
In diſpleſour, Inuy and crueltie.
Saying efter in the ſey he him ſlang
Ly thow thair ſtill, geſſar of birdis ſang.
The Chylde culd ſwym, and ſa chancit to land
With heill and quert helpit be Goddis hand.
And laſtit thair as the hiſtorie ſayis,
But meit or drink be the ſpace of four dayis.
On the fyft day be chance ane ſchip come by,
Quhairon ſchairplie richt loud the chyld cā cry.
Skipper of ſchip for luſe and cheritie,
Fra this perrell I pray zow to ſaue me.
The ſkipper hard, and belyue drew to land,
And ſaw the Chyld, and in quhat ſtait culd ſtād
On him thay had reuth and compaſſioun,
Seing he was ane liklie gude perſoun.
The chance of deith ſa narowlie eſchewit,
All in ane voice thair hartis vpon him rewit.
And in on burde belyue did him reſſaue,
And in far landis to thair countrie did haue.
Than to ane Duke of that countrie him ſauld,
For ane greit ſowme of money to thame tauld.
And as this Chylde grew daylie into age,
In like maner he grew in perſonage.
Meik and humane, in maners comfortabill,
Gentill, Jocund, and to all game richt abill.
Sa to all men he come in ſic fauour,
The Duke him lude, and tuik at him pleſour.
Into ſa far, he had the haill credence

Of all his hous, and the preeminence.
In the ſame tyme the King of that countrie,
All his greit Lordis, and counſall callit he.
His greit Barrouns, his knichts and nobill men
That of his mind ſum part that thay micht ken
Amang the reſt euin did this Duke alſo
To the counſall preparit him for to go.
And with thame tuke this Chyld in companie
For his wiſdome, and his greit courtaſie.
All thir Lordis come with full greit reuerence
Befoir the King gaue dew obedience.
Thay being all togidder ſa conuenit,
To yame in plane ye king ſchew quhat he menit
Saying my Lordis and my trew Barrounis all
Now to counſall for this I did zow call.
The mater is ſa greit I haue to tell,
Thairfoir I wald ze keipit all counſell
Gif ony man the treuth will me declair,
I him promit my douchter and myne Air:
Into ſpowſage, and efter me be king,
Quhen I am deid, for ay to bruke my Ring.
This is the treuth, and mater mufis me,
About this place reſorts Rauins thre:
And followis ay quhair euer I gang or lyis
Rowpand in ane, and euer on me cryis.
Quhylis me behind, & quhylis thay cum befoir
With ſiclyke luks, as thay wald me deuoir.
Thay leif me not bot ay continuallie,
Thay rowp thay rair, and euer ſchouts on me.
Scraipand the eird and waſſand w^t^ pair wings
Dawbing thair nebbis & at the windois dings
Thairfoir I ſend gif ony of zow did knaw,
The caus heirof, that ze wald to me ſchaw.

His

His gude rewaird he ſall not neid to craiſ,
As I haue ſaid the ſame thing ſall he haiſ.
Sa he deuoyd the Rauins fra me all clene,
And in my ſicht that thay na mair be ſene.
Quhen this was mufit to all the counſall thair
Thair was na man the queſtioun culd declair.
Than ſaid this Chyld to his maiſter the Duke
The man on hand that zone ſame queſtioũ tuke
Foꝛ to declair wald he get his pꝛomiſ
Fra the Kings grace, zea, quod the Duke I wis.
Than ſaid the Chylde gif it pleſit zour grace,
To ſchaw the King, I ſall declair the cace,
Under the pane to put my heid in pledge,
As he hes ſaid, foꝛ to fulfill the wage.
Quhē yᵉ Duke hard this tail he was richt glaid
Incontinent paſt to the King and ſaid,
And pleis zour grace thair is ane zoung mā heir
Ane cunning Clerk, in Clergie richt perqueir.
Wiſe and wittie, and of Ingine richt hie,
Quhilk pꝛomiſis that he ſall ſatiſfie:
All zour deſires and the ſamin fulfill,
Tuitching the Rauins, ſa that it be zour will,
Foꝛ to compleit the thing that ze haue ſaid,
Faith (quod the King) thairof I will be glaid.
Than bꝛocht the Duke this Chyld into pꝛeſēce,
Befoir the King with all gude reuerence.
Than ſaid the King, zoung man can ze declair
The queſtioun that I pꝛoponit air:
Befoir my Loꝛdis, tutching the Rauins thꝛe.
Than ſaid the Chylde that ſall I do trewlie,
Sa that zour grace zour pꝛomeis will fulfill.
Than ſaid the King but dout trewlie I will.
Quha euer will this queſtioun declair,

He ſall mary my douchter and mine Air.
Than ſaid the Chyld this is the caus and quhy
That thir thre Rauins dois daylie on zow cry.
Thair was twa Rauins, ane female & ane male
That had clekkit the thrid withouttin fale.
Quhair thay clekkit into that Ilk countrie,
Was greit hounger, derth and penuritie,
For fault of fude, wemen and men deceiſt,
In lyke maner ſa did baith foull and beiſt,
Than this zoung Rauin being intill hir neſt,
The Mother flew ouir feilds quhair ſcho thocht
Seiking hir fude, in lād out ouir all quhair (beſt
And of hir bird ſcho tuik na ſturt nor cair.
Than the Male Rauin ſeing that diſpleſour,
Upon him ſelf he tuik daylie laubour
With panis and pine, and greit penuritie,
Fed this zoung Rauin quhil it had ſtrenth to fle
And fend the ſelf out ouir the feildis fair,
Sa of Mother it tuik na ſturt nor cair.
Now is paſt by the ſkant time of the zeir.
Meit grew at large, and vittaillis was not deir
Men beiſt and foull, had meit aboundantlie,
The Female Rauin come hame than haiſtelie.
And wald haue had ſic freindſchip & kindnes
To the zoung Rauin as he quhilk in diſtres.
Fed him with fude quhill he culd fend him ſell,
The Female Rauin thairof tuik na trauell,
Than the male Rauin tuik weil into hir thocht
How he his bird had nureiſt and vpbrocht,
In time of derth, penuritie and ſkant,
He thocht na way his bird that he wald want
For the Female out ouir the feildis flew,
And left hir bird but help or zit reſkew.

Still

Still in the neſt quhilk thairfra culd not ſle,
Bot thair on fozce foz to ly ſtill and die.
Thairfoir the male thocht he had mair kindnes
To the zoung Rauin, that in neid and diſtres
Dut of perrell it nureiſt and vpbzocht
Noz the Female that flew and fed it nocht.
Thairfoir the Male ſayis that he ſuld poſſeid
His awin zoung bird that helpit it in neid.
Rather than ſcho quhilk in neceſſitie,
Left it alone but help in point to die.
Than the Female alledgis this agane,
That in the birth of hir bird had mair pane:
Mair laubour, ſozrow, and penuritie,
Mair hounger than the Male had be ſic thze.
Thairfoir of him ſcho aucht to haue mair mirth
That had of him ſic ſozrow in hir birth.
Foz this Ilk caus my Souerane Lozd the King
Thir Rauins cryis, and foz nane vther thing.
Deſiring zow to Judge be zour wiſdome,
Quha this zoung bird ſall bzuik in time to cum
Thairfoir will ze on this thing giue ſentence,
Thay will na mair cum in zour grace pzeſence.
Than ſaid the King becaus that the Female
Left hir awin bird into ſic neid and bale,
And in na ſozt wald nureis it noz feid,
Bot fra it fled quhen that it had maiſt neid.
I think alwayis with reſſoun it ſuld ſtand,
The bird ſuld be at bidding and command:
Wlith the Male Rauin, and in his companie,
Becaus he fed it in neceſſitie.
And quhair that ſcho alledges hir agane
To haue mair ſturt, ſozrow trauell and pane
In his clekking, furth bzinging and his birth,

I ſay to zow all that was turnit in mirth,
Sa ſone as ſcho hir awin bird quick culd ſe,
Scho quyte forzet hir greit aduerſitie.
And als the male is caus of production,
And Inſtrument of all generatioun,
I ſay alſo in time of hir greit neid,
He did his bird with pane nureis and feid:
Quhen the Female it left into the neſt,
In greit hounger, and als with cald oppreſt.
Thairfoir I giue diffinitiue ſentence,
That the Male Rauin ſal ay haue ſtill preſence
The fellowſchip and als the companie
Of the zoung bird, quhair euer he gang or fle.
And the Female his fellowſchip ſall want it,
Except the Male vnto the Female grant it.
Than quhen ye Rauins hard the King ſa declair
Incontinent thay flew vp in the air,
With ſic ane noyis, as it had thunder bene,
And was na mair into that Regioun ſene.
This being done, in ſchort time efter than,
Incontinent the King callit this zoung man:
And ſaid gude freind zour name to me ze ſchaw
Alexander (quod he) Schir thay me caw
Than ſaid the King ze ſall tak nane bot me
For zour Father and ze my ſone ſall be.
For ze ſall haue my douchter in ſpowſage,
And efter me ſall bruik hir heritage.
And euer ſtill ſall heir be Lord and King
And all this Realme ſall haue in gouerning.
Than Alexander in houſhald ſtill he baid,
Daylie ſeruice vnto the King he maid.
All men him lude for his greit courtaſie,
His gentilnes, and his humanitie.

He

He was ſa ſoft, ſa humbill and manſweit,
Courtes, cunning, debonar and diſcreit.
In all gude games him ſelf he did frequent,
In hors, harnes, Juſting and turnament.
And all gude games ganit for ane gentill man,
Daylie exercit, and ay the praiſe he wan
Abone all thame that dwelt into Egypt,
He far excellit, and had the Maiſterſchip.
In all that Realme nouther be far nor neir,
In manlie actis thair was nane found his peir
Nor zit thair was na greit obſcure queſtioun,
Bot he thairto wald giue ſolutioun.
Sa he gydit in all thing and weill prufit,
With zoung and auld wonder weil he was lufit.

¶In this meane time Tytus the Empreour
Quhilk was a man of greit micht and honour
Of gentilnes, and als of courtaſie,
In all vertew he was ane A per ſe.
Quir all the warld ſa far rang his renoun,
That he precellit all vther that bure Croun.
Into ſa far, that ouir all quhair did ſle
His Nobill name of Liberalitie.
And round about into all partis him by,
Baith far and neir oppinlie gart he cry:
Gif ony man in maners and wiſdome,
And gude Ingine, vnto his Court wald cum:
Suld be Intreit into thair awin degre,
And rewardit efter thair facultie.
Quhen Alexander hard tell of ſic ane thing,
He paſt fra hand to his Father the King.
And ſaid to him kneiling vpon his kne,
And pleis zour grace my Nobill Father fre.
The Nobill Court and courtaſie is knawin

Of the Empȝeour, and to ȝour grace is ſchawin
That euerie man delites thair to abyde,
That hes knawledge outher to gang or ryde.
Leirning ſall leir, maners and manlynes,
Pȝettick of weiris, gude gyding and pȝoues.
Dew Intreitting, with honour laude and gloir
And greit rewaird he ſall obtene thairfoir.
And pleis ȝour grace I wald deſire hartlie,
Into that Court and companie to be.
That I micht wit and vertew daylie leir,
Wy ſelf exerce in Nobill actis of weir.
This of ȝour grace richt humblie I deſire,
Na wayis mening that of ȝour grace I tire.
For God willing I ſall returne agane,
To ȝour pleſure, quhilk is my Souerane.
Than ſaid the King ȝour talking pleſis me,
Bot laith war I to want ȝour companie.
Zit not the les caus ȝe ſic thing deſire,
I will glaidlie grant it that ȝe require.
Bot or ȝe pas ſe that ȝe furneiſt be,
In all behalfis, gold, claiſ, horſ and monie.
That ȝe want nocht that is neidfull to haue,
That ȝe yairthȝow may baith our honours ſaue
Siclike I think it war expedient,
That ȝe ſuld ſpous my douchter or ȝe went.
Or ȝe returne perchance ane barne furth bring
Than wiſt this Realme outher of quene or king.
Alexander than ſaid vnto the King,
And pleis ȝour grace to ſpair me of that thing
Till my returne, than ſall I with honour
Zour douchter ſpous with ȝour graces pleſour
Than ſaid the King of that I am content,
Euin as ȝe will, thairto I do conſent.

And

And grantis zow heir with all beneuolence,
To pas zour time quhair that ze pleis licence.
Than Alexander at the King tuik gude nicht,
And all ye Lozds, baith Barroun ſquire & knicht
Sine laſt of all he paſt to the Ladie,
Tuik his gude nicht, and gaue hir knikes thze,
Bad hir be blyith, foz lang he thocht not byde.
Scho ſaid gude ſchir I pzay God be zour gyde.
Sa furth he fairis, ane liklie man to luik,
And lap on hozs, and on his veyage tuik.
And with him went ane honeſt companie,
With gold, ſiluer, furneiſt at all plentie.
Unto the Court quhair that the Empzeour was
He takis Jozney, and ſa fozdwart can pas.
And quhen he come befoir the Empzeour
Upon his kneis he hailſit him with Honour:
Gzeit reuerence and all humilitie.
Bot ſa ſone as the Empzeour culd him ſe,
Quhair that he ſat, out of his ſait he rais,
To Alexander but mair tary he gais.
And kiſſis him, as was of Court the giſe,
And in his armes he him Imbzaſit twiſe.
Sine him inquirit quhat was his name fra hãd
Quhairfra he come, quhilk was his natiue land
Siclike he ſpeirit quhairfoir that he was cum.
Tell on he ſaid, the treuth of all and ſum.
He ſaid and pleis zour Nobill Maieſtie,
Alexander men vſis to call me.
The King of Egypts ſone and Air I am,
I wait his grace will ratifie the ſame.
And is cum heir vnto zour Maieſtie,
To do ſeruice, gif ze will accept me.
Ze ar welcum the Empzeour ſaid than,

Ze ſeme to be ane Nobill gentill man.
To his Stewart than ane command he gaue,
That in houſhald Alexander he ſuld reſſaue.
The Stewart than to ane Chalmer him led,
And ſchew him quhair that he ſuld haue his bed
Weill perfurneiſt into all neceſſaris,
With pertinentis thairto in all effaris.
Alexander behauit him ſa wiſelie,
With all the Court and Ilk mānis luſe wan he
Sa in ſchort time for his weill behauing,
Maiſter Keruour he was maid to the King.
Not lang efter the Kingis ſone of France,
To do ſeruice and daylie obſeruance.
In like maner come to the Empzeour,
Quhome he reſſauit with blythnes & honour.
And ſpeirit ſiclike at him quhat was his Name
He ſaid Lodwik all men callis me at hame.
And am cum heir to do zour grace ſeruice,
Gif that ze pleis witchaik on me office,
The Empzeour ſaid Alexander trewlie,
Is my Keruour, my copper ze ſall be.
For that office I think ze be maiſt abill,
To do ſeruice daylie befoir my tabill.
Committit he to the Stewart Lodwik,
To do to him, as to Alexander ſiclike.
Sa the Stewart to Lodwik did aſſing
That Ilk Chalmer was Alexanders ludgeing
Quhairof thay war baith verray weill appleſit
That thay war twa into ane Chalmer eſit.
Thir twa zoung men Alexander and Lodwik,
In all kin ſort thay war ſa wonder like:
In face, fauour, in forme and faſſoun,
In ſtature, viſage, ſpeiche and conditioun,

That

That Ilk man ſaid ane was the vthers bꝛother
Skarſlie micht nane knaw the ane be the vther
Bot Alexander in deidis was mair actiue,
Than was Lodwik, and far mair ſcientiue.
Foꝛ Lodwik was ſchamefull and feminine,
And Alexander peirt, furthie and Maſculine.
Of mair curage, mair manlie to behald,
Than Lodwik was (ſum ſaid) be the thꝛid ſald
Thir twa ȝoung men Ilk ane ſa luſit vther
Nane wald haue ſaid, bot ane was vthers bꝛo-
The empꝛeour quhilk Tytus hecht to name (ther
Had ane douchter of faſſoun fair and fame.
Hecht Flozentine, ane gracious gay Ladie,
Quhilk neireſt air to hir Father ſuld be.
Quhome hir Father luſit ſa abone meaſour,
And till hir gaue aboundance of treaſour.
Hir awin ſeruandis ſcho had with hir to dwell
And keipit Court and houſhald be hir ſell.
To quhome daylie the Empꝛeour vſit to ſend
Of his dainteis, his douchters meis to mend
In ſigne of luke, daylie ane diſche oꝛ tway,
And Alexander to hir bure thame away:
To this Ladie, befoir hir thame pꝛeſentit,
Sa in hir ſicht Ilk day he was frequentit.
Quhairthꝛow fauour of this Lady he wan,
Foꝛ his wiſdome, abone all vther man.
Thꝛow beſines it chancit on ane day,
At dennar time Alexander was away
Fra his ſeruice, and nane in his abſence
His fault ſuppleit, noꝛ ȝit gaue attendence.
Than Lodwik come, and that perſauit ſone,
Did ſic ſeruice as Alexander ſuld haue done,
And ſtude foꝛ him into the ſamin ſteid,

His fault he did ſupplie and als remeid.
And quhen dennar neir hand it was at end,
The Empȝeour tuik vp ane diſche and ſend
To his douchter as he had wont to do,
And bad Lodwik the ſame diſche beir hir to,
Beleuing weill Alexander it had bene,
Few culd diſcerne thir twa viſages betwene.
Than went Lodwik his way to the Ladie,
Preſentit hir the diſche vpon his knie:
With reuerence, as he in hart beſt thocht,
For he befoir that time hir ſene had nocht.
Incontinent quhen he the meit hir bȝocht:
Scho perſauit that Alexander it was nocht,
Quod ſcho gude ſchir to me ȝe ſchaw ȝour name
He ſaid Lodwik, it is ſurelie Madame.
Quhais ſone ar ȝe tell me but circumſtance,
My Father is (quod he) the King of France.
Quod ſcho gude ſchir I thank ȝow of ȝour pane
Ze ar welcum to pas or ȝit remane.
Thank my Father of the meit he hes ſend,
Quod he I ſall, and ſa furth can he wend.
And tuik his leif with all gude reuerence,
And paſt agane to the Empȝeours preſence.
In this meane time Alexander come to tabill,
Did his ſeruice as he was wont and abill.
The dennar done, Lodwik to Chalmer paſt
Richt ſeik at hart, and laid him doun bedfaſt.
Quhilk Alexander perſauit Incontinent,
And to Chalmer to Lodwik is he went,
And ſaid to him, O my gude companzeoun
Quhat is the caus that ze ar now line doun?
Than ſaid Lodwik, I feill my ſelf trewlie,
Vext at the hart with ſair Infirmitie.

Gȝeitlie

Greitlie I feir without I get remeid,
It haldis me ſa, that it ſall be my deid.
Alexander ſaid the treuth I traiſt to ges,
The principall caus of all zour ſair ſeiknes.
For this Ilk day quhen that the meit ze bair
To zone Lady, quhilk that ze thocht ſa fair.
Ze hir beheld ſa verray feruentlie,
Hir gude maners, hir viſage and bewtie,
That ze thairwith is hangit in hir luſe,
Fra hir zour hart na way ze can remuſe.
Than ſaid Lodwik, O my gude brother deir,
The verray treuth but dout ze haue gane neir.
All Philitians in warld thay culd not ges,
Nor Judge mair trew the caus of my ſeiknes.
Quhairof but dout I tak ane ſelloun feir,
Get I na help, that it ſall do me deir.
Than Alexander bad him be of comfort,
At my power I ſall zour pane ſupport.
Lift vp zour hart and be of gude curage,
Sturt in na way zour ſeiknes can aſſwage.
Than Alexander bethocht him on ane caſt,
Incontinent to the market he paſt:
Ane precious claith with his awin gold he bocht
Quhairof Lodwik knew na way nor wiſt nocht
All ſet about with precious ſtanis coiſtlie,
And preſentit vnto the fair Ladie:
Quhen ſcho it ſaw, ſcho aſkit him in hy:
Quhair he culd get ſic coiſtlie claith to by.
Quod he the ſone of the maiſt Chriſtin King,
Hes for zour luſe Madame ſend zow this thing.
Bot for a ſicht that he ſaw of zour face,
He is ſa faſt lynkit in luſis lace.
That he lyis ſeik without he get remeid,

Appeirandly thair is nathing bot deid.
And for zour luke ſuffer ze him to die,
Jt ſal degraid zour honour gretumlie.
Alexander ſcho ſaid, wald ze now counſal me
That J ſuld leis my clene Virginitie.
Conſiddering J am of blude Royall
Diſcendit doun of ſtock Jmperiall
And ſecundlie, as ze knaw weill in deid
Be apperance, to this Croun ſuld ſucceid.
Gif J did ſa as ze to me declair,
Than war J tynt: but dout for euer mair.
Beleue ze weill that ze for ſic Meſſage
Sall haue na thank nor wyn of me na wage.
Thairfoir pas ze fra hand out of my ſicht,
Zour meſſage is nouther reſſoun nor richt.
He ſaw the Mayd was ſum thing diſcontent
Furth of hir ſicht he paſt Jncontinent.
On the nirt day paſt Alexander agane
To the market, and playit the counterpane.
To this Lady he bocht ane fyne heid geir.
Aboue the claith it was thre tymes mair deir.
And preſent it vnto the Lady gent,
On Lodwyks name, thairwith vnto hir went:
Quhen the Lady this coiſtlie gift had ſene,
Scho meruellit greit quhat Alexander did mene
And ſaid to him J meruell of a thing,
That ze to me ſic coiſtlie gifts ſuld bring
Fra ony man, bot gif it war zour ſell,
Deferring ay zour awin erand to tell.
And ſa oft times ze haue had my preſence,
And for to ſpeik ze micht haue had licence.
Sic thing J ſe in zour heid neuer ſank
Quhairfoir but dout J cun zow the les thank.

Quod

Quod he Madame ȝe mon hald me excuſit,
I durſt not ſpeik perchance ȝe had refuſit.
And mairatouir my birth it is to law,
Sa heich maters I durſt not to ȝow ſchaw.
Quod ſcho it is ane Prouerb of the ald,
Quhilk I oft times in mirrines hes hard tald.
Let ane ȝoung man quhidder he ſpeid or nocht
Hane not his ſpeich, bot ſpeik furth & ſpair nocht.
Into my hart (quod he) ſic was not groundit
Nor with ſic thing my hart was neuer woundit
And gif ſic thing perchance had happinnit me,
I wald haue chargeit ane of mair law degre
Nor is ȝour grace, bot my gude freind Lodwik
Is the greit air of the maiſt cheif Kinrik:
Of all the warld, and the maiſt Chriſtin King,
The mair baulder he durſt deſire ſic thing.
Rather nor I, quhilk may be na compair,
Unto ȝour grace, for ȝour blude ſingulair.
Quod ſcho this word in remembrance ȝe tak,
Luke quhome ȝe like, thay ſay luke hes na lak.
Quod he quha hes into his companie,
Ane gude fellow, as Lodwik now hes me:
And in him traiſtis, am I not bound agane
To wis him gude quhair that he lyis in pane
At my power, in ſa far as I may,
Doutles Madame I culd not ſay him nay.
Thairfoir I think ȝe Lady traiſt and trew
Wald ȝe witchaif vpon Lodwik to rew,
And on him haue compaſſioun and pietie,
That is ſa fair woundit in ȝour bewtie.
Ane word of ȝouris wald mak him haill agane,
And him releif of all ſeiknes and pane.
Let him na way his deid be on ȝow laid,

For that thing ſall zour honour greit degraid.
Gif ze ablent fra him zour gude kindnes,
Ilk man will ſay that ze ar mercyles.
Scho ſaid gude ſchir forſuith ze ſerue greit crime
Of me ze get na anſwer at this time.
Thairfoir ze may pas on fair weill adew,
Ze ar to blame ſa ſchairplie to perſew:
For ony man, bot gif it war zour ſell,
Pas on zour way, as now na mair I tell.
He tuik his leif, and departit anone,
The mone agane to the market is gone.
And bocht ane belt, quhilk ten times was mair
Nor was the claith, & als the gay heid geir. (deir
And preſentit vnto the Ladyis ſicht,
On Lodwiks name, the wofull woundit wicht
Quhen ſcho perſauit the giftis ſa coiſtlie was,
Into hir ſelf ſcho keſt and did compas
Seir diuers thochts pat neids not to be ſchawin
Nor to Ilk man in na kinde to be knawin.
Thairfoir as now I think beſt let thame be,
Ilk man ſuld not knaw Ladeis preuitie.
Bot at the laſt to Alexander ſcho ſaid,
I wait not weill for to be muſit or glaid
At zour meſſage, bot wonder laith war me
In my default that ony man ſuld die,
A mannis life to lois for laik of luke,
Gif I ſa did I war greit to reprufe.
Thairfoir ze ſall in this point haue credence,
In my Chalmer I will giue him preſence.
At the thrid hour that paſt is ouir midnicht,
Wy Chalmer dure he ſall find oppin richt,
Schaw ze him ſa this is my minde and will.
Zour minde (quod he) Madame I ſall fulfill.

Of

Of this anſwer Alexander was glaid,
Paſt to Chalmer, and to his fellow ſaid.
Lodwik ly not, ze lurk ouir lang for luſe,
I haue not hanit to hant for zour behuſe:
The companie of zone fair Ladie gent,
Howbeit ſum time ſcho ſtude not all content.
Zit not the les ſum grace I haue obtenit,
To zour Intent, ſa far to hir I menit.
Hir greit fauour to zow I haue purcheſt,
And I beleue all is cum for the beſt.
Thairfoir be blyith, and tak zow gude comfort,
With clene curage now get zow vp at ſchort.
And in ſecreit I will zow ſchaw ane thing,
To hir Chalmer this nicht I ſall zow bring.
Quhair that ze ſall richt wonder welcum be,
And weill Intreit with that fair gay Ladie.
Fra he that hard he was curageous,
Baith haill and feir, Jocund and Jolyous.
Als blyith at hart, and ſturt away was worne,
As euer he was, fra firſt day he was borne.
Was neuer bird ſa blyith of hir brydgrome,
Was neuer bird ſa blyith to licht on blome.
Nor zit Sparhalk ſa blyith to get hir pray,
Nor zit the Lark, in freſche morning of May.
Neuer Menſtrell ſa blyith of his rewaird,
As was Lodwik, quhen he thay tythings hard
Bot for to ſpeik of perfite Potingaris,
Fyne Phiſitians, meruellous Medicinaris.
Clerkis of cunning, and counſallouris of hele,
Charmers of chaſts and giuers of Liblele.
I neuer red into na buik nor place,
As Alexander was to Lodwik in this cace.
For luik how ſone that Lodwik hard him ſpeik

He ſaid him ſelf he was na langer ſeik.
Ze knaw Lechis will haue ane lang ꝓces,
Gude Intreitting, rewardis and als kindnes.
Bankettis making quhair euer it may be ſocht
With Alexander be na way ſa was nocht.
Alexander deburſit his money ay,
Not being knawin to Lodwik in na way.
Quhairthꝛow to him he conqueiſt this Ladie,
Be coiſtlie giftis coſt with his awin monie.
Now let vs ſchaw how Lodwik vp he rais,
With curious coꝛps, and cleikit on his clais.
Sine Alexander his minde vnto him ſchew,
How the Ladie all his maladie knew.
And how ſcho was of his cũming content,
And how that he did purches hir conſent.
Alexander conuoyit Lodwik that nicht,
To the Chalmer of that fair Ladie bꝛicht.
With quhome he was in Joy and mirrines,
And fra thine furth euer keipit kindnes.
In ſic ane ſoꝛt, quhair that anis Intent
Without contrair that vther gaue conſent.
Sa ſtill thay vſit in vthers companie,
Beleuing weill all was done quyetlie.
Zit not the les, it come vnto the eiris
Of all the Court, amang Knichtis and ſquyeirs
How that Lodwik ſa ſtude in greit kindnes,
With that Ladie wꝛocht ſa in quyetnes.
Sa amang thame thay did conſpire his deid,
Not regarding the Ladeis fauour noꝛ feid.
And Alexander thairof gat knawledgeing,
He armit his coꝛs foꝛ to ganeſtand that thing.
And quhē thay knew that Alexander tuik part
Him to perſew fra thine furth thay tyne hart.

Into

Into ſa far, fra all ſic thay did ceis,
And ſufferrit weill Lodwik to ga in peis.
Howbeit oft times into greit Jeopardie,
For Lodwiks ſaik Alexander was trewlie.
Bot to Lodwik ſic was not knawin a deill,
Bot the Ladie it knew richt wonder weill.
Than in ſchort time thair was a meſſage ſend
Out of Egypt, be writing makand kend,
That of the lait was new dereiſſit thair King,
Quhilk abone thame mony ane zeir did Ring.
Requiring hame Alexander to cum,
And with honour reſſaue his awin Kingdome.
For his Ladie the Kingis douchter and Air
Of his abſence tuik baith greit ſturt and cair.
Becaus the Realme was deſolait of ane heid
Unto that hour, ſen hir Father was deid.
Quhilk ſone he ſchew to Ladie Florentine,
And thairefter to Lodwik ſchew it ſine.
Than he in haiſt behuiſit to depart,
Quhairof thay war baith wonder ſad in hart.
Alſo he paſt vnto the Empreour,
And ſaid pleſit zour graces greit honour.
Furth of Egypt I haue reſſauit writing,
Makand it kend my Fathers departing.
And it behuiſis me to pas and reſſaue,
The Croun thairof, be richt thairto I haue.
Gif that zour grace will licent me to pas,
Without zour fauour I will na licence as.
For but zour leif or I ſuld licence take
I had rather baith Croun and Realme forſake,
In thir effairis, quhat euer pleſis zour grace,
Of verray treuth ſa ſtandis euin the cace.
The Empreour ſaid ze ſall knaw verralie,

Of zour depart my hart is richt heuie.
For I held zow amang my ſeruandis all.
Into my hous euer the principall.
Bot it becūmis not to ane Empȝeour,
Into na ſoȝt, noȝ zit is his honour
To his ſeruandis to mak Impediment,
Quhat time thay be pȝomouit to ony rent:
Bot far rather to help thame and ſupplie
To greiter giftis, and hier dignitie.
Thairfoir ga ze fra our Stewart reſſaue
Als mekill gold as ze pleis foȝ to haue:
With my bliſſing, and with my Inwart hart,
In Goddis Name I leif zow to depart.
And bad fair weill and ſa he tuik gude nicht
At the Empȝeour, ſine at Loȝd ſquire & Knicht.
Quha was ſoȝie of his ſchoȝt departing,
For he was lude baith with the auld and zing.
Than paſt Lodwik, and with him Flozentine,
And on gaitward conuoyit him myles nine.
Alexander wald let thame na farther go,
Bot foȝ to ſe the dolour and the wo:
Quhen thay departit, quhairto ſuld I ſay mair
It wald haue maid ane haill mānis hart richt
For verray wo to ground all thȝe fell doun (ſair
And Flozentine foȝ wo ſcho fell in ſwoun.
Alexander than tuik hir vp agane,
Comfoȝtit hir of hir dolour and pane.
And richt ſa did to his fellow Lodwik,
Comfoȝtit him with mony woȝdis ſiclike.
And ſaid to him, now my fellow and bȝother,
Quhome I luſe beſt of men abone all vther.
In time cūming foȝ to keip zow fra ſkaith,
This I zow ſay, and to my Lady baith:

Tuitching

Tuitchyng ſecreitis that is betwene zow two,
Keip thame quyet oz ze will ſuffer wo.
Thairfoir tak heid, and tent richt weill about,
Do ze not ſa, ze ſtand baith in greit dout.
Foz weill I wait ane vther in my ſteid
Sall cum but dout, and haue zow at ſic feid.
With greit haitrent, diſſait and als Inuy,
Baith day and nicht ſall zow chak and eſpy.
To ſe gif thay can chalange zow with crime,
Thairfoir be war and tak gude tent in time.
Foz gif thay can repzoche zow ony way,
And zow rebuke, ſwythlie thay will aſſay.
With the Empzeour in fauouris ze do ſtand,
Thairfoir the mair thay will caſt at zour hand
Than ſaid Lodwik in ſa far as I may,
I ſalbe war, baith be nicht and be day.
Bot wo allace thairin quhat ſall I do,
Quhen I haue nane that I dar lippin to.
That I ſuld want zour treuthfull companie.
I can not mend, thairfoir full wais me.
Zit hartlie I require zow of a thing,
Ze will reſſaue fra me this litill Ring.
Betuix vs twa to be in remembzance,
Of twa Pzinces of Egypt and of France.
Alexander ſaid the Ring I will reſſaue
In remembzance of zow ſtill foz to haue.
Bot zit howbeit the Ring I had not tane,
Zour remembzance fra me na way had gane.
And ſa ather about the nek Imbzaiſt,
With greit kindnes, and ſine about the waiſt.
Bot Flozentine was ſa confound in Spzeit,
Scho culd do nocht, bot ſat hir doun to greit.
Alexander ſaid amendis now na greting,

Bot I pray God ſend vs mirrie meting.
And ſa partit with hartis wonder wo,
Unto thair hame, Ilk ane thair gait did go.
¶Not lang efter the Kingis ſone of Spane
Come to the Court in ſeruice to remane.
Namit Gwydo: and gat that Ilk office,
That Alexander had into ſeruice.
Als the Stewart to him he did aſſing,
That ſamin hous, the Chalmer and ludgeing,
That Alexander and Lodwik dwelt intill,
Quhilk was but dout all aganis Lodwiks wil
Howbeit the ſame na way he culd amend it,
Bot zit his hart thairwith was ſair offendit.
Lodwik to gyde culd keip na fellowſchip,
As he did to Alexander of Egypt.
Thairfoir Gwydo aganis him tuik Inuy,
Howbeit thay baith in ane Chalmer culd ly.
And Lodwik had of Gwydo ſickin feir,
That he durſt not to the Ladie ga neir:
In auenture that Gwydo ſuld eſpy
Of his ſecreitis, and thame in oppin cry.
Zit not the les of hir he had ſic thocht,
Hir companie to abſtene culd he nocht.
Noz zit ſcho culd his companie weill want,
Sa he agane ſum times to hir did hant.
Than Gwydo that perſauing was not ſleuth,
On thame to wait, quhill that he knew ye treuth
That Lodwik had with Ladie Flozentine,
Sa greit kindnes, that he thocht efter ſine:
Conſiddering weill the treuth ſen he did knaw,
Sum time vnto the Empzeour he ſuld ſchaw.
Sa in his minde he held it quyetlie,
With fals diſſait, quhill he his time micht ſe.

Upon

Upon ane time the Empȝeour in his hall
Talking about amang his Nobillis all.
Pȝaiſing greitlie the wit and gentilnes
Of Alexander, the wiſdome and kindnes.
And ſaid he was baith trew verteous and wiſe
To gyde ane hous richt weill he culd deuiſe.
Than ſaid Gwydo, and pleis zour Maieſtie,
Sa far pȝaiſit he aucht not foȝ to be.
Noȝ foȝ to be commendit as ze wene,
Ane greit tratour in zour hous he hes bene.
The Empȝeour ſaid, tell on how can that be.
Than ſaid Gwydo, I ſall zow tell trewlie,
To zour douchter ze haue ane Ladie fair,
The quhilk ſuld be appeirandlie zour Air:
And be the help of falſet and ſupplie
Of him, Lodwik hes done hir velanie.
And ſa nichtlie quhen Lodwik takis delite,
He hes his will of that fair Ladie quhite.
And all this come be the fals ſubtell ſlicht
Of Alexander, that he wȝocht day and nicht.
Quhen the Empȝeour this tail hard til him tald
Into his minde was muifit monyfald.
In that ſame time Lodwik come thȝow ye hall,
And vpon him the Empȝeour ſone did call.
And ſaid quhats this that I heir tell of the,
Gif it be trew thow ſalbe hangit hie.
Than ſaid Lodwik and pleis zour nobil grace
Ze will me ſchaw thairof how is the cace.
Than ſaid Gwydo in oppin audience,
Heir I auow in zour graces preſence:
That Lodwik lyis with Ladie Flozentine,
Als ſure as ſtandis on craig this heid of mine.
And ſa he hes defoulit the blude Royall,

Quhilk I ſall preif on him in plane battall:
On his bodie, and thairat ſall I ſtand,
Defend it now, gif thow dar tak on hand.
Than ſaid Lodwik pleſit zour Maieſtie,
I am faikles of zone he ſayis on me.
And richt falſlie he layis on me ſic crime,
Quhilk I ſall preif, quhen euer he thinkis time
Sa into God I traiſt to find remeid,
All his falſet ſall fall on his awin heid.
Than keſt Gwydo his gluif doun for a trane,
Lodwik lowtit, and tuik it vp agane.
Saying I will that Ladeis fame defend,
With hart and hand vnto my lifes end.
The Empreour than to thame baith did aſſing
Ane certane day of battell and fechting,
And to thame baith he bad ſilence and reſt
And bad thame pas quhair that thay pleſit beſt
Than paſt Lodwik to the Ladie fra hand,
And all the cace he gart hir vnderſtand.
And how he was accuſit in preſence
Of hir Father, in oppin audience.
And how that he aſſignit the fechting day,
And vnto hir in this maner can ſay.
Now Florentine my Ladie fair and gent,
It me behuifis to wirk with auiſement;
With zow alwayis, for ſa the mater ſtandis,
I can not chaip vndeid of Gwydois handis.
For quhy gif I had nayit to him battall
Than had I zald my ſelf all criminall.
And of the crime grantit my ſelf gyltie,
Thairfoir forze was to counterfute mellie.
Alſwa Gwydo is wonder ſtout and ſtrang,
In fait of armes he hes bene vſit lang.

I neuer

I neuer knew in na companie heir,
Bot Alexander to fecht can be his peir.
For I am waik and febill of perſoun,
And to his ſtrenth hes na comparifoun.
Gif I him meit in feild quhat ſalbe than,
Without refuge, I am bot ane deid man.
And ſa on me ſall ly the caus and blame,
And ze for ay ſall thoill ſclander and ſchame.
Than Florentine to Lodwik this can ſay.
Sen ſic ane chance is cum betuix vs tway.
And I feill zow diſpairit in ane part,
And in this cace ouir waik ſpretit in hart.
Zit not the les quhair twa Illis dois approche
I think it beſt fra the greiteſt to foche.
The firſt Ill is, fra ze zow gyltie grant,
Than ſal I ay baith welth and worſchip want
And ze alſo be put to cruell deid,
And I for ay my life in langour leid.
The ſecund is, gif ze to battell boun,
Ze ar ſa waik and febill of perſoun.
And Gwydo is ſa ſtrang and als hardie,
That ze dow not ganeſtand him ſtraikis thre.
And ſa alwayis I can find na remeid,
How euer it go thair is to zow bot deid.
Thairfoir heirin ze ſall my counſall do,
Ze ſall but let my Father ſone pas to:
And ſchaw to him on zour maiſt humbill wiſe,
That zour Father vpon his deid bed lyis.
Quhairof thair is new writings cum zow till,
Deſiring him, gif that it be his will:
To prorogat the day of battell ſet,
That ze may gang, and cum agane but let.
And in meane time with zour Father to ſpeik,

Be the reſſoun he lyis ſa wonder ſeik.
And for to ken his perfite latter will,
That in all pointis the ſame ze may fulfill.
And for to ſpeik with him twa wordis or thre,
Furth of this warld or he depart and die.
And that ze may his benneſoun obtene,
With his awin mouth, ſine ze to lowk his ene,
And quhen ze haue obtenit his licence,
To Alexander in all gude haiſt pas hence.
And ſecreitlie to him the mater ſchaw,
How all thing ſtandis, perfitelie let him knaw
And him require into this extreme cace,
That he wald cum and to ſupplie zour place.
Contrair Gwydo, with him in battell fecht,
Becaus zour ſelf to do the ſame hes hecht.
This counſall than it pleſit Lodwik weill,
Euin as ſcho ſaid, ſa did he euerie deill.
Licence obtenit, and als prolongit the day,
To Alexander Lodwik tuik his Journay.
Small reſt he tuik, bot raid on day and nicht
To Egypt land, quhill he come vnto richt.
To the Caſtell than come he on in hy,
Quhair that the King gude Alexander culd ly.
Quhen the King gat of Lodwik knawlegeing
He meruellit greit the caus of his cūming.
Incontinent to meit him is he gane
As his brother, euin ſa with him hes tane,
With all honour he did him thair reſſaue,
As him become, or he lykit to haue.
Than ſaid Lodwik my deir brother and freind
In times bygane, and euer zit hes bene.
Now at this time let I zow vnderſtand,
My life and deid lyis baith into zour hand.

He

He ſaid bzother mak knawin to me zour querrel
Zour life ſalbe God willing in na perrell.
Than ſaid Lodwik, ze remember ze ſchew,
At our parting, ſum wozdis quhilk I find trew
Saying I ſuld in fellowſchip ane haue
Into zour ſteid, perchance wald me diſſaue.
And ly in wait my ſecreitis to eſpy,
Quhilk now in deid richt wonder weill find I.
Ze ſaid without I war mair circumſpect
In quhilk my ſelf in ſum part did neglect.
Foz ane Gwydo the Kingis ſone of Spane,
Into zour ſteid with me he did remane.
And be reſſoun my ſecreitis he not knew,
To my Lady I durſt not lang perſew.
And ſa at lenth I culd not lang abſtene,
It chancit him knaw the ſecreitis vs betwene:
And me accuſit befoir the Empzeour,
Quhilk vnto me was vtter diſpleſour.
And hes pzomeiſt in battell to mak gude,
That I deſoullit the hie Imperiall blude.
Sa hand foz hand in battell we mon fecht,
To counter him be my hand I haue hecht.
This day aucht dayis the battell ſuld be done,
Quod Alexander fozſuith that is ouir ſone.
Als quod Lodwik Gwydo is ſtout and ſtrang,
And hes bene vſit in actis of weiris lang.
And I am waik and febill as ze kend,
Fra his greit dyntis I dow not me defend.
And Flozentine thairfoir gaue me counſall,
Zow foz to ſchaw the caus and mater haill.
Foz ſcho beleuis zow ay hir faithfull freind,
And hiddertillis ſa euer mair hes bene.
And traiſtis doutles ze will help and ſupplie,

Baith me and hir in this neceſſitie.
Than Alexander to Lodwik can he ſay,
Is thair ony knawis ze come heir away:
Bot Flozentine (quod he) fozſuith not ane,
Foz Ilk man trowis that to France J am gane
Foz to veſie my Father lyand ſeik,
Thir ſame wozdis to the Empzeour J did ſpeik,
To that effect he did pzolong the day,
And J at poiſt to zow am cum away.
Quod he ſchaw furth quhat Flozentine bad de-
Oz quhat at me is thing ſcho bad require. (ſire
Oz quhat counſall gaue Flozentine to zow,
That J ſuld help, in quhat maner and how.
Than Lodwik ſaid, O my maiſt cõſtant freind
This ſtands the cace J traiſt that ſcho did mene
Conſiddering we twa be ſa done like,
That ze ſuld cum with Gwydo battell ſtrike.
And nane knawing bot Flozentine allane,
The battell done, ze to cum hame agane.
And J ſiclike in Court to pzeſent me,
As J had done the Act and Jeopardie.
Alexander ſaid the battell ze haue ſet,
This day aucht dayis to fecht withouttin let,
Jt is to ſchozt, foz euin this ſtands the cace,
J can not weill be reddy in ſic ſpace.
Foz tary J the mozne withouttin mair,
J can not find that J may weill be thair.
Thairfoir but dout quhat J ſall ſay heirto,
J can not tell, noz wait not how to do.
And my ſubiectis J haue commandit haill,
That thay be heir the mozne at my bzydaill,
Keip J Joznay, thocht J ryde at the poiſt,
Of my wedding the day is tynt and loiſt.

Gif J

Gif I ga not, and keipis not the battaill
Than Florentine and ze ar loiſt but faill.
Thairfoir Lodwik quhat think ze beſt to do,
Quhat ze deuiſe heir I apply thairto.
Lodwik heiring the excuſe reſſonabill,
To fall in ſwoun quhair that he ſtude was abil
Began to ſich, and ſorrow monyfald,
For to his hart catchit was cairis cald.
Saying all tray and tene to me betydis,
Sorrow and cair now cūmis on all kin ſydes.
Perſauing that Alexander till him ſaid,
Let be ſic ſturt, tak comfort and be glaid.
For I will not forſaik zow this veyage,
Thocht I ſuld baith tine wife and heritage.
Bot ze ſall heir in thocht quhat I haue tane,
Into ſa far as we twa ar like ane.
And as ze ken it is not lang ago
The Empzeours Court hidder ſen I come fro.
Zit I am not weill knawin in this countrie,
Mony my Lords as zit hes not ſene me.
And for that caus thay ken not my preſence,
Thay will tak zow for me in my abſence.
Thairfoir heir ſall ze tary and abyde,
And in my ſteid ze ſall Mary my bryde.
And hald the Feiſt with greit ſolempnitie,
And gar all thing be done that done ſuld be.
Howbeit my ſelf in bodie be abſent,
Let nathing want mair than I war preſent,
To my Renoun pertenis or honeſtie,
Gif I for zow, do ze ſiclike for me.
Except onlie quhen that ze pas to bed,
With my awin wife, howbeit that ze hir wed.
Into my Name, and my Authoritie,

Into that cace ſe that ze faithfull be
And ſa but baid, I ſall Incontinent
Loup vpon hoꝛs and to the battell went.
And ſet my coꝛs foꝛ zouris into the feild,
And zour actioun debait with ſpeir and ſcheild
And gif that God grantis me the victoꝛie,
Foꝛ to vincus Gwydo zour Enemie.
Without tary I ſall returne agane,
And ze ſiclike in Court foꝛ to remane,
As ze had done the pꝛincipall act zour ſell,
Sa with honour in Court ſtill ſall ze dwell.
This being done Alexander tuik gude nicht,
Latting na wit vnto his Ladie bꝛicht.
Unto the Court fra hand tuik his Joꝛnay,
Na man knawing the mater bot thay tway.
Sa Lodwik baid at hame ſtill with the Quene
Into Egypt, as Alexander it had bene.
And on the moꝛne Lodwik with noueltie,
Paſt to the Kirk in greit ſolempnitie.
As it had bene Alexander the King.
And ſpouſit his wife at the Kirk with ane Ring
Na man knawing bot Alexander it had bene,
That had ſpouſit with greit honour the Quene
And held the Feiſt with mirth and mirrines,
Gꝛeit honour, gloir, tꝛiumph laude & blythnes
All menſtralie of Muſick was yair thair.
Wantit nathing of mirth quhat wald ze mair
Of meit and dꝛink it neidis not foꝛ to ſpeik,
That neidfull was thair was nathing to ſeik.
All the greit Loꝛds and Nobills that was yair
Thay maid greit mirth and ſolace ſingulair.
Sine quhen nicht come all men bownit to reſt
To ga to bed the bꝛyde ſcho thocht it beſt.

Bot

Bot quhen Lodwik paſt to bed with the Quene
Ane naikit ſwoꝛd he laid thame twa betwene.
Quhairof ſcho had ane greit meruell & wonder
On the firſt nicht, that thay ſuld ly aſonder.
Sa he Ilk nicht with the Quene did remane,
Hir bedfellow quhill hir King come agane.
Nathing ſcho ſaid, bot ȝit mekill ſcho thocht,
Be the reſſoun the treuth that ſcho knew nocht.
Now let Lodwik and the Quene byde at hame
And we will ſpeik of Alexanders fame.
Than come belyue the day of Toꝛnament,
Alexander to the Empꝛeour he went.
And ſaid O maiſt redoutit Souerane,
Unto ȝour grace now I am cum agane:
Left my Father in greit Infirmitie,
Douting nathing bot ſchoꝛtlie he ſall die.
And to debait this battell with my blude,
And with my handis my querrell to mak gude
Foꝛ God willing to all it ſalbe kend,
That I Juſtlie my querrell ſall defend.
The Empꝛeour ſaid ȝe do all that ȝe can,
Accoꝛding to ane Nobill gentill man.
And beleue gif ȝour querrell be richt,
Ze ſall triumph like ane kene cruell Knicht.
Foꝛtoun will fauour ȝour querrell and actioun,
Howbeit ȝe fecht contrair ane Campioun.
Than quyetlie he paſt in vnder cure,
To Flozentine the hie gait foꝛdwart fure.
Of quhais cūming ſcho was richt wōder glaid
Scho him Imbꝛaiſt, ſine kiſt and efter ſaid:
Bliſt be the time that ȝe ar cūmin heir,
Fra all dolour to mirth hes changeit my cheir.
Ze ar als welcum to me now ȝour allane,

As ony man on life excepting ane.
For ay with me ze tuik ſa trew ane part,
Quod he Ladie I thank zow with my hart.
Quhair is Lodwik, I pray zow to me ſchaw,
And how he dois, I wald ze leit me knaw.
He ſaid Lodwik was into greit blythnes,
In mirth and Joy, and in greit mirrines;
Thair is na man leuis in mair luſtie life,
For he hes now maryit ane gay zoung wife.
Maryit (ſaid ſcho) I think that can not be,
It is for treuth forſuith Madame ſaid he.
Euin on the morne efter I tuik veyage,
It was aſſignit the day of Mariage.
The Banket was prepairit richt weill I ken,
And callit thairto was mony Nobill men.
All thing was dreſt, thair was na mair ado,
Bot on the morne the Kirk for to ga to.
The Ladie ſaid, quhat woman may that be.
He ſaid forſuith ſcho is ane gay Ladie,
Luſtie of luke, richt bounteous and fair,
Of that countrie ſcho is appeirand Air.
Quod Florentine ſchort kindnes thair hes bene
Or ellis auld luke that hes bene thame betwene
Bot gif ſic thing that Lodwik now hes wrocht
Zour cūming heir I think it is for nocht.
Hir countenance to keip bad ſtill the cop,
Howbeit I trow ſcho liſt not drink ane drop.
Than Alexander perſauing hir patience,
Hir lawlynes, and gentill countenance.
Na langer he wald hald hir into noy
Bot turnit hir ſturt Incontinent to Joy.
Quod he Ladie be blyith and mak na cair,
All he hes done is done for zour weilfair.

Ze

Ze knaw richt weill is nane in warld mair lyke
Jn all faſſouns noꝛ J am to Lodwyk.
Sa quhen he come and tald me his erand,
Euin on the moꝛne my bꝛydall ſuld haue ſtand
And be reſſoun J cuid not keip dyet,
Noꝛ zit to byde the day of bꝛydall ſet.
Becaus on him ſa ſtrangelie come the cace,
Kindnes cauſit me to put him in my place.
Sa J cauſit him in my place foꝛ to pas,
Na man knawing bot the ſame man J was.
And wed my wife as it had bene my ſell,
And J to tak the chance of the battell,
Foꝛ gif that J quhill the bꝛydall was done
Had biddin at hame, J had not cum ſa ſone
To the fiꝛſt day of battell that was ſet,
Zit than J thocht my bꝛydall ſuld not let.
Sa J him left in my Realme to be King,
Quhill J returne, and zow to honour bꝛing.
Gif ſcho was blyith it neidis not foꝛ to talk,
He tuik his leif, and to Chalmer did walk.
Bot Flozentine thair was nane that cuid tell,
Of verray treuth, bot it was Lodwiks ſell.

¶Sa on the moꝛne the day of battell was,
And Alexander vnto the feild can pas.
Into ſic geir as than to him effeirit,
And on his ſteid ſa ſtoutlie he him ſteirit.
Sine lichtit doun like ane kene cruell Knicht,
To the Empꝛeour the hie way raikit richt.
Befoir Gwydo thir woꝛdis to him he ſaid.
My greit Souerane ane crime is on me laid
Be this Gwydo, falſlie befoir zour face,
He me accuſit befoir zour Nobill grace,
Saying that J had carnall knawledgeing

Of zour douchter, and hir fleſche defouling,
Quhilk to zour grace it war greit diſhonour,
And I ſiclyke to zow ane greit Tratour.
Bot heir I ſweir, and als affirmes ſurelie,
Be the greit God that bled his blude for me.
Be the Euangells that our Sauiour ſpak,
And all the michts that God in warld did mak.
That I neuer in na maner of way,
Knew zour Douchter, as Gwydo did zow ſay.
My mynd was not to do hir diſhonour,
Into na way, to zour grace diſpleſour.
And I this day be help of Goddis grace,
Upon Gwydo, ſall preif befoir zour face,
That he hes leid, in diſpyte of his hart,
And all his kin, and quha will tak his part.
Than ſaid Gwydo, zit I ſay anis agane,
Befoir zour grace, thow art a Tratour plane.
And als I ſweir be God Omnipotent,
With thy awin fleſche, his Douchter thow hes
To thy pleſour, and thy foull appetyte, (ſchent,
Ay quhen thow lyſt, or thairin had delyte.
Euerilk nicht had hir at thy pleſour,
Quhilk was to hir greit ſchame and diſhonour.
And als vnto the Empreours Maieſtie,
Oppin treſſoun, quhilk I ſall preif on the,
Upon thy heid, in contrair all thy kin,
Cum and defend, gif thow wald worſchip win.
Than Heralds cryit with loud voce hie on hicht
Ga togidder, we pray God ſchaw the richt.
Incontinent thay ſtendit on thair ſteids,
Lyke vailzeant men, into thair weirlyke weids.
As twa bald Bairs, togidder baith thay ran,

Ilk

Ilk ane was lyke to ding doun horſ and man.
Speirs ſprang like ſparks as fyre dois of ye flynt
Thair docht na man Indure yair doutſum dynt
Quhē ſpeirs was paſt yair ſchynig ſwords drew
Quhill plait and maill all into ſtenders ſtew.
thair ſwords yai ſwāg quhil yair ſteids ſwat at
the giltin ſpurs ye cheual ſkin throw glyds (ſyds
Froith ran fra fronts of the feirs forſie ſteids,
Quhill hors and man baith at the baſnet bleids.
Styf ſtraiks they ſtryke of vthers ſtude nane aw
Quhill Alexander at laſt ane wantage ſaw.
On Gwydois nek ane nakit place he ſpyis,
Quhair at gude ſpeid he ſtryks twyſe or thryis.
Quhill at the laſt, thair at he ſtraik ſa lang,
All the harnes was thair away he dang.
And thairefter but ony mair delay,
He put Gwydo intill ane feirfull fray.
Gwydo that ſeis, agane vpon him ſetts
Of his Gorget ane buckill or twa he fretts.
And ſtraik his Gorget doun vpon his breiſt,
Alexander ane vther ſtraik waillit neiſt:
Upon his nek quhilk he perſauit was bair,
With all his ſtrenth, ane ſtraik he laid on thair.
Quhill baith thair ſteids ſtakkerit at the ſtound
And Gwydois heid it hoppit on the ground.
Sone lychtit doun and tuke it in his hand,
To the Lady it ſend into preſand.
Quhairof ſcho was richt wōder blyth and glaid
To hir Father the ſame ſcho bure and ſaid.
Father behald, the heid quhilk vpon me,
Sa falſlie leid, ſic feid vnfaithfullie.
Quhilk zow and me at his power deſamit,
Bot the blameles him ſelf hes maid vnblamit.

The Empȝeour ſaid the vailȝeand victoȝie
Be Lodwik wȝocht, is now ſchawin patentlie.
And ſaid Lodwik it may be hard and ſene,
Beleuing weill that Lodwik it had bene.
Foȝ ȝe haue ſaiſt this day fra ſchame and ſkaith
Zour awin honour, & als my douchters baith.
And fra thine furth the mair ay ſall ȝe ſtand,
In my ſauour, I hecht zow be my hand.
And heireſter quha euer dois zow deſame,
In that behalf, he ſall Incur my blame.
And at my hand ſalbe accuſit of crime,
That ſic thing talkis of zow in ony time.
Than Alexander ſaid vnto the Empȝeour,
The victoȝie is ay at Goddis pleſour.
Quha traiſtis in him na way he will thē wȝak
Noȝ thair Juſt caus he will not thȝaw abak.
Bot will alwayis defend the Innocent,
And will not thoill the ſaikles to be ſchent.
Sen he hes ſend to me the victoȝie,
Thanks euer mair to him alanerlie.
Bot now my maiſt redoutit Loȝd and King,
Humblie zour grace I require of a thing.
Fra my Father quhen I laſt did depart,
He was ſa vext with ſeiknes at his hart,
That we beleuit nathing bot ſtandand deid,
And now this cace as ȝe knaw come on heid,
That I micht not at that time weill remane,
Now I wald haue licence to pas agane.
To vnderſtand in quhat ſtait all thing ſtandis
And thaireſter to put reule in my landis.
And gif he be of ſeiknes conuoleſt,
Quhill I returne I ſall tak lytill reſt.
The Empȝeour ſaid zour langage liks me weill

Bot

Bot I wald not, ſa mot my ſaull haue ſeill:
Want zour ſeruice, noꝛ zour daylie preſence,
Zit not the les I grant zow gude licence.
Foꝛ ſic effairis as ze haue ſchawin to me,
To pas agane into zour awin countrie.
Than he tuik leif, and bad Ilk ane gude nicht
To his awin Realme raid hame ye gait ful richt
In this meane time Lodwik he thocht greit lang
To luik about, to the wall heid did gang.
And perſauit ane hoꝛs man cūming faſt,
Sine Alexander he knew weill at the laſt.
Quhome quhen he ſaw he was baith blyth and glaid,
And hartfullie reſſauit him and ſaid.
O maiſt trew freind, of all my freinds on liue,
Quhais greit kindnes my wittis cā not diſcriue
Ze ar welcum ſa far heir as I may
How haue ze done, and ſped in zour Joꝛnay:
Oꝛ quhat kin end that ze haue bꝛocht it to.
Quod he Lodwik now ze haue les ado.
Noꝛ of befoir, foꝛ Gwydo is departit,
Thairfoir be blyith and wonder mirrie hartit.
I wait I ſend his heid to Flozentine,
To hir Father ſcho it preſentit ſine.
Thairfoir ga ze vnto the Empꝛeour,
Foꝛ now ze ſtand far mair in his fauour:
Noꝛ euer ze did befoir in ony time,
And als ze ar maid clene of all kin crime,
That Gwydo laid vpon zone fair Ladie
Tuitching hir fame, and zour awin honeſtie.
Than ſaid Lodwik it neidis me ſay no moir,
My life oft times ze haue preſeruit befoir.
And now my life and als my honeſtie,
Siclike preſeruit the fame of ane Ladie.

Quhilk be na way I can not recompence,
Bot quhill I leif, all the beneuolence
Of my hart rute ze ſalbe euer ſure,
Sa lang as I into this lyfe Indure:
Togidder als with all my Gold and geir,
Sa lang as I on lyfe is leſtand heir
Than thay Imbzaiſt, at vthers tuik gude nicht
And Lodwik raid vnto the Empzeour richt.
Na man knawing Alexanders abſence,
Foz all his Court beleuit his awin pzeſence.
Siclyke this Quene, nathing the mater knew,
Foz na man was, that ſic thing to hir ſchew.
Syne quhen nicht come, Alexander him ſped,
Without tary vnto the Quenis bed.
Sone in his armis he hynt hir in all haiſt,
With fair ſweit wozdis richt tenderlie Imbzaiſt
With all pleſure that thairto did pertene,
Oz into bed ane King do to ane Quene.
Quod ſcho quhairfoir ſen firſt ze did me wed,
And euerie nicht I lay into zour bed.
Ze neuer ſchew luſe noz kindnes to me,
Noz na freindſchip quhil now how may this be
Foz I beleue ze had Judgeit ſum crime,
In my contrair, quhilk neuer in my time
I committit vnto zour Nobill grace,
Quhairof I am aſtoneiſt in this cace.
Out of my minde it can not weill depart,
Bot ſtill remane at the ruitis of my hart.
Quod he thairat quhy ar ze diſcontent,
All that I did was done in gude Intent.
In gude Intent (quod ſcho) thair I ſay nay,
Foz euerie nicht ze laid betuix vs tway
Ane naikit ſwozd, and neuer couet moir

Of

Of my perſoun, and knew na cauſ quhairfoir.
I did all that (ſaid he) for probatioun,
And als of luſe ane greit confirmatioun:
Betuix vs twa of euerlaſting luſe,
On ſic ane ſort I thocht I wald zow pruſe.
In all my dayis ze ſall not find agane,
Ane naikit ſword in bed betuix vs twane.
Zit not the les the Quene ſaid in hir thocht,
In all my dayis forzet it ſall I nocht.
That luſe thow trowis for to obtene of me,
In thy diſpite I ſall it wraik on the.
Zit nocht ſcho ſaid, bot thocht it in hir minde,
How ſcho micht turne hir luſe in vther kinde.
Thair was ane Knicht that ſcho lude of befoir.
And fra thine furth ſcho lude him moir & moir.
At laſt thay twa bethocht thame of ane thing,
How thay micht beſt ſla and diſtroy the King.
Betuix thame twa ane conſait ſone thay fand,
Gaue him poyſoũ, and thocht that he fra hand
Suld be bot deid, and zit his complexioun
Jt was ſa ſtark, it tuik na Jnfectioun
In his entrales, bot brak furth fra his hart,
Into the fleſche, and ſchew the ſelf outwart.
Sa be wirking within ane ſchort proces,
Jt was conuert in vther fair ſeiknes.
Uncurabill ay haldin amang vs,
And turnit intill ane Lipper Lazarus.
Quhill that na man with patience micht him ſe
And all his Lordis diſpyſit his companie.
Saying it is ane thing richt odius,
Ane laith Lipper for to King abone vs.
For all his barnis, and all his haill offſpring,
Withouttin faill ſall haue the ſamin thing.

And ſa at ſchort him of all dignitie,
Thay quite denude, for his Infirmitie.
Out of his Realme as ane beggar him draif,
Quhill he behude to beg amang the laif.
In this meane time of Rome the Empreour,
Payit his dew det, quhairof was greit dolour.
Quha was Father to Florentine ſa fair,
Of the Impire ſcho was appeirand Air.
And with auiſe of his counſall did wed,
Lodwik hir luſe, and brocht him to hir bed.
Quhairthrow he was maid principal empreour
And gat the Croun thairof with greit honour.
In the ſame time of France the Nobill King,
Lodwiks Father in likewiſe maid ending.
And payit his det as naturall cours him gaue,
As dois all thing that euer did life reſſaue.
And ſa Lodwik come Empreour throw chance
Siclike he was the michtie King of France.
Abone thame baith atanis ſa did he King,
And baith atanis he had in gouerning.
Than Alexander quha was laitlie depoſit,
Fra his Kingdome the quhilk he ſuld haue Joſit
Hard tell for treuth Lodwik was Empreour,
And King of France and thairof poſſeſſour.
Unto him ſelf he ſaid and tuik in minde,
I will ga ſe gif that Lodwik be kinde.
For diuers times I haue Jeopard my life,
Baith for him ſelf, and ſiclike for his wife.
Now will I go and till him mak my mane,
He will me help I am ſure and certane.
Sa on ane nicht Alexander vp raiſ,
And as he micht, purelie put on his claiſ.
And ſteppit furth with his ſtaf in his hand.

With

With cop and clapper vnto the Empȝeours land
Quhen he come thair he ſat doun at his ȝet,
Amang the lipper ſum Almous foȝ to get.
The Empȝeour come furth vpon ane day,
Of his Palice to ſpoȝt him and to play.
Efter his play agane to Palice paſt,
And to dennar Ilk ane thay bownit faſt.
All the Lipper thay clappit and thay cryit,
Bot at that time all Almous was denyit,
And Alexander clappit as did the reſt,
Thocht thay gat nocht, to bide ȝit he thocht beſt
Unto the time the Empȝeour was ſet,
Beleuing weill ſum Almous foȝ to get.
And vp he raiſ, and neir the ȝet he went,
Thairat knokit with meik minde and Intent.
The poȝter ſaid quhais that that knoks ſa bald
Quod he ane pure with ȝow ſum erand wald.
Requiring ȝow foȝ luſe and cheritie
That ȝe will do ſum ſmall meſſage foȝ me.
The Poȝter ſaid quhome to is that meſſage,
Few is heirin of quhome ȝe haue knawledge.
Alexander ſaid, gude freind with ȝour pleſour,
My erand is vnto the Empȝeour.
The Poȝter ſaid dois ȝour erand pertene
To the Empȝeour, I wait not quhat ȝe mene.
Schaw me the mater and quhat is ȝour Intent
And I ſall tell ȝour taill Incontinent.
He ſaid I ȝow require foȝ Goddis luſe,
And foȝ his ſaik that ſittis in heuin abuſe:
Ga ȝe and tell vnto the Empȝeour,
Ane man is heir in ſeiknes and dolour.
Ane laith Lipper, ane Lazarus ȝe ſe,
Requiris his grace foȝ part of Cheritie.

For Goddis luke that creat hes all thing,
And Alexanders saik of Egypt King.
That he will grant me licence in his hall,
To eit his meit befoir his Nobillis all.
The Porter said I wonder of zour wit,
Within his hall that ze desire to sit.
For all his hall of Nobill men is fow,
And thay at meit forsuith gif thay saw zow:
Thay suld abhor, and eit that time no moir,
I think it best ze hald zow still thairfoir.
Quod Alexander I pray zow of gudnes,
For Goddis saik, and of zour gentilnes.
To zour Maister ze wald schaw my Message
Get I almous ze sall not want zour wage.
The Porter said, sa far as ze require,
For Goddis saik, and hartlie ze desire.
Zour erand do, the same I tak on hand,
Quhill I returne, se still heir that ze stand.
Than the Porter past to the Empreour,
And hailsit him with reuerence and honour.
Did his Message, as he had gottin command
The Empreour hard, and vnderstude fra hand
And quhen he hard namit Alexander King,
Quod he in haist that man to me ze bring.
How horribill or vglum that he be,
In all gude haist ze fetche him heir to me.
That he may eit his meit into my hall,
In my presence befoir my Lordis all.
Than the Porter vnto the zet is gone,
And Alexander he brocht to hall anone.
And ordanit him into the hall ane place,
Quhair he micht eit befoir the Empreours face
Quhen he was weill refreschit at his awin wil

Ane

Ane gentill man belyue he callit him till.
And ſaid gude Schir, require the Empȝeour,
Gif that it be his will and his pleſour:
Foꝛ Goddis luſe firſt, and king Alexanders ſine
He wald me giue ane Coup full of his wine.
The gentill man ſaid that I will do to the,
Bot I beleue that ſic thing ſall not be.
Foꝛ gif ȝe anis of his Coup tak ane dꝛink,
To dꝛink thairin he ſall na mair I think.
Zit nor the les the erand I ſall do,
Auiſe him ſelf gif he conſentis thairto.
The Meſſage than to the Empȝeour he ſchew,
And als ſa ſone as he the erand knew:
Foꝛ Alexanders ſaik the Coup he ſend
Full of the wine that foꝛ the beſt was kend.
Dꝛank his pleſure, and ſine he put the reſt
In his Bottall, that time he thocht it beſt.
Of his finger ane ſmall gold Ring he thꝛew,
Quhilk the Empȝeour lang time befoir he knew
Becaus the ſame he had him geuin befoir,
In takin of luſe and freindſchip euer moir.
Quhilk Alexander into the Coup leit fall,
And bad the copper beir it vp thꝛow the hall:
To the Empȝeour, and the ſame leit him ſe,
Quha ſaid my freind, I ſall it do trewlie.
The Coup and Ring withouttin pꝛoces mair
To the Empȝeour the copper ſone it bair.
The Empȝeour than how ſone the Ring he ſaw
Incontinent full weill he did it knaw.
And will richt weill it was the ſamin Ring,
That he had geuin to Alexander King.
Into freindſchip quhen ather did depart,
Out of the Court, quhairof he at his hart:

Was ſorrowfull, for he knew na remeid,
Bot Alexander his companioun was deid.
Or ellis he thocht this pure man meruellouſlie,
Had gottin this Ring at ſum greit Jeopardie.
He commandit the Lipper not depart
Quhill he had hard mair ſecreitis of his hart.
For he not knew be fauour na vther thing,
Quhat man it was that had ſend him y^{t} Ring.
Efter dennar he tuik him quyetlie,
And ſaid tell me the treuth and veritie:
And fenze not to tell to me this thing,
Quhē, quhair, & how happinnit ze on this Ring
Alexander ſaid, and pleis zour Maieſtie,
Quhat is the caus ze ſpeir ſic thing at me?
Ze haue knawledge of this Ring I perſaue,
Gif it was zours, ze knaw quhair ze it gaue.
The Empzeour ſaid richt wonder weil I knaw
The Ring and man ſiclike gif I him ſaw.
Alexander ſaid I meruell that can be,
Ze knaw the Ring, and na way knawis me.
For Alexander I am of Egypt King,
Sum time I was quhome to ze gaue this Ring
Quhen he that hard to his hart ſtraik ane ſtoūd
For verray ſturt fell flatlings to the ground.
And rent his robbis, and kell his clais him fra,
Quhen he perſauit Alexander was ſa.
With ſair ſichingis and ſobbings to him ſaid,
Wy deir fellow how is this on zow laid.
Sic ſair ſeiknes, and greie Infirmitie,
Wy hart it brekis ſic thing on zow to ſe.
Ze ar my life, my ſaull and my weilfair,
Wy onlie freind and fellow but compair.
Quhair is zour cozs that was ſa clenelie cled,

Zour

Zour bauld bodie that was ſa ſinelie ſed,
Zour puiſſant pith [and ſtait] that was ſa ſtout
Zour mālȝ ſtrenth, quhairof Ilk man had dout
Quod Alexander this greit Infirmitie,
And vnclenes that ze ſe now on me:
Foꝛ the greit faith, trew kindnes & freindſchip
That ze ſchew quhen I left zow in Egypt:
To wed myᵹ wife, thair zour fidelitie
Cauſit this ſeiknes ſa to chance vpon me.
Foꝛ into bed, with myᵹ wife quhen ze layᵹ,
Ane naikit ſwoꝛd ze laid betuix zow twayᵹ
Scho beleuing it was not ze bot I,
Sa fremmitlie with hir in bed culd lyᵹ.
And foꝛ that caus had me at ſic haitrent,
Ane vther Squyer ſcho cheiſit in luſerent.
Betuix thame twa purpoſit to poyſoun me,
Quhilk is conuert in this Infirmitie.
Furth of myᵹ realme yai haue me dꝛeuin & chaiſt
And to returne thairto I haue na traiſt.
The Empꝛeour than tuik him about the nek,
Foꝛ verrayᵹ luſe, and ſaid in this effect.
O myᵹ maiſt beſt belouit trew bꝛother,
Quhome euer mair I lude abone all vther.
I ſoꝛrow ſair in ſic ſoꝛt zow to ſe,
Without remeid maiſterit in miſerie.
Bot ze mon thoill and tak in patience,
And gif thairᵹ may be found onyᵹ defence:
Help oꝛ remeid that mayᵹ zour ſeiknes ſaue,
Foꝛ gold oꝛ geir, but dout ze ſall it haue.
We ſall not faill to fetche fine Phiſitians,
With cūning Clerkis, and perfite pꝛacticians,
Noꝛ zit ſall mis foꝛ monyᵹ Medicinars,
Noꝛ foꝛ payment to pꝛeif all Potingars.

With counſallis of Maiſters and doctours fine
For all ſeiknes that can giue Medicine.
Into this neid gif thay can zow ſupplie,
It ſall not want for gold, geir nor monie.
To get zow help we ſall not ſpair to ſpend,
Thocht we ſuld ſeik vnto the warldis end.
Thairfoir be blyth, and tak nathing in thocht
Thrzow all the warld zour help it ſalbe ſocht.
Except zour helth heir nathing ze ſall want,
Quhen pleſis God he will that to zow grant.
To ane Chalmer belyue thay cuid him bring,
Was weill prepariť, wanting na kind of thing
Of honeſtie, nor zit was neceſſair
For eis or helth, quhair his bed was and lair
In this meane time the Empreour gart prepair
His Meſſingers to pas and ſeik all quhair,
Cūning Doctouris, and Philitians profound
That was expert in ony land or ground.
Of quhome thair come to him in oulkis thre,
Threttie Doctouris cunning in all degre.
The maiſt expert, and had experience,
In ſic effairis, belanging that Science.
Of ſure ſupplie pertening Phiſick fine,
And was extollit Maiſters in Medicine.
To quhome anone the Empreour than ſaid,
Of zour cūning Maiſters I am richt glaid.
This is the cace quhy I ſend to zow all,
I haue ane freind the quhilk lyis ſeik and thrall
Incurabill, quhilk onlie I ſuſpect,
As is Lipper, quhairwith he is Infect.
Quhairof gif ze cuid mak him haill and ſound,
I wald giue gold mony ane thouſand pound.
All the riches I haue and vther geir,

I wald

I wald it giue to haue him haill and feir.
The Maiſteris ſaid we ſall do diligence,
Be Airt, Phiſick, and naturall ſcience:
Togidder with all poſſibilitie,
Him to recure of his Infirmitie.
Pleiſit zour grace ze mon vs all pardoun,
We mon haue ſicht of the principall perſoun.
Quhilk all threttie at anis quhen thay him ſaw
Incontinent his ſeiknes thay did knaw.
And ſaid it was ane ſeiknes vncurabill,
And to remeid to mortall man not abill.
Quhen the Empreour hard thame deliuer ſo,
At his hart rute he was richt wonder wo.
Remittit all to the help and calling
Of God abufe, that can help all ſic thing.
The Empreour callit to him godlie men,
Furth of all partis, quhair that he culd thē ken,
That war deuoit with minde & thocht Inwart
Deſiring thame richt humblie with his hart:
That thay wald pray to God of his gude grace
Throw thair prayer gif thay culd helth purches
To Alexāder quhilk was ane King with croun,
Be thair faſting, and als deuotioun.
And als him ſelf faſtit and prayit daylie
That God micht haue of his gude freind pietie
Upon a day Alexander alone,
Lying in bed, in hart all wo begone.
Praying to God for ſum help and ſupplie,
He hard ane voice ſaying to him on hie.
Alexander gif that the Empreour,
Deſiris thy helth, thy help and thy ſuccour:
Let him ga ſone with his awin handis twa,
His twa zoung ſonnis Incontinent he ſla.

The quhilkis his wife at ane burding thē bair,
At the laſt time ſcho was in Childbedlair.
Weſche thy bodie with the twa babeis blude,
Thy fleſche ſalbe als fair, als clene, als gude.
As euer it was in ony time beforne,
Or as the fleſche of ane babie new borne.
Alexander hard, and this ſaid to him ſell.
I think it not neidfull this taill to tell.
Nor to be ſchawin is not expedient,
Nature thairto be na way will conſent.
Na wonder war his hart for to be wa,
For ane ſtranger his awin twa ſonnis ſla.
Thocht I be now in ſic extremitie,
Sic ane vane voce ſall not be ſchawin for me.
Zit not the les the Empreour nicht and day
Continuallie at his deuotioun lay:
Praying to God to ſend help and ſupplie,
To Alexander King of Egypt ſuld be.
Sa at the laſt come to the Empreour,
Ane voce ſaying quhy makis thow mair laubour
For to get help to Alexander King,
Sen to him ſelf is ſchawin the ſamin thing.
The Empreour than to Alexander went,
Saying be blyith and mirrie in Intent.
O my gude freind, ſen God of his gudnes,
Hes ſchawin remeid and helth for zour ſeiknes
Unto zour ſelf alone ſa ſecreitlie,
I pray zow ſchaw quhat caſſoun it ſalbe.
God is remeid for all vpon him cawis,
To thame ſupplie in ſindrie ſort he ſchawis.
And ſen ſa is, ſic ſecreitis hes zow ſchawin,
I wald the ſame ze ſa mak to me knawin.
To get our helth gif I micht help thairin,

And

And to weilfair agane we micht zow win.
I cure na Gold, noꝛ counts na warldlie geir,
Sa I agane micht haue zow haill and feir.
I count na coiſt, noꝛ zit na vther thing.
Sa zow agane to helth it micht zow bꝛing.
Hele not zour mynd into na ſoꝛt fra me,
In ony thing that may zour helth ſupple.
Foꝛ micht I deill zour ſeiknes into thꝛe,
Ze ſuld not haue ſa greit Infirmitie.
Wy wyfe and ze the twa part ze ſuld haue,
And the thꝛid part, my ſelf it ſuld reſſaue.
Knew I as ze, quhair ze may haue ſuppoꝛt,
It to reſſaue, the tyme ſuld be richt ſchoꝛt,
Thairfoir feir not foꝛ to tell me the treuth,
To help zour ſelf, ſe na way ze be ſleuth.
Than Alexander anſwerit with mynd ſa meik,
Howbeit that I fyftene tymes war mair ſeik:
And at the poynt of the maiſt cruell deid,
I can not ſchaw the caus of my remeid.
Noꝛ I wald not that ſic ane thing war ſchawin
Noꝛ I wald not to ony mak it knawin.
Foꝛ to be ſchawin it is ſa odious,
And to nature ſa done contrarious.
In to this caſe ze mon hald me excuſit,
To haue my helth, ſic way quyte I refuſe it.
The Empꝛeour ſaid my onlie freind and bꝛother
Quhome with my hart I luſe abone all vther.
Haue me in traiſt, haue me in na diſpair,
Bot the haill treuth I pꝛay zow me declair.
The thing is not poſſibill to be done,
Zow foꝛ to cure, bot it ſalbe had ſone.
Thairfoir I zow requyꝛe of bꝛother heid,
Hyde not fra me, that may be zour remeid.

Alexander ſaid, ſen euin ſa is zour will,
The haill kaſſoun J will declair zow till.
With hartlie minde, hūblie praying zour grace
Sen zour will is, that J ſchaw zow the cace:
That ze will tak my wordis in patience,
And pardoun me quhair that J mak offence.
For ze will think my wordis far by reſſoun,
Neid war thairfoir zour grace grant me pardoun
Wit and reſſoun my talk will baith Jmpoung
Beſt war thairfoir in time to hald my toung.
The Empreour ſaid for his ſaik that zow bocht
Withouttin feir ſchaw me zour minde & thocht
Ze ſall me find to zow trew and conſtant,
And zow to helth, thair is nocht ze ſall want.
Thairfoir ſchaw furth zour minde gif it zow
For ze ſall ſay nathing ſall me diſeis. (pleis
Alexander ſaid J will pleis zour Jntent,
As it was ſchawin to me in verament.
Zit anis agane zour grace J will proteſt,
That my ſchairp wordis zour minde nathing
Be ane greit voice it was to me reuelit, (moleſt
Be ane ſtrange way, how that J may be halit.
Zour awin twa ſonnis zour ſelf thame for to ſla
And my bodie weſche with the blude of tha.
This is the way quhairthrow J mon be haill,
Quhilk is ane thing to zow vnnaturall:
That the Father his awin twa ſonnis ſuld keil
With his twa handis, for ony ſtrangers weill.
And is contrair the cours of naturall Law,
This was the caus ſic thing J durſt not ſchaw.
The Empreour ſaid ze faill far to me thair,
That callis zour ſelf to be heir ane ſtrangair.
For in trew faith, and ſa my ſaull haue ſeill,

As

As my awin ſelf I luſe zow euin als weill,
For gif I had ten barnis perchance and ma,
To get zour helth, thair ſuld not ane of tha
Sone be vnſlane, I ſchortlie zow declair.
Of this mater now we will ſpeik na mair.
Ga ze to reſt and mak na mair ado.
With help of God all to gude ſall cum to.
The Empreour he waittit day and nicht,
And watchit about quhat time yat he beſt micht
Cum to his chak, his awin twa ſonnis to ſla.
Sa on ane day the Empryce furth culd ga
With hir Ladeis airlie in ane morning,
To tak paſtime into ane grene garding.
The Empreour ſaw, and to Chalmer him ſped
Quhair the twa babis lay ſleipand in thair bed
Incontinent his quhingear furth he drew
With his twa hands his awin twa ſonnis ſlew
Cuttit thair thrattis, and ſine keppit the blude,
Howbeit the ſame contrair his hart it ſtude.
Na meruell was howbeit his hart was wo.
He thame begat, and was his children two.
Sine with that blude, Alexander did weſche,
With his awin hands, all his body and fleſche.
Quhilk was als fair Incontinent and clene,
As ony time befoir had euer bene.
And als gude lyke in parſoun and viſage,
As quhen he was bot twentie zeir of age.
The Empreour than knew weill be his cullour,
Be his faſſoun, his face and portratour.
It was but dout Alexander trewlie,
Quhairof in hart richt wonder blyth was he.
For of befoir he knew bot this and ſo,
Quhider gif it wes Alexander or no.

Bot doutles Alexander he knew,
Without diſpair it was Alexander trew.
Kiſt him and ſaid, O my gude tender freind,
Sen firſt we knew and euer mair hes bene.
Of zour perſoun now I haue gude knawledge,
Of zour fauour zour fax and zour viſage.
Quhilk mony time I delytit to ſe,
To eit and drink, and be in companie.
Blyſt be the time, ſic childring I begat,
That hes zow brocht to the ſtait ze ar at.
Bot zit nane wiſt that the Childring was ſlane,
Bot Alexander, and the Empreour allane.
The Empreour ſaid, ſen God of his gudnes,
Hes maid zow haill of all zour fair ſeiknes.
I ſall ordane for zow richt quyetlie,
To pas ane ſpace, ane honeſt companie.
Out fra this place bot aucht or myles ten,
To that effect, that nane heir ſall zow ken.
And on the morne ze ſall ſend me meſſage,
Of zour cūming, making to me knawledge.
Than ſall I cum with blyth and merie ſpreit,
Into all haiſt, caſt me zow for to meit.
Than ſtill with me alwayis ze ſall remane,
Quhill we auiſe to get zour Realme agane.
Of this counſall Alexander was content,
As thay talkit, was done Incontinent.
On the nixt day come to the Empreour,
Ane Meſſinger, quha hailſit him with honour.
Schawing to him, as he had gottin command
King Alexander of Egypt was at hand
The empryce hard and was richt wonder glaid
To the Empreour ſcho haiſtit hir and ſaid.
O my gude Lord, be blyth and mak gude cheir,

King

King Alexander thay ſay is cūming heir.
Quhome with we oft in greit blythnes hes bene
This mony day bygane hes not him ſene.
And wald zour grace be ſa gude to mak gait
Him for to meit, he wald be blyth I wait.
I and my Ladeis into our beſt array
Sall pas with zow, and meit him be the way.
This being done, as zit nathing ſcho knew
That the Father his awin twa ſonnis ſlew.
The Empzeour ſaid, gif that it be zour will,
That Ilk Joznay blythlie I will ga till.
Than raid thay furth ane honeſt companie,
Lozds, Knichts, Ladeis, with greit ſolempnitie
And as thay raid ſa Royallie thzow the ſtreit,
In the midway King Alexander culd meit.
Quha hailſit vther with all humilitie,
With laude & gloir, and honour that micht be.
Thair was kindnes & thair was greit kiſſing,
Thair was blythnes, yair was in armes bzaſing
Thair was kneilling, and thair was courtaſie
With reuerence and greit ſolempnitie.
Efter talking with gude and trew Intent,
All togidder vnto the Palice went.
Quhair that he was reſſauit with blythnes,
With greit honour, with Joy and mirrines.
Time come of meit, all was at Tabill ſet,
Nathing wantit that neidfull was to get.
Alexander was ſet at the hie deis,
With the Empzice, and the Empzeour at meis.
As thay war talking into mirrines,
The Empzeour ſaid to his awin Empzes:
O Flozentine, my awin gude wife and luſe,
I think my hart in Joy eralt abuſe.

That ze do mak King Alexander ſic cheir,
And is ſa blyth, that he is cūmin heir.
Scho ſaid forſuith culd I it better make,
It ſuld be done, for Alexanders ſake.
Suld not to vs his cūming be glaidnes,
And in ſpeciall to zow ane greit kyndnes.
For ze had not cum to this Dignitie,
Quhair ze ar now, forſuith had not bene he.
And diuers tymes als he hes ſauit zour lyfe,
And was principall, that gat me to zour wyfe.
The Empreour ſaid, zour wit weill I allow.
That thinks on thame that was ſa gude to zow
Than I pray zow tak gude heid quhat I ſay,
Into this hall ſaw ze not the laſt day,
Ane laith Lipper befoir our Tabill ſat,
Baith meit and drink as ze ſaw ſum he gat.
Sine for Goddis luſe, & King Alexanders ſake,
Deſirit ane drink, quhilk I gart till him take.
Scho ſaid my Lord that man richt weill I ſaw
Ane mair vglie zit did I neuer knaw.
The Empreour ſaid, a thing I zow demand,
Quhilk I beleue ze will diſcus fra hand.
I put the cace that Lipper man had bene,
King Alexander that ze ſe with zour Ene.
And his remeid and helth in zour hand lay,
And with the blude of zour zoung ſonnis tway
Behude for to be bathit all about,
Wald ze not than with ane ſtyf hart and ſtout:
Richt weill conſent that baith thair bludes war
To the Intent, yat his helth micht be had. (ſched
Thair throtts cuttit, and do thame baith to deid
Sa Alexander thairthrow micht get remeid.
And mak him haill, ruin as ze ſe him now,

That

That I wald do (quod ſcho) God I auow:
Had we ten Sonnis gottin vs twa betwene,
I wald conſent to ſe thame with myne Ene:
Incontinent to ſe thame deid and ſlane,
Into that eaſe to get his helth agane.
Thay being ſlane with my power and pith,
My awin twa hands ſuld weſche him weil yair
Rather than I ſuld leif him in ſic neid, (with
I wald not cure to ſe thair throttis bleid.
For God agane micht ſend him barnis anew,
Bot neuer agane ane freind ſa traiſt and trew.
Quhē the Empreour thir wordis of hir hard ſaid
Into his hart he was baith blyth and glaid:
And ſaid to hir gude Florentine my wife,
Had ze rather ſaue Alexanders life:
And helit of fair nor haue zour ſonnis leuand.
Trewlie (quod ſcho) that heir I tak on hand,
Becaus thairfoir ze ar to him ſa kinde,
I will zow ſchaw the Inwart of my minde.
The laith Lipper quhilk ſat into my haw,
That I and ze baith eit and drink we ſaw.
Scho ſaid he was maiſt Lipper Lazarous,
That euer come within ane Nobillis hous.
I meruellit greit quhairfoir y^t thing was wrocht
Within zour hall ſic ane beirne ſuld bene brocht
To zow I trowit it ſuld haue done offence,
That ſic perſounis ſuld cum in zour preſence.
Bot ſen zour grace ſufferit ſic thing to be,
I was content, and weill allowit with me.
The Empreour ſaid, had ze the treuth thā kend
As I beleue, ze had not bene offend.
Gude Florentine now I will mak zow ſure,
Quhilk man it was that ſat on our hall flure.

J will zow ſchaw but ony fenzeing,
Alexander it was of Egypt King.
Quhilk at our Tabill now ſittis preſentlie,
Quod ſcho my Lord, J think that can not be.
Alexander that now ſittis at our Tabill,
That is ane thing not likelie to be abill.
For Alexander that ſittis heir preſentlie,
Is haill and feir, pleſand to luik and ſe.
Without ſeiknes of bodie ſound and clene,
Blyth of viſage, with twa fair Criſtall Ene,
Curious of cors, ane cumlie Creature,
Sa was he not that ſat into the flure.
Bot of his lyze was laithlie and horribill,
And had ſeiknes quhilk was vncurabill.
And ſa is not now Alexander King,
And J meruell ze ſuld ſay ſic ane thing.
Wy hart (quod he) God hes ſend him remeid
Thzow me and zow be our ſonnis deid.
Wy hart noz hand forſuith na aw J ſtude,
To cut thair thzottis, & bath him in thair blude
Sa be Goddis grace he is maid haill and feir,
Ane clene perſoun, as ze now ſe him heir.
Than ſcho began to murne and to mak ſozrow
As nature wald, howbeit ſcho ſaid befozrow:
That ſcho had rather ſe all hir Childzen deid,
Into that cace, oz he wantit remeid.
Zit not the les the naturall cours and kinde
In this behalf, changeit baith thocht & minde
The hartlie luſe, and motherlie pietie,
Quhilk nature geuis in the Wother to be.
Culd not ſuffer, noz zit na way ſuſtene
Bot with ſair hart ſcho grat with baith hir ene
And maid ſozrow, as it was na meruall,

Thzow

Throw kindlie cours, and als luſe naturall.
The Empreour perſauit hir tak pine,
To ſtanche hir ſturt ſaid O gude Florentine,
Thocht ze be wo, I can na way zow wite,
For weill I knaw ze had luſe and delite:
Inwart kindnes vnto zour ſonnes two,
I can weill think that zour hart ſuld be wo.
Zit not the les I pray zow ceis of ſorrow
All will be weill I find zow God to borrow.
The Nuriſis heirand of ſic tythands,
For greit hart brek thay cryit & wrāg yair hāds
Thay wiſt nathing quhat for to do or ſay,
Paſt to Chalmer quhair that the barnis lay,
Beleuing weill of na vther remeid,
Bot find the barnis in thair bed lyand deid.
Thay fand thē baith at thair paſtime playing
In greit blythnes, and geuing God louing.
Neuer mair blyth ſen firſt hour thay war borne
Nathing knawing that thair twa throtis was
The Nuriſis to the Empreour went, (ſchorne
And how all was thay ſchew Incontinent
How his twa ſonnis was leuand blyth & glaid
And how about baith thair twa nekis yai had
Ane cirkill of gold quhair y^t the knife had gane,
Quhilk knife ſa ſone fra thame the like had tane
Quhairthrow thair was greit mirth in ye Cietie
In the Palice, and all the companie.
That God ſic grace to hir twa babs had grātit
Thay being ſlane, thair likes zit not thay wātit
Quhairfoir thair was throw the cieteis & tounis
Greit prayers maid with mony Diſounis.
Louing the Lord like to thir babeis lent,
And grantit helth to ſeik and Impotent.

Bankettis thay maid with Joy and mirrines,
Menſtrallis maid mirth, ceiſſit was all ſadnes.
Quene Flozentine ſcho bliſt that ſamin day,
Scho did conſaue and beir ſic ſonnis tway.
Nathing was thair the ſpace of fourtie dayis
Bot al kin mirth, with blythnes ſpozts & playis
Greit tozmentis, with hardie hozs rynning,
Sum vther dayis w' grew houndis deir hunting
This being done the Empzeour did pzepair
Ane greit armie of manheid ſingulair,
And paſt away with all thair fellowſchip
With Alexander agane into Egypt.
Set him agane into his Royaltie,
In his awin Realme with greit ſolempnitie.
Reſtozit him haill to all his poſſeſſiounis,
With dew ſeruice of his Lozdis and Barrounis
That gude Jowell King Alexanders Quene
In Adultrie that ſa done lang had bene.
With hir luiſer, quhat he was Knicht oz ſquire,
As thay deſeruit, was baith bzint in ane fire.
In this meane time ye Empzeour chācit to haue
Ane fair ſiſter, quhome in to wife he gaue
To Alexander, and fozti feit the band
Of greit kindnes, quhilk euer mair did ſtand:
Betuix thame twa, of hartlie minde and thocht
Quhat that ane did, the vther wald haue wzocht
Sa Alexander being ſet doun at reſt,
In his awin Realme, the Empzeour thocht beſt
Foz to returne agane to his Impire,
And tuik gude nicht at thair awin hartis deſire
Thay war richt wa to pairt ze may conſidder,
Bot zit ay ſtill freinds may not bide togidder.
Sa departit with mirrines and Joy,

Alexander

Alexander on gait did him conuoy.
Sine efter this Alexander him dreſt,
To gyde his Realme alwayis as he thocht beſt
With manlines and wiſdome in him ſell,
He vincuſt all contrair him did rebell.
His enemeis about him all he dantit.
Sa throw wiſdome of his will nocht he wantit
Quhen he was in all his gloir peice and micht,
Into his minde it come vpon ane nicht.
How his Father in the ſey did him fling,
Becaus he ſchew quhat the wilde bird did ſing.
And his Mother thairto did weill conſent,
Thairfoir he ſend Meſſage Incontinent.
Howbeit thay did ane far way fra him dwell,
The Meſſinger zit he bad to thame tell,
That Alexander quhilk was King of Egypt,
Wald to thame cum with ane greit fellowſchip.
Eit and drink, and with thame mak gude cheir
In that countrie ſum new nowellis to heir.
The Meſſinger blythlie thay did reſſaue,
And riche rewardis ſiclike thay to him gaue.
Saying thair ſeruice at euerie time and hour
Suld be reddy at that greit Kingis pleſour.
Howbeit thay war not worthie for ſic thing,
For to reſſaue with thame ane crownit King.
Zit not the les and pleis his grace to cum,
With all our hartis he ſalbe richt welcum.
The Meſſinger to the Empreour is went,
As thay him ſaid he ſchew Incontinent.
And quhat reward with blythnes yai him gaue
And how blythlie the King thay ſuld reſſaue.
And how reddy thay war at his command,
Him for to ſerue all time at hart and hand.

Quhat euer his grace gaue thame cōmandemēt
Quhairof the King was blyth and weill cōtent
The day become the King tuik his Joznay,
With diuers Lozdis to pas the reddy way
Quhair his Father and mother maid dwelling
Unknawin to thame of ony vther thing:
Bot he was King of Egypt and nane vther,
Noz zit nane knew of his Father and Mother.
Except him self quha knew weill all the cace,
And quhē thay dzew neir hand his fathers place
As thay come furth rydand in thair Joznay
The Knicht his Father met him be the way.
And quhen he saw the King cūming with croun
Incontinent of his hozs lichtit doun.
With all honour and all gude reuerence,
Upon his kneis making obedience.
And quhen he saw his Father tak sic pane,
He tuik him vp, and bad him ryde agane.
Sa cheik foz cheik, to his Castell thay raid,
Quhair thair was cheir w^{t} all aboundance maid
And quhen thay come vnto the Castell zet,
His Mother come, and with blythnes him met.
Kneilling to him, he lichtit and hir kist,
Bot quhat he was the suith nathing scho wist.
Scho said to him sen it plesis zour grace
To vesie vs at this time, and our place.
Ze do to vs zour seruandis greit honour,
And we blyth ar that it is zour plesour.
And is welcum to all that ze find heir,
And as we may we sall mak zow the cheir.
The time of day dzew neir all bownit to dine,
His Father come with ane siluer Basine:
With Rois watter vpon his knie kneilland,

And

And his Mother with Towell in hir hand.
Saying meiklie, pleiſit zour grace to weſche,
And thaireftir with ſum meit zow refreſche.
It is reddy the cheir we dow zow mak,
Praying zour grace in patience it to tak.
The King this ſaw he ſmylit and ſine he ſaid
Untill him ſelf, thair is nane can auaid,
Noꝛ ſet on ſide the godlie pꝛouidence
He will haue done be his perfit pꝛudence.
The Nichtingaillis ſang now I perſaue is trew
Quhilk lang ago to my Father I ſchew:
Quhen that ſcho come to his windo and ſang,
That thay ſuld baith be richt glaid foꝛ to gang
With the Towell and Baſine in thair handis,
Ye for to ſerue as thay war my ſeruandis.
Gif I wald thoill thame ſic thing foꝛ to do,
Now the ſame thing and mater is cum to.
This in him ſelf he ſaid, and na man knew,
Noꝛ to na man as zit ſic thing he ſchew.
Sa he wald not thame thoill to do ſic thing,
Howbeit that time he was ane Crownit King,
Saying ſchir Knicht, I will honour zour age,
Ze noꝛ zour wife ſall do me ſic homage.
It becūmis not ſic twa agit to bꝛing,
Water to weſche, howbeit I be ane King.
Tak in patience, foꝛſuith I ſay zow trew,
Foꝛ I haue heir vther ſeruandis anew.
Than ſaid the Knicht to vs it war honour,
Sa that it war vnto zour grace pleſour.
Bot ſen cace is, ze will not thoill vs do,
Be reſſoun we ar not woꝛthie thairto.
Than ſaid the King, I dude to honour age,
Sic office ganis to zounger perſonage.

Than to dennar was this gude King ſet doun,
And thairefter his Lordis of greit Renoun.
Quhen he was ſet he gart ſet doun his Mother
On his ane ſide, his Father on the vther.
Quhome Inteirlie beheld ay his viſage,
Gif thay culd haue of him ony knawlege.
Bot nane thay had, ſeiknes, eild and laubour,
Cauſit thame miſken his faſſoun and fauour.
The dennar done, the King to Chalmer went,
For his Father and Mother efter ſent.
Quha come to him with all obedience
Randering to him ſeruice and reuerence.
He commandit all perſounis pas on ſide,
Nane bot the Knicht and his wife to abide.
At quhais command, as he had ſa was done,
Than was the dure on thame thre cloſit ſone.
Than ſaid the King to the Knicht and his wife
Haue ze na barnis, quod thay nane vpon life.
Sone nor douchter at this time haue we nane,
And to get ma, we traiſt the time be gane.
Than ſaid the King I ſpeir for time bygane
Had ze ony, or had ze neuer ane.
Than ſaid the Knicht for a ſone we had ane
Bot it is lang ſen he was deid and gane.
Than ſaid the King, in quhat deid deit he.
Than ſaid the Knicht ane naturall deid trewlie
Than ſaid the King be that not trew but faill,
Ze fault to me, and dowbillis to me zour taill.
Than ſaid the Knicht, zour grace now I require
Quhat is the caus ſa feruentlie ze deſire,
And to ſic thing quhat cauſis zow tak heid,
With ſic effect to ſpeir efter his deid.
Thā ſaid the King, without caus do I it nocht

How

How zour Sone deit, ſchaw me zour minde and
Gif ze will not ſchaw furth the veritie, (thocht.
Ane ſchameles deid but dout ze ſall baith die.
Quhen thay ꝑ hard thay fell doū on thair knie
Aſking him grace forgiuenes and mercie.
Than ſaid the King, zit J will honour age,
J couet not of zow ſa greit homage.
J grant zow leif befoir me foꝛ to ſtand,
And ſa he raiſt thame baith vp be the hand.
To that Intent J come not in zour place,
Zow to betrais in ony ſoꝛt oꝛ cace,
Foꝛ it is geuin me weill to vnderſtand
Ze put zour ſone to deid with zour awin hand.
And gif ſic thing cum to the Judgement,
Ze will be baith condampnit Jncontinent.
Thairfoir to me the verray treuth ze ſchaw,
Jt is danger foꝛ ſic to byde the Law.
Schaw me the treuth, and J ſall ſaif zow baith
Fra all perrell, and keip zow fra all ſkaith.
Than ſaid the Knicht, my life ſchir to me grāt
Of the trew treuth ane woꝛd ze ſall not want.
Than ſaid the King feir not the treuth to ſay,
And on credence heir J ſall ſaif zow tway.
Than ſaid the Knicht ane ſone we had trewlie,
Quhilk was weill ſene in cunning and Clergie
Sicker cunning he had in ſcience ſeuin,
Jn all Planetis that mouit vnder heuin.
He knew the cours, and all thair ſtrāge aſpectis
Thair pith, power, and all thair firme affectis.
All herbis and treis richt wonder weill he knew
Quhat ſtrēth yai had, quhat pith, & quhat ver-
Thair was na foull ꝑ euer flew ẅ wing, (tew
Bot he knew weill quhē yai yair ſang wald ſing.

Into ſa far, thair was na herb that ſprang,
He knew the pith, and als the foullis ſang.
Upon ane day befoir vs he culd ſtand,
With Baſine, Towell, and watter in his hand
In the meane time that bony foull of flicht,
The Nichtingaill, at our windo did licht.
And ſa began to ſing hir noitis gude,
Weill war the man (quod I) that vnderſtude
Sone ſweit ſinging, & quhat the bird dois mene
Quod he Father ſa ze will not be tene:
I ſuld zow ſchaw quhat zone bird ſings ſa ſweit
And euerie note I ſall zow Interpreit.
Quod I deir ſone, I pray the to me ſchaw,
To ſay the ſuith of na man ſtand thow aw.
Quod he Father, forſuith I tak greit feir,
It ſall zow craib, hir ſang quhen ze it heir.
Nay, nay, (ſaid I) of that haue thow na dout,
The birds ſang I pray the tell me out.
Quod he zone bird ſcho menis into hir ſang,
Wy Wother and ze ar abill to leif ſa lang,
Quhill that ze ſtand befoir me as ſeruandis,
And to be blyth hald watter to my handis.
Gif that I will zow ſuffer ſic to do.
Quod I that day thow ſall neuer cum to.
And ſa at ſchort or euer I tuik reſt,
Into the ſey for to drowne I him keſt.
Than ſaid the King, to zow had bene na ſkaith
Unto his hands ze had haldin watter baith.
I think it had bene to zow baith pleſour,
That zour ane ſone had cum to ſic honour.
Than ſaid the Knicht, that ſame thing I cõfes
In greit furie I did it and wodnes.
Wit and wiſdome was went, will was ouir mã

Richt

Richt and reſſoun and reuth quyte fra me ran.
Sa quhen wit wants and ſtrenth of reſſoun leiſt
I count a man na better noꝛ ane beiſt,
That rynnis on heid and lukis to na reſſoun
And ſa did I quhen I my Sone did dꝛoun.
Than ſaid the King, I think it was folie,
Zow foꝛ to wyꝛk contrair the Maieſtie
Of God alone, and his greit pꝛouydence,
His wit his will, and michtie Oꝛdinance.
Ze micht weill wit, God of his Sapience,
That to zour Sone had ſend him ſic Science:
To knaw the voce of the byꝛds in the Air,
And it was God that cauſit hir to cum thair,
To ſing that ſang, as God had hir directit,
Foꝛ in na ſoꝛt ſcho micht na way neglectit.
Thairfoir lat nane the man maiſt michtieſt,
Caſt him to wyꝛk contrair quhilk God hes dꝛeſt
Foꝛ it paſſis wit power and puiſſance,
To wyꝛk contrair his michtie Oꝛdinance.
Now ze ſall knaw the treuth and veritie,
I am zour Sone quhilk ze keſt in the ſie.
And the greit God of his michtie Godheid,
Hes me pꝛeſeruit fra all danger of deid.
And be his grace hes bꝛocht me to this ſtait,
As I am now and foꝛ me did debait.
Foꝛ his foirſicht na way can be doun ſmoꝛit,
Bot euer mair the ſame will be decoꝛit.
As woꝛthie is foꝛ nane can wyꝛk contrair,
His pꝛouydence, that ſchairplie I declair.
Than the Father and Mother heiring that,
Foꝛ feir and Joy fell to the eird doun flat.
Quhome he tuke vp with all humilitie,
Saying Father and Mother feir not me.

Haue ze na dout of all that I haue ſaid,
Rather be blyth, Joyus, merie and glaid.
With help of God na danger ſall zow deir,
Quhat euer ze think, I pray zow tak na feir.
Ze ſall nocht aill in geir nor in perſoun,
Of all bygane, I grant zow plane pardoun:
For ze ſall fynd, that my micht and weilfair,
Salbe zour gloir, for now and euer mair,
Into this lyfe, ſa lang as I indure,
I haue reſſoun, ze twa me gat and bure.
Sa with blythnes, with hat into his hand,
He kiſt them baith, with merie hart lauchand.
Than the Mother ſcho grat richt pieteouſlie,
And the Father the teir fell in his Eye.
Than ſaid the King, be ſtill and weip ze nocht,
For in my Realme with blys ze ſalbe hzocht.
And with all gloir thair ſall ze honourit be,
With all blythnes, wozſchip and Dignitie:
Aboue my ſelf, except my Kinglie Croun,
Quhilk is pzeſeruit bot to my awin perſoun.
Sa in that place he left certane ſeruands,
To reule & gyde yair rowmes yair rents & lands
Tuke his Father and Mother with him hame,
Quhair thay leuit ſtill in honour and gude fame
All thair life tyme quhil God to deid thame dzeſt
Gydit the Realme in Juſtice peice and reſt.
Unto the tyme cours was paſt of nature,
Endit thair lyfs onlie to Godds pleſure.

¶How the Emprice was condampnit to deid.
¶With hir Luifer. but mercie or remeid.

THAN Diocleſiane ſaid to the Empzeour
Father this Tale I tald to zour pleſour,

Quhilk

Quhilk I beleue richt weill ze underſtand.
Ze euerie word (quod he) Sone I warrand,
It is ane taill to be notit I ſay,
Not ane better I hard this mony a day.
Than ſaid the Sone and pleis zour Maieſtie,
Howbeit that God hes geuin ſic grace to me:
Of wit, wisdome, and vther greit Cunning,
Of diuers thingis hes lent vnderſtanding.
Zit this ſuld not na way miniſche zour micht.
Nor zour honour, zour Maieſtie and hicht.
Bot rather ſuld the ſame eik and augment,
Be richt, reſſoun, and equall Judgement.
Sa in likewiſe the Kingis gre and eſtait,
Quhilk was be God onlie predeſtinait.
Send be the bird, to ſing that he micht heir,
Quhilk in that cace was Goddis Meſſingeir.
For had not bene God gaue that bird ſic grace,
Scho had not ſung ſic ſinging in ſic place.
The ſonnis honour, and all his dignitie,
Tuik na honour fra the Father ze ſe.
Nor to his Mother it did na hinderance
Bot rather was thair honouris to auance.
For as ze hard thay war honourit alwayis,
Into his Realme, during thair life and dayis.
Than ſaid agane to him the Empreour,
I perſaue weill the ſonnis greit honour:
Can na way pair the Fathers micht and gloir
Bot rather ay to mak it moir and moir.
Thairfoir I will the haill Impire reſing
Into zour handis, and ze thairof be King.
And gyde the ſame, and haue the reule and ſteir
For I am auld, dow not ſic burding beir.
Bot rather wald be ſet at reſt and eis,

And ze the Realme to gyde as ze beſt pleis.
For I dow not Indure ſic beſines,
Be reſſoun of my eild and febilnes.
Than ſaid the ſone ſauing zour graces will,
To that ſentence na way grant will I till.
Bot ze ſall ay haue the Authoritie,
During zour life, euer mair abone me,
To charge, command, to bid, and for to do,
In all effairis, that euer pertenis zow to.
All beſines that ar laborius,
Actis and erandis, welthie and ponderus.
Alwayis I will accept them vpon me,
Zow for to ſeue, as is my greit dewtie.
And euer ſall, the ſamin nicht and day,
To zour pleſure, in ſa far as I may.
The Empreour than commandit his Juſtice,
In Judgement ſit, and do furth his office.
And the Empryce in preſence to gar bring,
With hir Rebald cled in wemens clething.
Quhilk nixt hir ſelf he cauſit for to ſtand,
Than hir Ladeis in ordour at the nixt hand.
Than Diocleſiane to the Empreour ſaid,
Father zour Quene zour honour hes degraid.
Quir all the warld ze ar greit Empreour,
And it pertenis to zour grace and honour:
To do Juſtice to all the ſame deſyris,
For the ſame thing zour Maieſtie requyris
Alweill to pure, as to the riche alway,
Equall Juſtice ze ſuld miniſter ay.
Now I deſire that ze giue richt ſentence,
On the vntreuth, falſet and greit offence
Done and alledgeit be the Empryce falſlie,
Be counſall of hir luſe in contrair me.

Be

Be quhais fals meanis ſeuin times furth I was
To the Gallous to leif my life in wed. (led,
And daylie ſtude in greit perrell of life,
And all this come throw falſet of zour wife.
Als to zour grace vnfaithfull ſcho hes bene
Of hir bodie, not gydand like ane Quene.
Quhilk is weill prouin into zour awin preſence
Be manlie ſignes, and perfite euidence.
Upon the quhilks I aſk and als deſyris,
Juſtice and richt, euin as the caus requyris.
To zour Juſtice I wald ze gaue command,
To giue ſentence but dilatouris fra hand.
Quhen the Empryce hard this fair petitioun,
Upon the eird than fell ſcho flatlingis doun.
At the Empreour aſkit grace and mercie.
Bot in na ſort ſic thing thair culd not be,
Accordíng to the Law he bad proceid,
And giue ſentence conforme vnto hir deid.
And bad pans weill to quhõe the deid was done
Be quhome, quhẽ, quhair, and how lang or how
And thairefter to mak the puniſchement, (ſone
As pleiſit the Judge to gif furth his Judgemẽt.
Than ſaid the Judge na way I can hir clenge
For hir awin deid hir ſelf it dois reuenge.
The perfite proufe of hir Rebald and knaif,
Thame ſelf baith fylis, as all man may perſaif
And than the fault it is leis Maieſtie,
Done in contrair the Crownis dignitie.
Into ſa far as ſcho defoulit his bed,
And his ane ſone to Gallous gart be led.
Thairfoir I giue in oppin audience,
And pronouncis now for extreme ſentence,
That the Empryce be bound to ane hors taill,

Thrꝛow all the ſtreitis of the Cietie hir traill,
Quhill ſcho cum to the place brꝛing foꝛ to be,
Foꝛ hir prꝛepairit, that euerie man may ſe,
And thair with ſchame and lak to end hir life,
In remembrꝛance ſcho was ane Empꝛeours wife
And als we giue on hir Rebald ſentence,
Foꝛ his knaiſrie, and his peruerſt offence:
Contrair the Croun, merciles to be marterit,
On the Rattis reuin, hãgit, drꝛawin & quarterit
And ſine his fleſche furth caſſin to the tykis,
To be deuoꝛit with doggis vnder dykis.
And with the foulis that fleis in the Air,
The doggis leuingis to tak vp to thair ſkair.
In memoꝛie that he durſt ſic prꝛeſume,
In contemptioun the greit Empꝛeour of Rome.
This ſchairp ſentence we prꝛonounce oppinlie,
To all pepill and dois it ratifie.
Makis the ſame knawin to all man patent,
Aſweill abſent, as thay that ar prꝛeſent.
Sa war thay baith conforme to thair offence.
Done and demanit, accoꝛding to ſentence.
Geuin and prꝛonoũcit than be that awfull Juge
Quhairfra remeid thay had nane noꝛ refuge.
Bot ſuffer deith with euerlaſting ſchame,
And ay to bruik of greit harlattis the name.
As woꝛthie was, foꝛ quhy continuall ſin,
With Indurit hart, euer to ly thairin:
But feir of God oꝛ ony repentence,
Cauſit them ſuffer ſic doly ſad ſentence.
Howbeit that man ſic baudꝛie did not knaw,
Zit God in heuin richt weill it hard and ſaw.
Foꝛ all thing is to his Ene ay patent,
Thairfoir he fand ane ſubtell Inſtrument,

To

To mak ſic thing to mannis ſicht be kend,
This ze may ſe of this Empꝛice the end.
Pꝛaying greit God of vs to haue mercie,
And hir forgiue, Amen ſa mot it be.

¶Ane declaratioun to the Emprice efter hir deid.

O FAITHLES febill fule, ô helie het hoillit hure,
O poyſonit paddokis pule, ô miſchant mad Monſture
Curſt catiue creature, ô Sathans ſeid all ſchent,
That euer zit wrocht nature, or zit to lyfe was lent.
Quhair was thy wiſdome went, quhen ſic fuliſche thow fand,
Thy luſt thow may lament, that euer tuik ſic on hand.
Thow hes loiſt lyfe and land, and all thy Royall rout,
Thy ſtait na way culd ſtand, it was ſa ſtinkand ſtout
Vpon the all cryis out, fy, fy, for verray ſchame,
All wemens ſeid dois ſchout, vpon thy filthie name:
Ay waryit be the wame, that brocht the in this lyfe
Euer to bruik ſic blame, wa worth the wickit wyfe:
Rutit in ſturt and ſtryfe, thy bow was euer bendit
Thairfoir but ſword or knyfe, thy lyfe now thow hes endit
Sa greitly thow offendit, vnto ane Innocent,
That thow wald neuer mend it, into this lyfe preſent.
Thow wald neuer repent, bot wrocht wrang with Iniures,
Now with ſchame thow art ſchent, heid patroun to all hures
Ay quhill this warld Indures, euer to bruik that name,
With all quick Creatures, with ſclander lak and ſchame.

¶Frons meretricis non erubeſcit
¶Nec in ea voluptas nunquam ſeneſcit.

NOW our Empꝛice hes ſufferit deid and gane
Thairfoir as now we will let hir alane
With hir harlot, quhais dayis thay haue ill ſpē-
Ane Ill entrie foꝛ commoun is Ill endit. (dit
As weill appeirit in deid betuix thame tway,
Of thame as now na farther I will ſay.
Bot in all haiſt ga finiſche furth our buik,
Becaus the ſame to do we vndertuik.
Thairfoir as now mair time we will not ſpend

Bot ſchaw at ſchort of the gude Empȝeours end
Within few dayis efter this beſines.
The Empȝeour he tuik ane ſair ſeiknes:
As pleſit God, and payit his naturall det,
As the time come, and as the terme was ſet.
Dioclesiane than tuik the ſteir on hand,
And Empȝeour was of that countrie and land
Reulit the Impire with wiſdome and pȝudence
Held his Maiſteris in daylie reuerence.
Be quhais counſall, wiſdome and deſire,
He gydit weill his Kingdome and Impire.
That he pȝecellit all his pȝedeceſſouris,
In riches, wiſdome, Juſtice and honouris.
Of his lieges ſic luke ſtill he conqueiſt,
That ouir all thing in eird thay lude him beſt.
His Maiſters als thay lude him ouir all thing,
With all ſeruice, as thair trew Lord and King.
Into ſa far, thame ſelf in Jeopardie
Thay put oft times to ſaue his honeſtie,
And ſa endit thair dayis in greit honour,
In Joy and mirth, and to the greit pleſour
Of God alone, to quhome all honour be,
Laude, pȝaiſe, Impire, triumphe and dignitie.
Kingdome, Renoun, and Joy perpetuall,
Louing and luke, obedience ouir all.
Helth and vertew, and euerlaſting gloir,
Into all warldis, baith now and euer moir.
Be to that Lord with all humilitie,
And to diſtill ane dȝop of his mercie
On vs ſinners, his gloir that we may ſe it
To his pleſure, ſay euerie man ſo be it.

Finis quod Rolland.

¶ Ane ſchort ſchawing quhair and quhen, and at quhais requeiſt this buik was tranſlatit out of prois in Scottis Meter.

AT the requeiſt of my Ant callit Cait,
In rouſtie ryme this quair I did tranſlait
Of all trim termis as ze may ſe denude,
Becaus ſcho me proteſtit air and lait
All ſtrange termis to caſt out of my gait.
Saying to me ſcho not thame vnderſtude,
Requiring als that I wald be ſa gude
Wemens honour to hald vp and eſtait,
As ze may ſe, I durſt not ellis bot dude.

Sa in ſeuin oulkis this quair was clene cōpleit
Out of plane proiſ, now keipand meteris ſeit
Within the Fort and Towre of Tamtalloun,
Quhen the Inglis Floit beſide Inchekeith did
Upon the ſey, in that greit birning heit, (ſleit
Baith Scottis & Inglis of Leith lay at ye toun,
With ſchairp aſſeige, and garneiſt gariſoun
On ather ſide, quhair ſindrie loiſt the ſweit,
That ſamin time I maid this tranſlatioun.

In mirrines, ſen my Ant cauſit me mak it
I zow require gude Reidaris for to tak it
Into patīēce, quhair ſalts ar foūd correct thame
Zit war I laith ouir far that it war lakit.
Gif ſum verſe haltis, or ony cullouris crakit
For my requeiſt tak out ane pen and blek thame
Becaus for haiſt perchance I did neglect thame
For gif ſa be, I can na way defend it
Excuſe it ſelf, and ſa this quair is endit.

¶ Quod Rolland. 1560.

¶ The Author ſayis to the Buik.

IN haiſt ga hy the to ſum hoill,
And hyde the, be not callit ane buik
Ga cowme the ouir all clene with coill
Sone ſmeir the ouir with ſmiddie ſmuik,
Or ſcour pottis to ſum creiſchie Cuik:
Or in ſum kitching turne the ſpeit:
Amang Ladeis thow dar not luik
For thay will on the with thair feit,
For men of gude thow art not meit
Thay will the hald of ſmall auaill,
Quhat reſtis thair than bot zald thy Spreit:
Or to tryit Tinklaris tell thy taill.
Thy rouſtie ryme amang thame raill
For honeſt folk few will ſet by the,
And I ſweir be the Rude of Traill
Tuitching my part heir I deny the:
My counſall is, that thow gar cry the
Amang Cowclinkis and commoun hures,
All gude wemen thay may defy the
Of all thy crakis thay tak na cures:
Bot fond Fillokis vp in the Myres
Quha firſt zow reddis, Sym Skynnar hang thame
Se on thame thow wirk all Iniures,
Pas on and fend thy ſelf amang thame.

¶ Quod Rolland in Dalkeith.

Et ſic eſt finis

Laus detur & gloria trinis.

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